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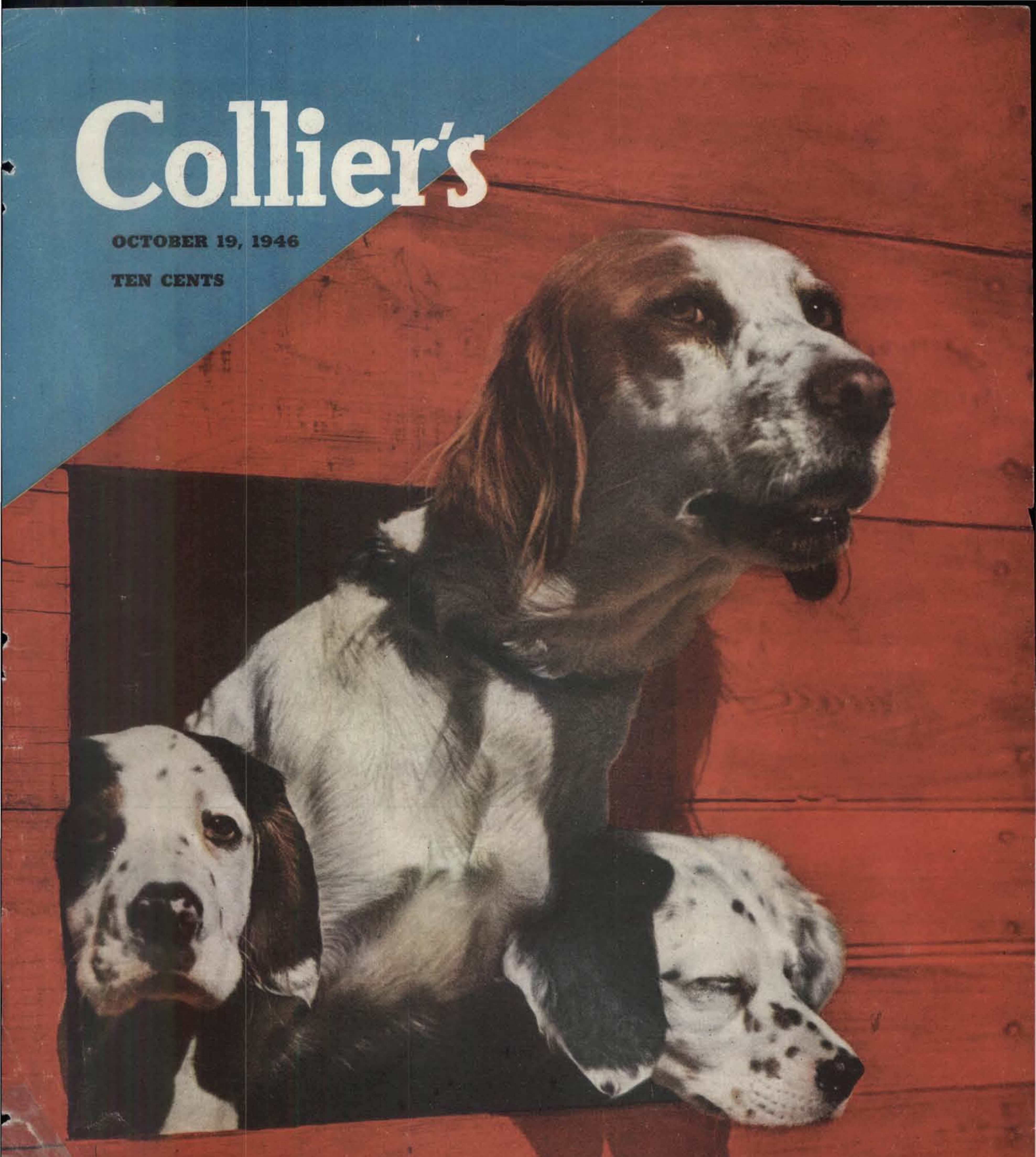

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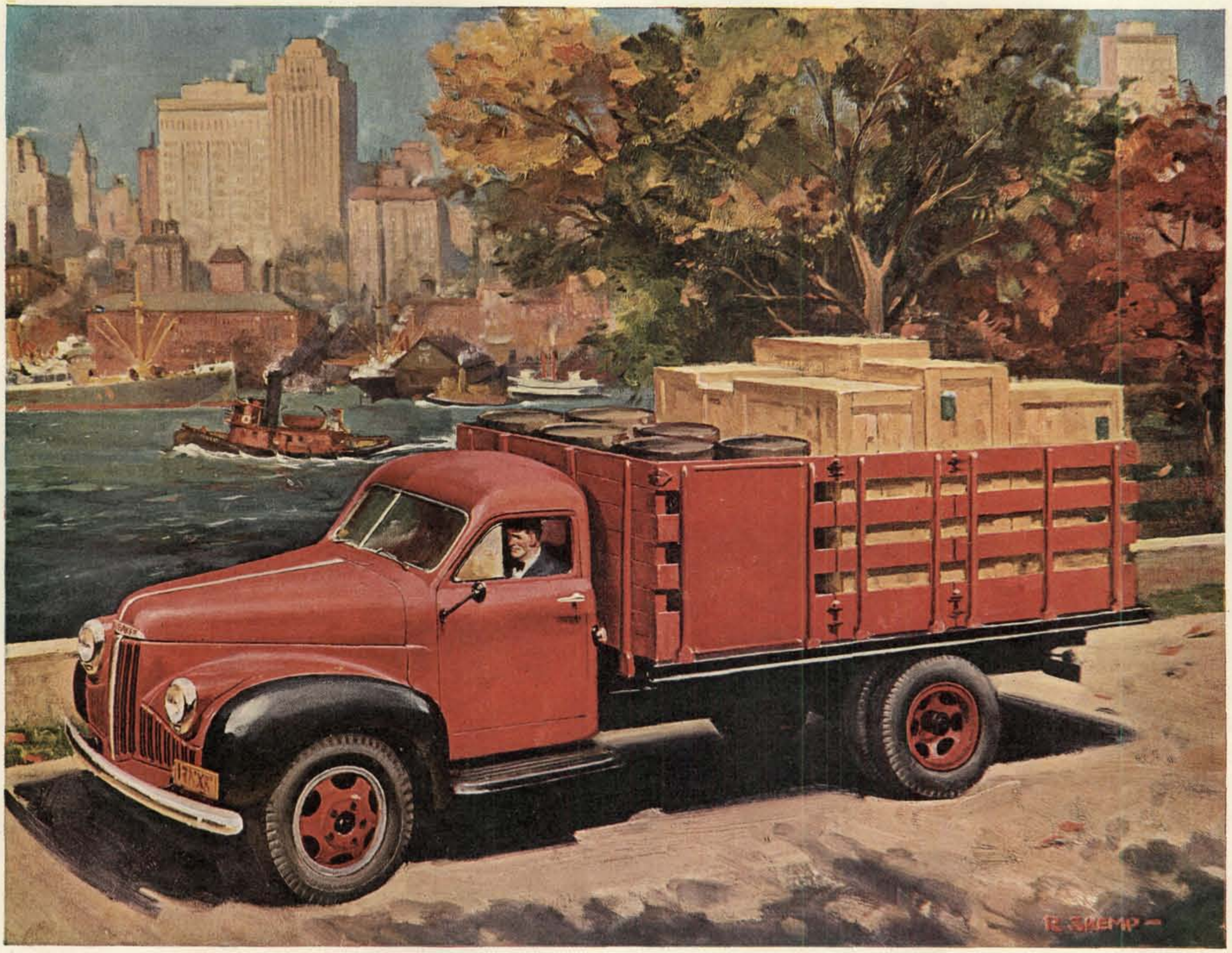

A Studebaker truck, like its reputation, certainly carries a lot of weight

YOU are fortunate if you're not confronted with the problem of getting a new truck as well as a new car right now.

Much of the nation's pre-war hauling equipment has grown pretty rickety and needs replacement. There's a terrific demand for every new truck that's produced.

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Studebaker's reputation for trustworthy transportation vehicles began in the middle of the last century.

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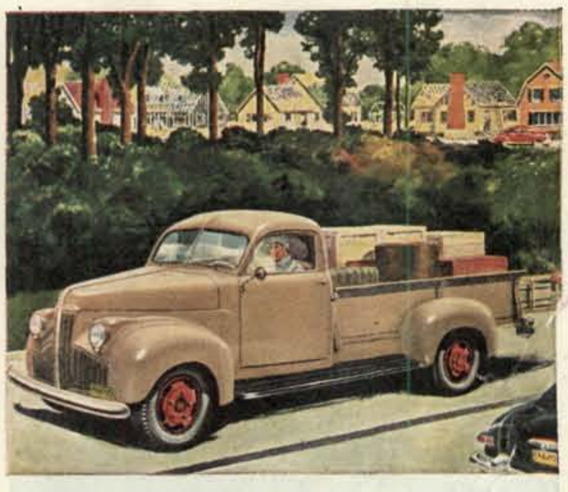

Product of brilliant engineering and painstaking craftsmanship!—Like all Studebaker trucks, this one-ton pick-up is enduringly built by conscientious craftsmen, many of them fathers and sons. It's powered by Studebaker's amazing Econ-o-miser engine of wartime Weasel fame. Studebaker's sturdy Hy-mileage engine is used in the heavy-duty model pictured at top of page.

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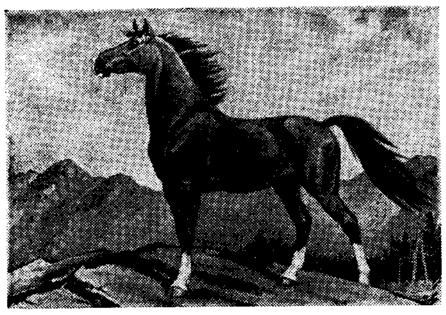
Suggested by an incident as told by
Lt. Marvin Park, USNR
Directed by........ANDREW MARTON
Produced by............HARRY RAPF



It seems only a short time ago that we fell in love with a pony that drew us up and down the block in a cart for a dime. Then, when we were old enough to ride, we fell in love all over again with a palomino that took us on Sunday morning canters.

Now we're in love with a horse again—with "Bess," equine star of M-G-M's stirring adventure, "Gallant Bess." "Bess" is the handsomest mare we have ever seen: grace and beauty show in every line. She's a gleaming chestnut, with four white stockings and a majestic white blaze on her forehead.

What things "Bess" can do! She signs her autograph with a pencil, tells time by a watch, answers "Yes" or "No" to any question, does an amusing hootchy-kootchy dance, and, among other amazing tricks, actually goes to bed, pulls up the blankets, and turns out the light! In the picture, she picks up her injured master from swampy ground and races to save his life; leaps an impossible barrier to escape imprisonment; swims through churning waters to a ship at sea to join her departing master. If ever a horse deserved it, "Bess" might well be called "The Horse with the Human Mind."

We don't mean, in our enthusiasm for magnificent "Bess," to slight in the least the human actors in this thrilling adventure story. Marshall Thompson, as the boy who loved "Bess," evidently loves his role also, for he plays it with warmth and conviction. George Tobias is perfect as the two-fisted friend in need, and the same may be said for Clem Bevans.

The original story of "Gallant Bess," adapted for the screen by Jeanne Bartlett, has an unmistakably authentic flavor. Actually, it was suggested by an incident as told by Lt. Marvin Park, USNR. Andrew Marton gave it superb direction, and Harry Rapf, the producer, gave it the final glory by filming it in glowing natural color.

ROMANTIC NOTE: You're going to fall in love with a horse when you see M-G-M's "Gallant Bess."

COLLIER'S

October 19, 1946

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

DEAR EDITOR: Regarding Next Stop the Moon (Sept. 7th), Mr. Pendray writes: "Most of the earth's familiar features are there, but there are no lakes, oceans or living things." Why can't there be an unknown form of life on the moon which is not dependent on air or water?

Mr. Pendray also writes: "The lunar surface has been carefully mapped. . . ." Does Mr. Pendray know that no astronomer has ever seen but one half of the moon's surface, the one that constantly faces the earth? RALPH NEWMAN
Darien, Conn.

DEAR EDITOR: Next Stop the Moon reminds me of a line in Thomas Wolfe's Of Time and the River—"Was there ever such damned nonsense as this since time began?" GEOFFREY F. MORGAN
Santa Monica, Cal.

DEAR EDITOR: Re Collier's article Next Stop the Moon (Sept. 7th). I'm certain the moon could be colonized if the government will just hoist a flag on it, deed it to the Indians of the U.S., let the whites settle it and crowd the Indians off onto Mars. G. E. HARTSHORNE, M.D.
Muskogee, Okla.

DEAR EDITOR: It's always a thrill to see one's name in print. Imagine my surprise on seeing my name, not once, but dozens of times in Collier's (Twenty to One It's Love, Aug. 31st). It was purely coincidental, though. I'm not a "glamorous blonde from Spain" as was the heroine of that story, but a brunette from a small Wisconsin town, as you can see from my picture. NANCY HEATH
Phillips, Wis.

(Continued on page 84)

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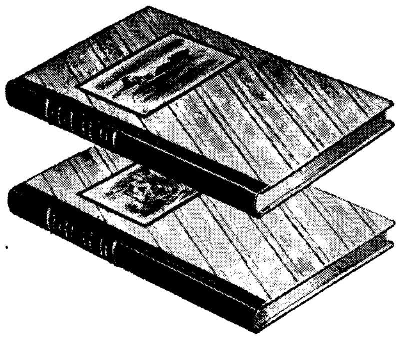

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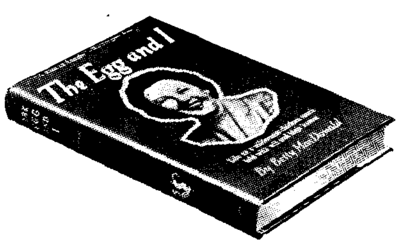

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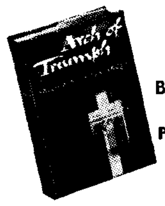

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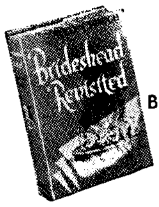

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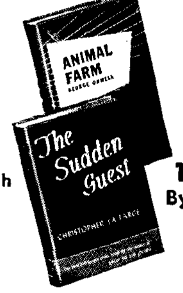

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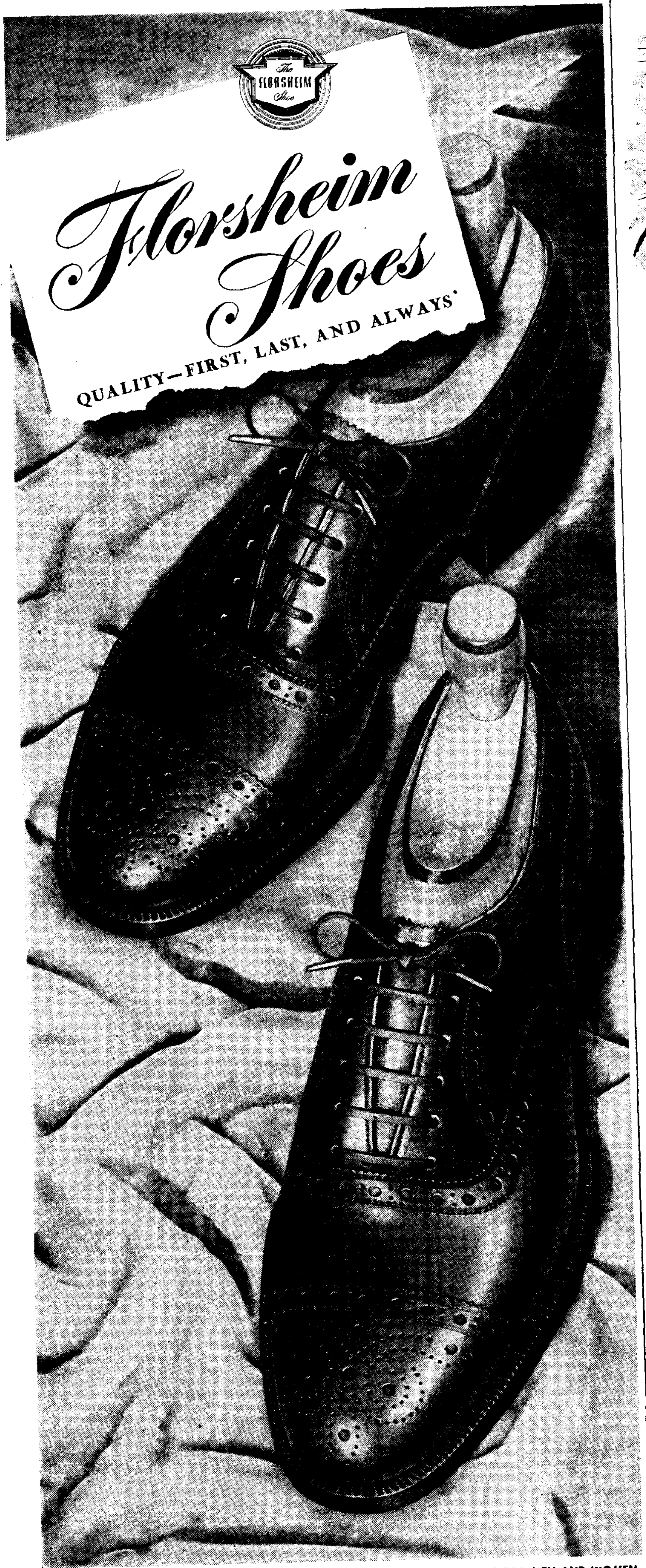

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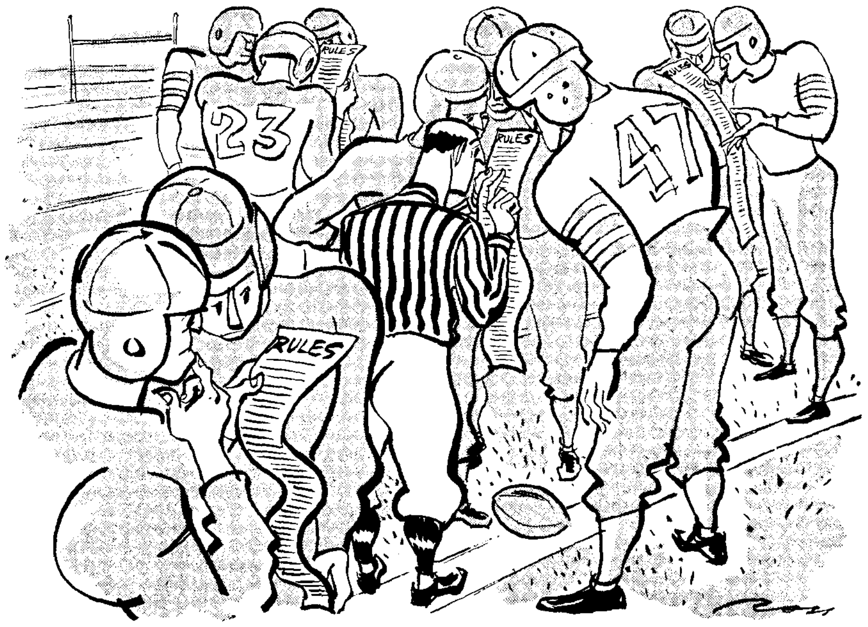


AL ROSS

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

No other American game approaches football in the number of rules that govern play. There are about 70 football rules, each of which, when broken, is subject to one of eight kinds of penalties.

Columbus Day is called Discovery Day in North Dakota and Landing Day in Wisconsin. But it is not a legal holiday in seven states—Idaho, Iowa, Maine, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina and South Dakota.

Hitler's private yacht, the Grille, is now docked in England and offered for sale by the British Admiralty. Completed in 1935, this luxurious vessel is about 400 feet long, weighs 3,600 tons and cost approximately $8,000,000. Although reputedly designed as a pleasure cruiser, her original fittings included equipment for converting her into a fast mine layer.

While the facts released on the first atomic bomb dropped on Japan were very meager, the statement that it "had more power than 20,000 tons of TNT" was revealing enough for an estimate to be made of its plutonium content. This is believed to have been a little over two pounds, of which the amount that was actually converted into energy weighed only one gram, or about half as much as a dime.

A new electric weed-killing device, the first of its kind, consists of a small trailer equipped with a generator and two rakes whose prongs conduct the current into the ground and electrocute the roots of the plants.—*By Jose Moratalla, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Doubtless, the most fanatical reigning monarch is Imam Yahya of Yemen, a country of the Arabian peninsula, which is 75,000 square miles in area and contains 3,500,000 inhabitants. Being intensely religious and detesting modern developments, this 77-year-old Mohammedan keeps his kingdom in complete isolation. Consequently, it is still without a telephone, printing press, water system, railroad or even a physician. In addition, the country is so destitute that the king's harem is obliged to support itself by making uniforms for the royal army.

The control of a "drone," or pilotless plane flown by radio, is switched between operators, one in a "mother" plane handling it in the air and another on the ground or the deck of a carrier handling it during take-offs and landings. When flying beyond the range of vision, even as far as 50 miles away, the operator is able to watch it through images received from two television cameras in the drone, sending one picture of the instrument panel and the other a view of the area in front of the plane so he can prevent it from colliding with another object.

The fingerprint files of the Federal Bureau of Investigation now contain the prints of approximately 60,000,000 persons, only 6,000,000 of whom are individuals arrested for criminal offenses or as suspects. Of the others, 5,000,000 are men, women and children whose prints were registered voluntarily for the purpose of personal identification, and the remaining 49,000,000 consist largely of persons whose prints were obtained under wartime regulations such as aliens, defense workers, government employees and military personnel.

The American public loses approximately $200,000,000 a year by leaving, through death or absent-mindedness, real estate unwilled and without legal claimants, unclaimed bank balances, and stocks and bonds in safety-deposit vaults as well as securities which their owners believe to be worthless because the companies have ceased to exist. But strangest of all are the unclaimed winnings at race tracks which, in 1945, in New York State alone, totaled more than $200,000.

The postage stamp with the highest face value today is New Guinea's $20 air-mail stamp, the first issue of which was brought out in 1936 to handle the heavy parcel-post shipments of gold by plane from mines in the Owen-Stanley Mountains that are inaccessible by other means of transport.—*By Marion McAvoy, New York City.*

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and none of its items may be reproduced without written permission

Are W MEN better drivers than M N?

Suit by Philip Mangone. Hat by Sally Victor.

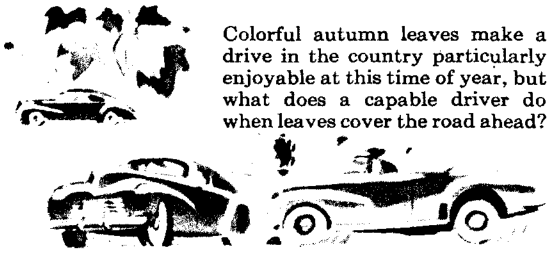
THE MORE STATISTICS we dig up on this subject, the more confused we get. The ladies produce reams of figures showing that women drivers have fewer accidents than men. The men counter by saying that such figures don't mean anything because men operate cars and trucks under the most difficult conditions—day and night, through rain, fog, ice and snow.

Since there are undoubtedly good and bad drivers of both sexes, we'll leave it to you to find out *who in your family knows the most about cars and driving.* See who scores highest on the quiz questions below—dad, mother, brother or sister.

1. If a certain car with first-rate brakes running 20 miles per hour on a dry road can be stopped in 14 feet, how many feet would it take to stop it at 40 miles per hour (not counting driver's reaction time)?

***28** feet* ☐ ***42** feet* ☐ ***56** feet* ☐ ***75** feet* ☐

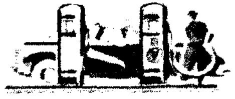
2. Colorful autumn leaves make a drive in the country particularly enjoyable at this time of year, but what does a capable driver do when leaves cover the road ahead?



3. The driver of the sedan has deliberately run through a red light. By stopping short, the driver of the convertible can avoid a collision. If she fails to do so, can she be held liable—considering it was the other driver who ran through the light?

Yes ☐ *No* ☐

4. After the war everybody expected gasoline refiners to offer super-gasolines. Why has gasoline quality remained at its present level for the past few months instead of soaring to new heights?



5. If the steering wheel of a car pulls to one side when you stop, what would you suspect the cause to be?

☐ *Worn steering knuckles.* ☐ *"Frozen" differential gears.*

☐ *Worn or out-of-adjustment brakes.* ☐ *Loose steering gear.*

6. Give two possible reasons why the tires of a car will "squeal" when rounding a corner.

a. ____________________

b. ____________________

7. One way to round a curve is to take your foot completely off the gas and proceed without power. Another is to reduce speed before entering the curve and proceed with some power on. Which method will help you around a curve better—reduce chances of a skid?

With power off ☐ *With some power on* ☐

1. 56 feet.

2. Slow down. Leaves are slippery—particularly when wet—and can cause a bad skid.

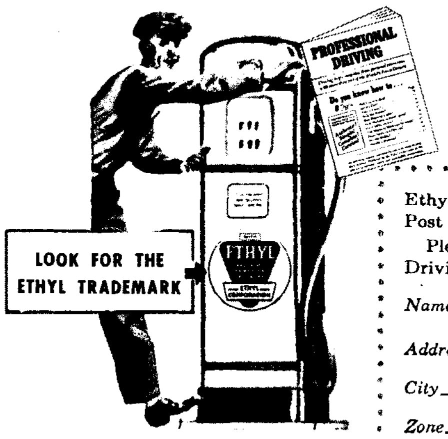
3. Yes. Courts have held that when a collision occurs, *it is the fault of the person who had the "last clear chance" to avoid it.*

4. Don't count it against your score if you didn't know this answer. Few people outside the petroleum and automotive industries know the reason why gasoline quality leveled off—and even slipped back a bit—this year. The cause has been government rationing of lead, one of the materials needed to make Ethyl antiknock fluid, and oil refiners have not been permitted to raise premium gasoline as high as they would like to. Meanwhile, the Ethyl emblem is your assurance of your oil company's best gasoline at all times.

5. Worn or out-of-adjustment brakes—probably on the front wheels.

6. a. Too much speed for the curve.
   b. Under-inflated tires.

7. With some power on. Feeding gas gives extra traction, helps prevent skidding. Use your brakes *before* you hit the curve.



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THE WEEK'S WORK

Jerome Weidman

WE RECEIVE a great many letters here at Collier's asking advice on how to become a fiction writer. Our correspondents usually want to know what would be the best background for such a career.

We submit herewith two case histories concerning contributors to this issue.

Consider Jerome Weidman (A Sense of Echelon, p. 14). Weidman was, he says, "a newsboy, a soda jerker, a mail clerk, a delivery boy for a firm that rented tuxedos, made—I'll take an oath—of pure lead, a printer, a stenographer, a window cleaner, a switchboard operator, and an operator in a necktie factory." He was a night student, too, at New York University, and after producing a few short stories he wrote his best-seller novel, I Can Get It For You Wholesale. (His latest book is The Lights Around the Shore.)

Then there's Gertrude Schweitzer (What a Man Wants, p. 24). From the age of four, Mrs. Schweitzer read everything she could get her hands on—magazines, books, newspapers or, lacking anything else, the label of the ketchup bottle. At eight, feeling that she had exhausted the world's literature, she decided to add to it herself. The first gem was a poem, which began, "The sea, the sea, the wonderful sea—Ah, thou, my life is in thee." Then came a girls' adventure book, which was read as it was written, a chapter a day, to a breathless audience during recess. At fourteen, Mrs. Schweitzer wrote the great unpublished novel, a heart-rending story of a wife who runs away with another man and is forgiven by her husband. Aptly enough, the title was The Magnificent Fool. No editors were killed in the rush for the manuscript.

Now Mrs. Schweitzer believes she has achieved perfect normality. She has a nice husband, a 16-year-old daughter and a 12-year-old son, with whom she somehow manages to keep on good terms even though she writes six days a week, and six hours a day.

"I don't believe I have any hobbies," says Mrs. Schweitzer. "I just dabble. I've dabbled in photography, sculpture, piano playing and have had a whirl at practically every sport except football. I once won a bottle of champagne dancing the samba, and I've repaired a radio, though I haven't the faintest understanding of how they work."

Mrs. Schweitzer was impelled to write What a Man Wants to support one of her pet theories about working women; she doesn't believe that most men wish their women wouldn't work. It's a story that was bound to be written, sooner or later.

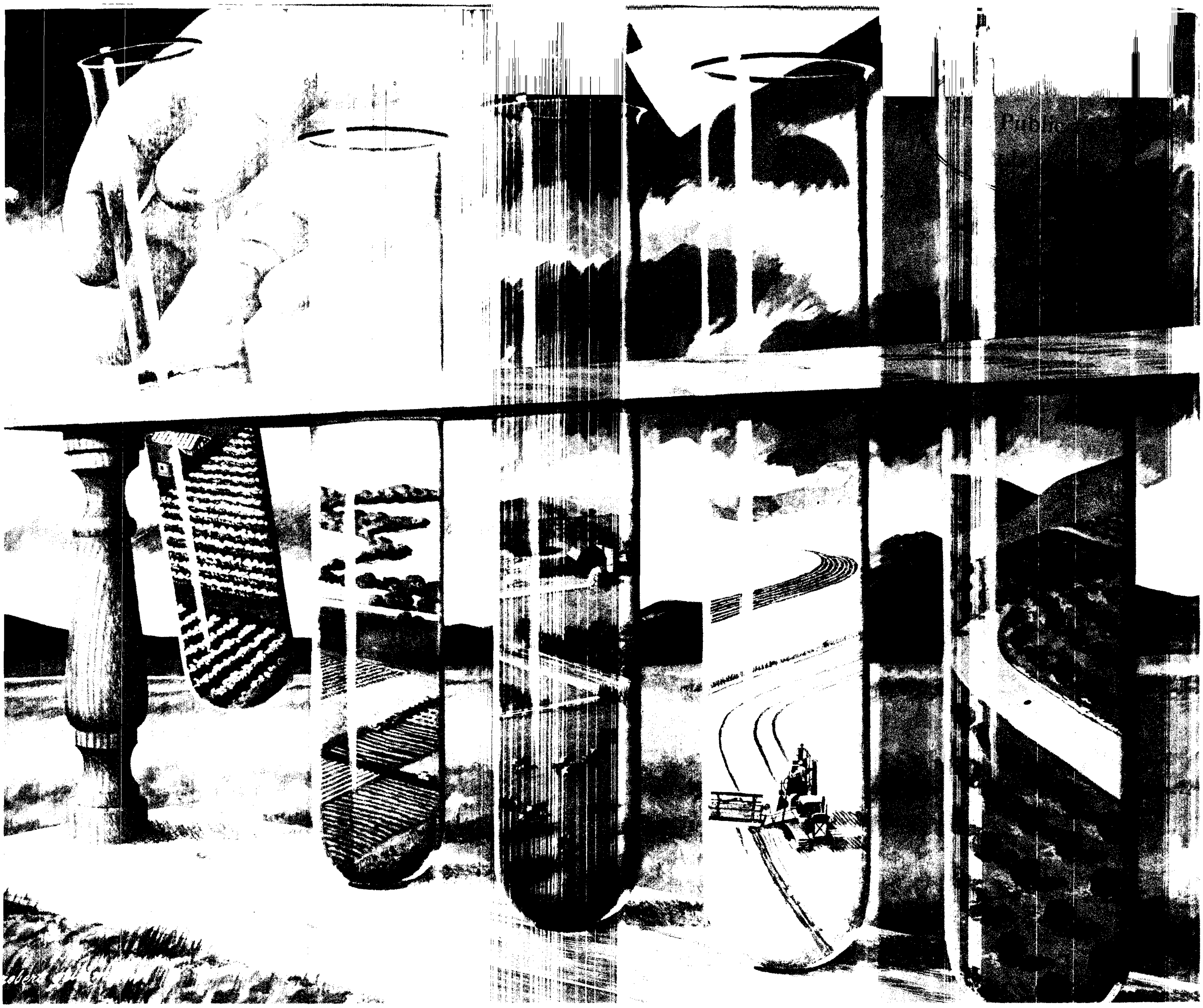
So you see it's easy. You don't have to jerk sodas or dig ditches or do anything tricky. If you want to write, all you have to do is write.

BECAUSE Gordon Schendel (author of Circus Opera, p. 32) was born on the Fourth of July, he suffered through years of hearing his elders remark, "Well, well, a regular little firecracker, huh?" Mr. Schendel now is writing a psychological novel with an unhappy ending, in which the hero was born on the Fourth of July.

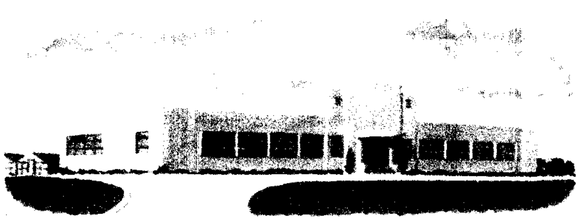
LAWRENCE McCRACKEN notes a marked improvement in the perception of Collier's editors during the last 30 years. He says, "I first wrote for Collier's in 1914—exciting adventure stories in pencil in a five-cent composition book, but the editors of that day rejected them all with insulting haste. . . . But now that the editors have so improved that they accept an article within three days of submission (still not quite so fast as they once rejected them) I'm willing to let bygones be bygones." He is co-author with Robert Becker Phillips, Jr., of Stop, Look and Live!, p. 20.

Gordon Schendel

This week's cover: The dogs in the color photograph are championship English setters now being sharpened up for the fall hunting season by their trainer, C. H. Reilly, of Medford Lakes, New Jersey. Harold M. Lambert made the photograph. . . . A. P.



ACRES TO PLANT IDEAS



A FARM has been established in California for the planting of ideas . . . to grow larger and better crops on *all* North American farmland.

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THE HARD WAY HOME

BY FRANK O'ROURKE

The Army had made Edwards a great back. But unfortunately the war had made attitudes too—for those who were in it and for those who weren't

DOAKY EDWARDS walked toward the dressing room. The campus was alive with shouts and laughter but the noisy pattern of pregame enthusiasm only accentuated his feelings of apathy. He moved in the students' small self-centered world, through classes and casual conversation, watching them obliquely but never really part of their life.

Even his name, he thought, had to be *different*; they called him Doaky Edwards and no one cared or knew that in the past he had been called Jim. The first day of football practice, before school officially opened, the tall running back named Ransome had laughed and said, "You're sure a doaky guy, Edwards," and the name had stuck. And now he was Doaky Edwards, moving across the campus in the early morning of the big game day, with his decision fought out and made.

He waved to a group of girls and then he saw Ann Williams walking from the bookstore. He stopped and waited for her to come up. She smiled, looking up at his face.

"Doaky," she said, "did you make a decision?"

He was slow with words, even with her. He said, "I figured it out last night, Ann. I'm leaving school."

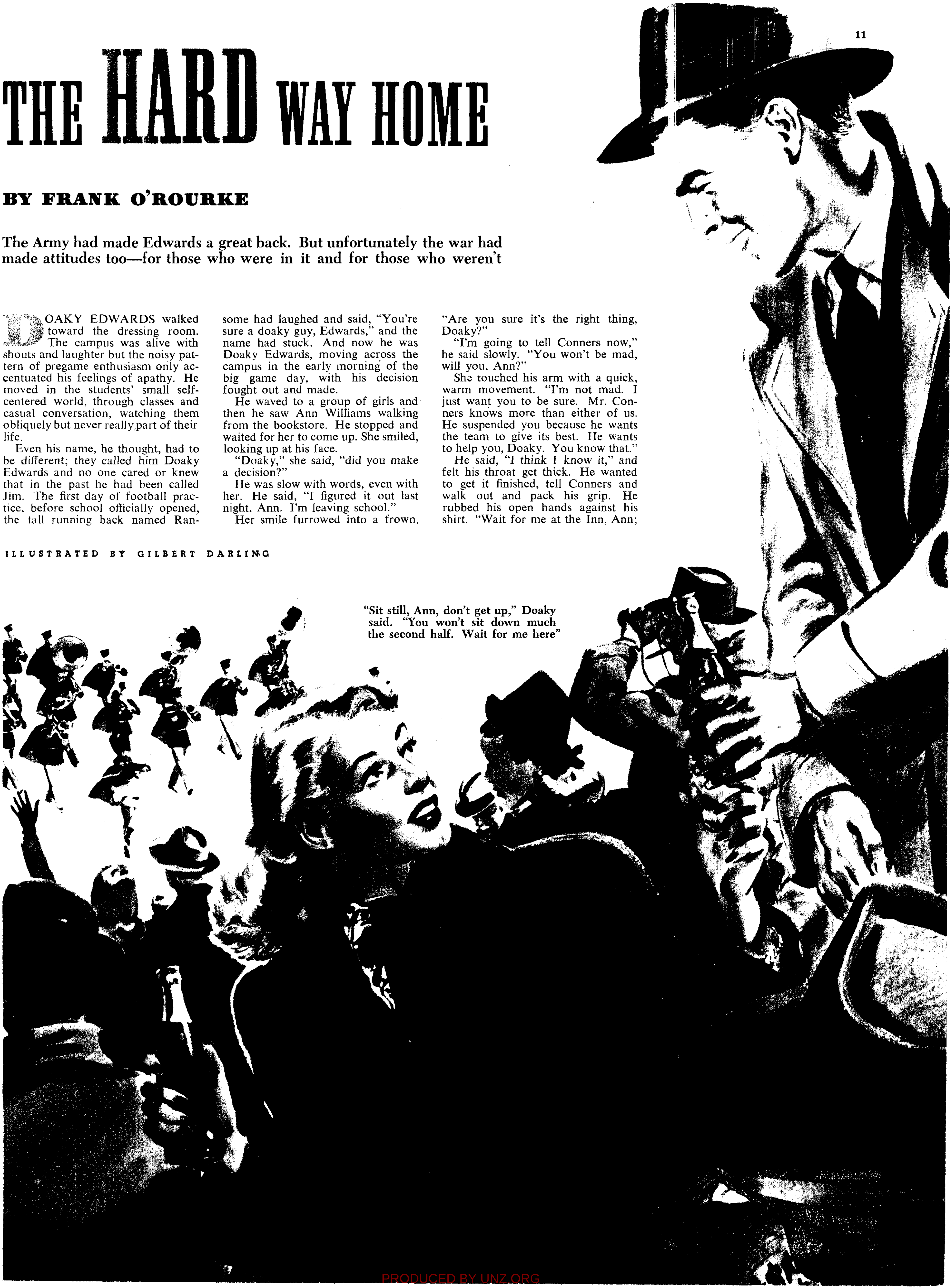
Her smile furrowed into a frown. "Are you sure it's the right thing, Doaky?"

"I'm going to tell Conners now," he said slowly. "You won't be mad, will you, Ann?"

She touched his arm with a quick, warm movement. "I'm not mad. I just want you to be sure. Mr. Conners knows more than either of us. He suspended you because he wants the team to give its best. He wants to help you, Doaky. You know that."

He said, "I think I know it," and felt his throat get thick. He wanted to get it finished, tell Conners and walk out and pack his grip. He rubbed his open hands against his shirt. "Wait for me at the Inn, Ann;

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING



"Sit still, Ann, don't get up," Doaky said. "You won't sit down much the second half. Wait for me here"

I'll be with you in ten minutes."

"I'll have the back booth," she said simply. "Don't say anything nasty to Mr. Conners. He doesn't deserve that, Doaky."

He turned down the path leading under the west side of the stadium to the locker rooms and Conners' office. The locker room was empty at this early hour. He crossed to the office and knocked. The gruff voice called, "Come in." Conners was standing behind the battered oak desk, his black eyes aggressively bright. Conners said, "Well, what's on your mind, Doaky? I hope you didn't come down to beg. Coming from you it would stink."

He had to get it out fast or the courage in him would melt. He said, "I'm leaving school today, Mr. Conners. I wanted to tell you."

Conners sat down behind the desk and placed both hands flatly on the top. "Say that again, Doaky," he said.

"I'm leaving school."

"Have you gone crazy?" Conners said. "You're no child, Doaky, and you know me too well to quit because I suspended you for this game. You know why I did that. I told you yesterday and you agreed it was the best thing." Conners gave him a quick, shrewd look. "Is it anything I've done other than that?"

"Not you," he said. "You know best, Mr. Conners. It's good football but it's no good for me with anybody else. This finished me in the school." He wanted to say more and realized he could not explain himself, that the words were not in him. He said, "I can't tell it any better, Mr. Conners. I'm just leaving."

"Tell me," Conners said again. "You can't let it drop like this, Doaky."

"I'm leaving," he said. "Today."

"Do you need money?" Conners asked bluntly.

"I've earned it so far," he said. "Let it ride that way. I don't need money, Mr. Conners."

"I didn't think that was it," Conners said. "All right, Doaky, if you want to leave school, I can't stop you. I know you think I'm wrong and crazy to boot, suspending you for this game. But it's the only way to pull the guys together."

He said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Conners."

He saw then that Conners was deeply hurt, and he wanted to tell Conners how bitterly he resented being suspended, and then get out and away. Conners stood up slowly. He said, "We won eight in a row, didn't we, Doaky? Today would be number nine and the Rose Bowl. Look, will you do me one last favor?"

He said, "Yes, sir."

"See the game before you go. Go up there and watch them play this game and see if they don't work better with you away from them. Do that for me and then, if you think what I did was wrong, you can call me a louse. Will you do it?"

He nodded, wanting to say something more, but the words were no good. Conners jerked one hand and he turned and went out. Walking across the green lawn to the Inn, he remembered the previous fall when he had returned from the Pacific and had been stationed in a West Coast camp, and how he had to do something to pass the time or go crazy, and football seemed the best outlet.

IN THE first weeks he didn't realize how much he'd changed, how his weight had crept imperceptibly above two hundred and his muscles had hardened, so that in the first game as the blocking back, with only his high-school training behind him, he had smashed over the opposing ends and line backers and led his buddy, Mick Riley, down-field on slashing ground-gaining runs. He did not make the headlines but when the season ended and his discharge was imminent, scouts and coaches from the different schools approached only Mick and himself. That was how he met Conners.

He had talked with a dozen coaches and alumni from all over the country, and just before Christmas they called him to the orderly room and introduced Conners.

"You want an education?" Conners asked.

He said, "If I could afford it, Mr. Conners."

"I want you," Conners said. "You can play the blocking back, maybe run if you practice. You know my school and you know me"—That was Conners, he learned later, direct and truthful about his school and his own national reputation—"so let's talk business. You play football for me and I'll get you a scholarship and a decent job."

He had liked Conners immediately. He sat for a moment thinking of his age and the war behind him. How would it be, he wondered, living in a world of younger people?

He said, "You think I can play the back good enough for you, Mr. Conners?"

"Would I ask you if I didn't think so?" Conners said. "Well, Edwards?"

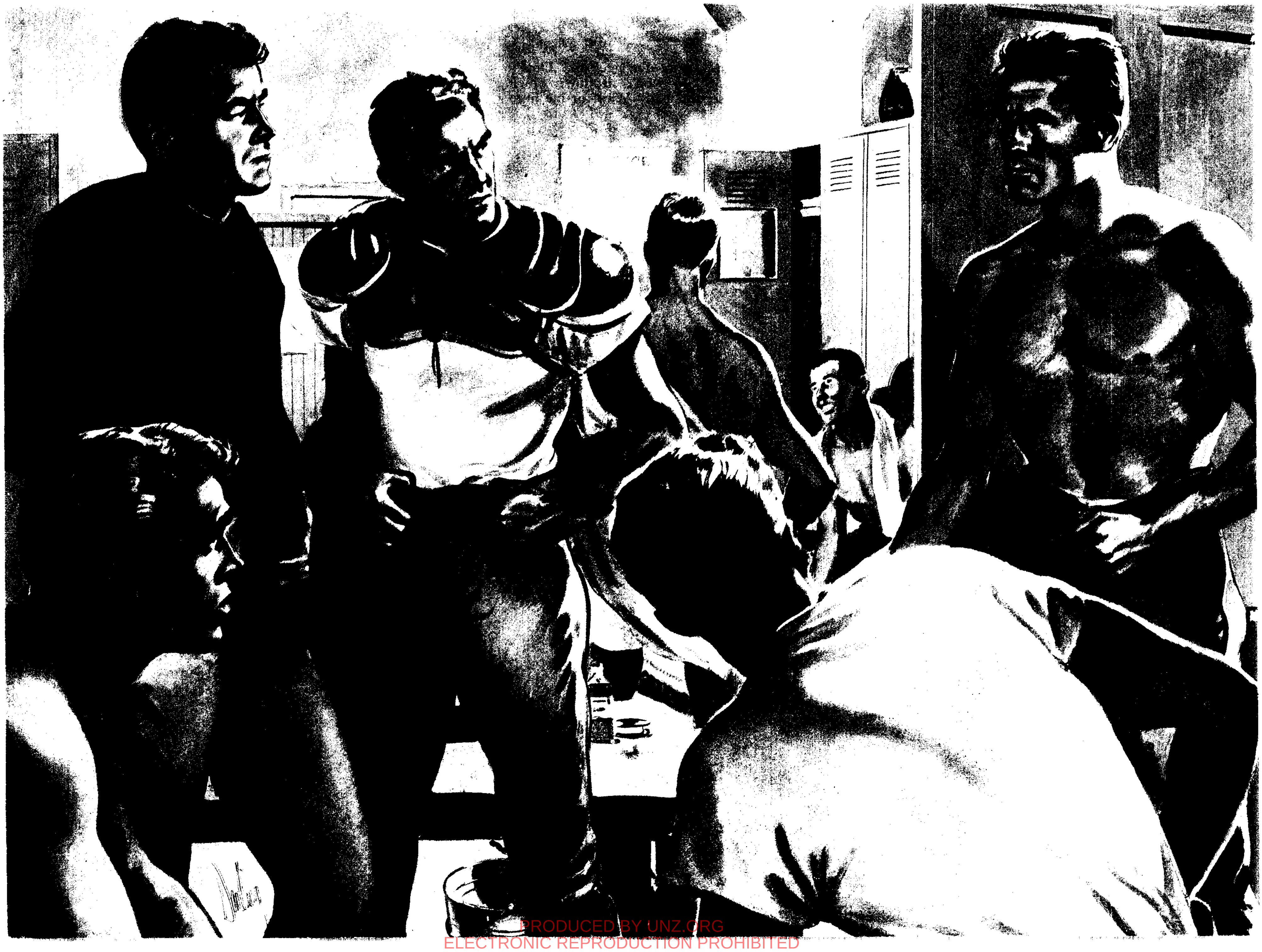
"It's a deal," he said, and then he remembered Mick. "How about Riley, Mr. Conners? Don't you want him?"

Conners said, "State got him."

He felt bad about playing against the Mick, for he knew Conners played State in the big-game spot each fall, with the conference and sometimes the national title at stake;

(Continued on page 34)

Doaky listened for fifteen minutes, and then he had to do it. He slammed the door back and stood inside the locker room, looking at them with his eyes narrowed



RAMPA
REUT

The redheaded boss of the world's largest union has had plans for everything from righting the liner Normandie to his own political future. Here a Collier's writer tells the story and significance of the man known locally as Destiny's Darling

BY LEST

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY LOFMAN-PIX

THE automobile industry, justly renowned for its new models, has come up with a new-model labor leader. Flamboyant, with flaming hair, the new model is Walter Reuther, president of 800,000 United Auto Workers, C.I.O. To Reuther, such simple demands as wages, hours and working conditions are strictly Model T. The new Reuther unionism features interest (producers call it kibitzing) in how the boss makes his products, the prices he charges and concern with consumer and political movements.

"I've taken the idea of C.I.O. mass industrial unionism and refined it to a higher level," says Reuther. "Higher wages aren't enough. I'm concerned with the welfare of the whole community."

With Reuther in the driver's seat, the UAW is a powerful vehicle for freewheeling social and economic ideas. Last spring, when he was head of only part of the union (the General Motors department) he set himself the task of winning higher wages and sturdily lugged mass industry wages up 18½ cents an hour in the whole country. Unfortunately, like a pesky kid brother, prices tagged right along—no part of the Reuther plan. Now with the pulsing economic power of the UAW waiting to be released in a new wage drive, Reuther may churn up the whole economy again.

If he doesn't, he will make news some other way.

Last July, for instance, Reuther's activities measured 253 inches of news and comment in the Detroit Free Press alone, or an average of one-half column a day. Three times, he was banner-headline news; a half-dozen times he was page-one news.

During the war Reuther held his own too with a profusion of Reuther plans. They ranged from Plan No. 1 to produce 500 airplanes daily in the auto factories (shelved) to a plan for standardizing tank engine production (accepted). There was a Reuther plan to acquaint soldiers and workers with each other's problems by putting soldiers into shops and shopworkers into training camps (accepted). There was even a plan for raising the burned-out liner Normandie (rejected). As the war ended, Reuther was pushing a plan for a portable foxhole (suspended).

Laid end to end the Reuther plans reached from the Times in New York to the Chronicle in San Francisco and raised Reuther to a national figure.

This, said critics in and out of his union, was their chief purpose.

But Detroit manufacturers see in Reuther the cocky but purposeful embodiment of a new type of unionism that threatens management's authority in its own house.

Poised strategically atop the world's biggest union, Reuther is in a position to influence events inside labor and out. The automobile industry is his foil, and Detroit, dramatic and incomparable for industrial oomph, is his stage. In Detroit, reporters like to call him, perhaps sardonically, "Destiny's Darling."

Destiny's Darling, at 39, has an open and unclouded face, a thatch of thick red hair and a chin innocent of any evidence that it has ever known a razor—which is why people set him down as a youth.

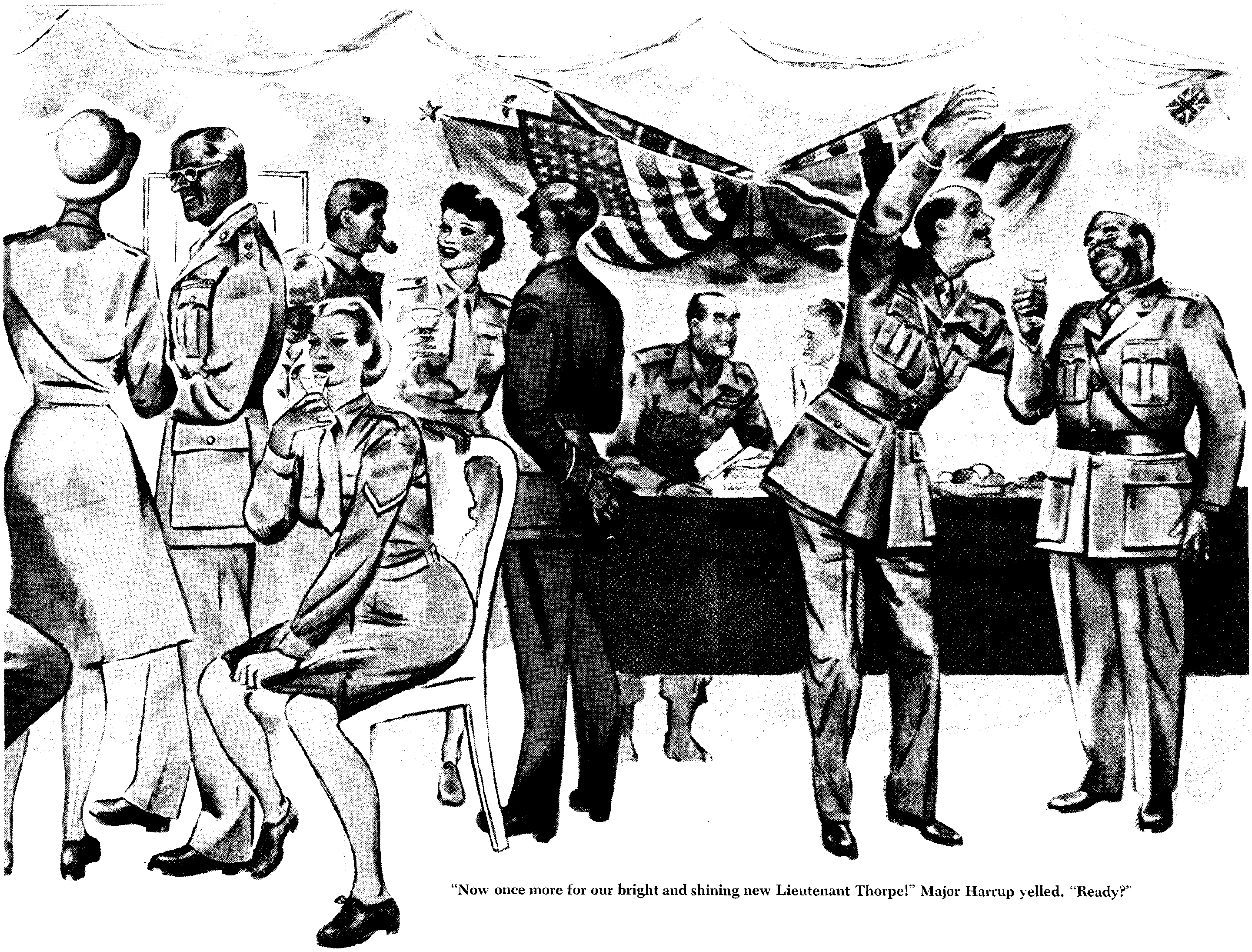
In contrast to the usual horny-handed, tobacco-chewing UAW official, Reuther has well-kept hands, neither drinks nor smokes. His language, particularly in negotiations with employers, is not prissy. The transcript of the General Motors-UAW wage negotiations reveals his particular fondness for short Anglo-Saxon words that are too forthright to print.

He is addicted to cascades of talk, disclosing a mind amply stocked with statistical and other intellectual furniture. In even ordinary conversation he raises his voice to auditorium pitch, emphasizes points with an eloquent index finger. Nor is he guilty of overmodesty in appraising his own splash in the world.

A union handout, prepared with Reuther's approval, states triumphantly:

"The popular strength and appeal of Walter P. Reuther are no mystery—they can be explained by the fact that the redheaded leader of the United Automobile Workers, C.I.O., possesses both the traditional virtues

(Continued on page 63)



"Now once more for our bright and shining new Lieutenant Thorpe!" Major Harrup yelled. "Ready?"

A SENSE OF ECHELON

MR. HARMER looked at the headlines of all the papers spread on the newsstand outside the Seventh Avenue entrance to Penn Station, and after several moments of deliberation he chose his regular paper, the Times. He walked into the Concourse and, in the drugstore, he considered but decided against an attractively wrapped new brand and bought a package of his favorite cigarettes. He rode down the escalator, circled the information booth leisurely, and selected his magazines and a nickel bar of candy from a near-by stand. Mr. Harmer, a successful architect who ran his office with brisk efficiency, had a train to catch, but he was not in a hurry. Far from it.

He would not have confessed it, but secretly Mr. Harmer enjoyed these business trips to his firm's Washington offices. Every month his partner, Mr. Harmer's junior by six years, offered to relieve him of what was considered an onerous chore; and every month Mrs. Harmer, who felt that the monthly overnight trip was taxing for a man past middle age whose health could have been much better since he came back from Europe, said worriedly that the very least he could do to spare himself was to go by plane. Mr. Harmer always turned down his partner's offer and disregarded his wife's suggestion.

Since the end of the war, in which Mr. Harmer had served as a major in the Services of Supply stationed in England, these quiet little business trips had come to mean a good deal to him. For days before each monthly trip to Washington, his thoughts would run forward to the four unhurried hours on the train that lay ahead of him.

Mr. Harmer descended to the train level, located his Pullman, and turned his bag over to the grinning porter. Mr. Harmer was the first passenger in the car. He always was. He rolled up his coat, tucked it carefully into the rack above his head and sat down. He settled himself comfortably, his chair turned at an angle toward the window, and put his feet up on the ledge that covered the steam pipes. He arranged his newspaper and magazines in a neat pile on his lap, reassuringly touched the pocket that contained a bar of candy he always took out and munched happily when the train reached Trenton, and he heaved the long, relaxed, preparatory sigh that ushered in his four hours of delicious loneliness.

"I say," a voice said. "Is it really old Harmer, or are these feeble eyes deceiving me?"

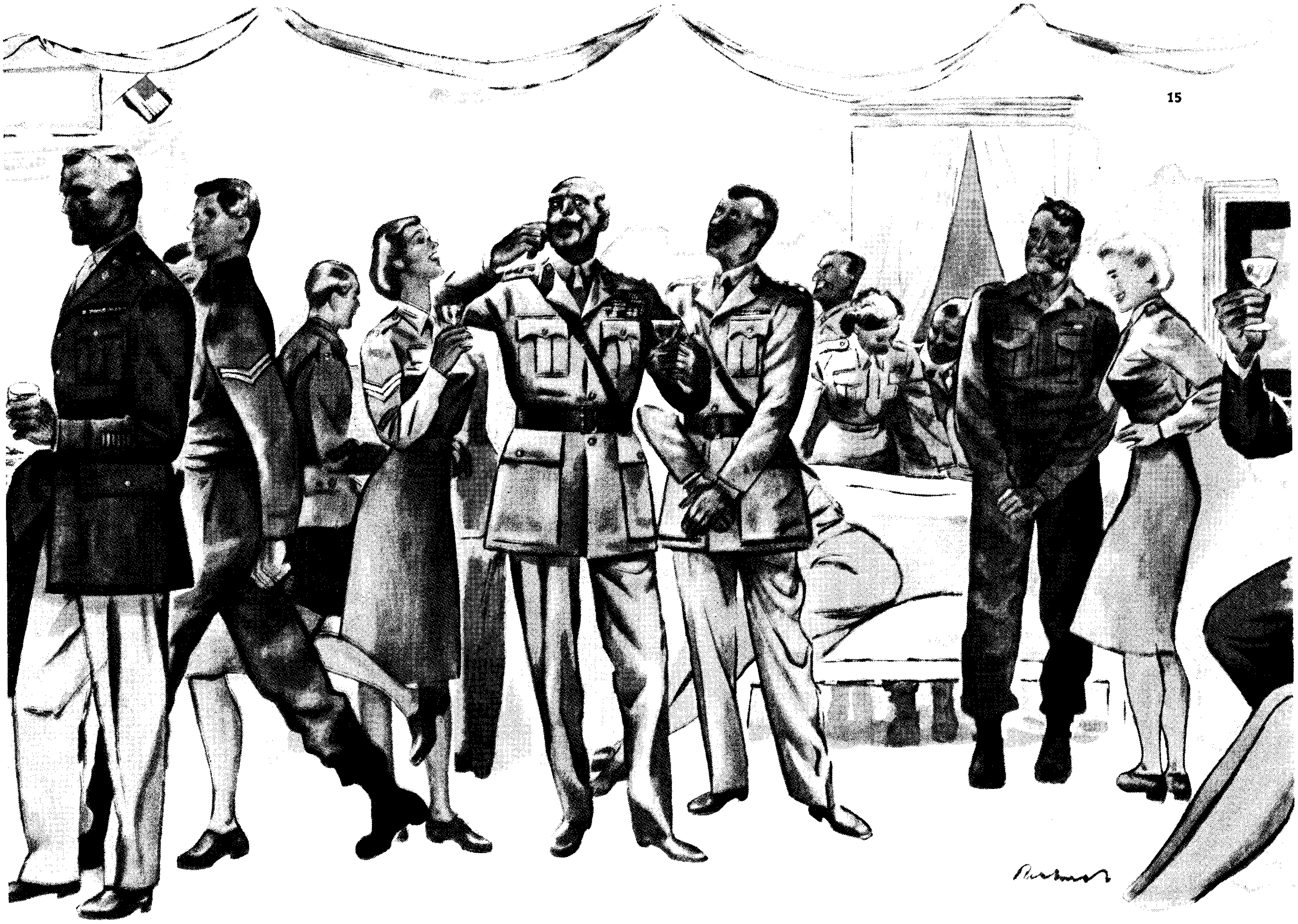
HARMER'S feet dropped from the ledge with a thump as he swiveled around in his chair and looked up at the elderly man in British uniform who was standing over him.

"Colonel Ransome," Harmer said, so startled that he neglected to conceal the dismay in his voice, and the newspaper and magazines tumbled to the floor as he struggled to his feet. "For the love of Pete," he said. "I mean, how are you, sir?"

Colonel Ransome chuckled—that throaty British rumble of sound that had been so amusing at first and then, as the V-1s gave way to the V-2s, had become so inexplicably irritating during the days when Colonel Ransome had been the commanding officer of the small SHAEF supply station in a London suburb to which Harmer had been assigned.

"I say, this *is* a surprise," Colonel Ransome said. "My dear chap, how are you? Porter, is this my seat?" The porter nodded and Harmer's heart sank. "What an extraordinary stroke of luck," Colonel Ransome said with obvious delight as the porter put his bag and coat on the rack. "You're looking remarkably fit, old boy. Tell me all."

Harmer did, with feigned enthusiasm. It didn't take long, not only because there wasn't much to tell, but mainly because Harmer had to omit what was uppermost in his mind: that



Concerning the lamentable predicament of Lieutenant William Chalmers Thorpe—a man who indulged in matrimony not wisely but too well

BY JEROME WEIDMAN

under the present circumstances Harmer found Colonel Ransome's unexpected appearance a fairly large pain in the neck.

"And what about you, sir?" Harmer said politely. "What are you doing on this side of the Atlantic?"

Between dramatic tugs at his snow-white mustache, and a considerable amount of throaty chuckling, Colonel Ransome explained that several months after the Japs did their bunk, you know, he'd been assigned to the Planning Section of the Supplies Division of the Combined Chiefs in Washington. Damned interesting assignment it was, too. Recognized Harmer at once from the shape of the back of his head, recognized him just like that, even though it must be a year and a half or more since they'd seen each other.

"Not since that party we gave for you and old Thorpe, wasn't it?" Ransome concluded.

"That's right, sir," Harmer said, wishing Colonel Ransome had not mentioned old Thorpe. It was bad enough to have his solitude destroyed without being saddled with disturbing recollections. "We haven't seen each other since that party, sir."

"Lord, what a do that was," Colonel Ransome said and, as the train got under way, it occurred to Harmer that perhaps Colonel Ransome was sorry, too, that he had mentioned old Thorpe. Certainly, for the moment at least, the colonel's garrulity seemed to have deserted him. "Curious old bird, wasn't he?" Colonel Ransome added. The train shot out into the light of New Jersey. "I mean to say," he said, "it's odd, the things one remembers, isn't it?"

ODD, hell, Harmer thought bitterly. It was infuriating. Other men remembered the war in terms of a vivid scene on Omaha Beach on D-Day, or some revealing remark Eisenhower or Churchill had dropped at a conference. But Harmer was trapped by the peculiar circumstances of his war assignment and his unpredictable memory into recalling his own participation in the enormous conflict in terms of carrying a brand-new Sam Browne belt that didn't belong to him up Regent Street in London on a windy afternoon in March of 1945, while an alert was on. The belt was not wrapped, because the shop in which Harmer had picked it up for Mr. Thorpe was all out of wrapping paper, and it was so new and stiff that it looked like a barrel hoop and was just about as awkward to carry. Harmer, a shy man, was convinced that everybody on Regent Street who was not staring up worriedly into the sky was staring with amusement at him. A taxi inched its way cautiously out of Vigo Street, and Harmer, who during three years in the ETO had learned the futility of whistling or waving at a London taxi during an alert, stepped resolutely into its path. At once the taxi stopped.

Harmer came around to the side and reached for the door. The driver seized the handle from the inside and held it.

"Sorry, Major," he said. "No more petrol. I'm going home."

"Which way is home?" Harmer said.

"Willesden," the driver said. "Out beyond Maida Vale."

"That's the way I'm going," Harmer said. "Murwash Supply Station. Drop me in front of the Gaumont Cinema on Kilburn High Road."

The station was half a dozen houses facing a small park, in a middle-class London suburb called Murwash, that the British War Office had turned over to SHAEF. Under the command of Colonel Ransome, the three British junior officers and the one American, Major Harmer, who made up the station's staff, had converted the park into a supply depot. The six houses became living quarters for themselves, for the enlisted men who did

(Continued on page 75)

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM PACHNER

HEELS AMONG THE HEROES

BERLIN

IT WAS 10 P.M. and closing time at the Mayflower Club (beer and sandwiches for enlisted men) in Frankfurt am Main, Germany. Soldiers spilled out of the doorway in a buzz of boisterous talk and restless speculation about how to spend the next hour before military curfew. In a timid, tentative semicircle on the edge of the sidewalk opposite the brightly lighted entrance stood some Germans—six or seven urchins and an equal number of older boys with fuzz on their chins and blank looks in their eyes. They were the "butt boys," a prideless squad of scavengers preying on discarded American cigarettes.

Suddenly a soldier, a buck private replacement who couldn't have been more than 18 himself, swaggered over toward them, swinging his arms like a Golden Gloves contender. "G'wan, get out of here, you lousy little bastards," he said loudly. "Beat it!"

The Germans backed off the curb, slowly. The soldier's laughter was brimming with bravado and the heady sweetness of new authority, as he joined a couple of buddies. "Where did you say that Fräulein lived?" he asked. The enemy stood silent as the trio rounded the corner, but if their smoldering stares had been radioactive, the private would have dropped in his tracks. . . .

"Which goes to show," remarked an observer of this incident, "that G.I. Joe and Company as an occupation army are no better than the other conquering heroes of history. In some respects we look worse."

American G.I.s in Germany have a heavy responsibility, yet some of them behave like Peck's Bad Boy. The pay-off will intensify our foreign problems

Whatever happens to the currently stymied Potsdam policies, which we had so fondly hoped could be used to revive Germany as a reasonably healthy but contrite and peaceful nation, the fact is that human relationships between Germans and Americans were never more critical than they are today. High and responsible military government officials, whose sentiments about how the Germans should be treated have by no means become maudlin, will tell you this frankly. A sort of insidious moral corruption has spread among us, so to speak, like an occupational disease.

Admittedly, it would have taken an army of paragons to have yielded not to Germany's rampant temptations. There were the buxom Fräuleins so unbearably available. A mistress for the price of a candy bar, a pack of cigarettes, the shared warmth of a room. Such a friendly girl could hardly have been a Nazi. . . .

Then there was the obsequious burgher whose exquisite set of Dresden china could be had for a pinch of coffee that the mess wouldn't miss anyway. A G-2 officer in Berlin had to lash himself to refuse a Rembrandt original that a Nazi was eager to trade for his freedom. Came the bonanza, when the Red Army gave $500 each, more or less, for almost any piece of machinery that would tell time. In a few short weeks some G.I.s sent home more money than the average U.S. citizen saves in a lifetime. Cigarettes or penicillin or more folding paper bought diamonds and other riches from bedraggled Berliners and travelers from Poland.

But careful observers caution you to keep one thing straight: The Army is not the principal defendant in this case. The Army is just barely beginning to recover from the tornado of redeployment which all but wrecked its mechanism of military government in Europe. And what is the Army getting as replacements for the occupation forces? Eighteen-year-old kids. Most of them have eight weeks' basic training, the hot breath of adventure and little else. Some of them had never even fired a carbine before coming overseas.

"Strictly for the birds," one seasoned officer commented. "There shouldn't be a man in the Army of Occupation, officer or soldier, under 25.

"Here all the things any self-respecting father would try to keep a high-school boy away from—wine, women and easy side dough to boot—are thrown in the youngster's face. You can't blame the boy. Is he supposed to get religion all of a sudden?"

Too Complicated a Job for Teen-Agers

Officers, civilians and G.I.s themselves agree that teen-agers are too green for this serious, complicated assignment. "But that's how the American voters wanted it," a staff officer is apt to remark, bitterly, "or that's how Congress thought they wanted it anyhow, and that's what we got."

So now the pay-off is beginning to come, and it isn't pretty. From the American standpoint, at least, the occupation of Germany, well into its second year, has reached a phase where the authorities are virtually as preoccupied with the grave problems posed by their own personnel—and their immediate impact on the Germans—as with the vast and frightening riddle of the future of this wanton, crumpled nation.

Despite every appeal, warning and precaution

Army families are provided with living standards nearly as high as prewar U.S.A. The impact of all this plenty upon German have-nots is an envy which can easily be turned to hatred

Fraternization is such a problem that even holding hands is barred. This couple is brave

PICK UP
POINT

BY EDWARD P. MORGAN

Three comely German Fräuleins protest the "Off Limits" barrier. It takes a strong man to remain firm

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY EMIL REYNOLDS

that the Army medics have been able to devise, the venereal disease rate among American troops in Europe rose to a new high of 264 per 1,000 men in June.

Clergymen have warned that Germany is becoming the "cesspool of Europe," and that the occupying powers are to blame. Some German churchmen have been accused of being anti-Allied by discouraging fraternization. "If I were a German priest," an American Catholic chaplain remarked to me in Bavaria, "I would tell the girls of my parish every Sunday to stay away from soldiers. They can't marry them, so they shouldn't go with them."

The Army has always had camp followers. Training centers at home had their "Victory Girls." London had its "Piccadilly Commandos." But Germany's "Veronica Dankeshöns," as Shep, the Stars and Stripes cartoonist, christened them with the ironic initials VD, are the most tragic lot of all. There have been the inevitable suicides, a homicide or two. One of the weirdest complications occurred in Munich where a colonel had planned to keep his German girl friend, formerly the mistress of a *Luftwaffe* lieutenant general, as his housekeeper after his own wife and child had come from the States to join him. Needless to say, it didn't work out.

Another of the Army's worries is the frequency of soldier assaults on German civilians. In Bavaria in July, according to official figures, there were 431 incidents involving U.S. troops and Germans. Much of this is blamed on rookie replacements, who never heard a shot fired in anger but are "out to get their Nazis" and thereby establish that they have hair, if not combat medals, on their chests.

One evening a G.I. stopped a civilian on a lonely street in southern Germany. "Got the time, Mac?" he demanded. The civilian looked at his wrist and answered in English. "Gee, mister," the startled soldier said, "it's a good thing you didn't speak Kraut. That's a nice watch you've got there and I'd been thinking I might just take it." The civilian was an Army special agent in plain clothes.

German police, who have no jurisdiction over Allied personnel, have nevertheless occasionally attempted to intervene in soldier-civilian altercations. Some have been killed for their pains.

Property takes a beating, too. The other Saturday night, some soldiers invaded a little *Gasthaus* in the village of Ammerland on lovely Starnberger See, southwest of Munich, absorbed the liquor they had brought with them and then proceeded to heave the clocks and furniture of the inn into the street.

Schoolroom Wrecked by Army Hooligans

Some G.I.s in Berlin once were sent to help repair a school for Army children. "They threw ink bottles all over hell and jumped on the piano," complained an officer who checked the damage. "What is this, Halloween?"

The major black-market cases read like Oppenheim:

A full colonel and his Wac wife are flown from Chicago to Frankfurt to face charges of making off with a million and a half dollars' worth of Hessian crown jewels from Kronberg castle. . . . a lieutenant colonel from Philadelphia shoots himself fatally in the mouth rather than brave further investigation of his activities, which are alleged to include not only trafficking in cigarettes and food but fraudulent real-estate deals. . . . The Army's criminal investigation division arrests an aviation weather observer in Berlin and announces it has nipped an international black-market ring with multimillion-dollar potentialities, allegedly operated by an enterprising family with branches (and relatives) in Paris, New York and Shanghai.

And in still another case there is high contraband in porcelains and Picassos, part of which were purportedly unloaded on an unsuspecting New York department store.

Not that the Russians, British and French haven't been guilty of the same oversights. Not that they haven't had trouble and scandals aplenty in their own respective occupation zones, but that's another story or maybe three.

We came as conquerors, as General Eisenhower said, but along with the power and authority, we forgot, it seems, the terrible responsibility involved in being Americans in Europe, away from home. Europeans had still regarded us as creatures from the American dream. We forgot that fact, with which we might have done so much.

With a longing, restless, almost female kind of envy, Europe had come to look upon the United States as a crazy, wonderful land, shimmering with the good life, and where liberty and the pursuit of happiness burgeoned, free, from the rich earth. Even the Germans, then, were prepared to discover something magically superior in Americans themselves. After all, the propaganda had worn thin, Hitler's supermen *had* collapsed; they were still terrified, though, of the Russians and it would do no harm at least to hope that the Americans would be something extra special.

Instead we turned out to be ordinary human beings and misbehaved. This came as a double shock. We did work some of our magic but most of it was *verboten* to the Germans. *(Continued on page 108)*

The Army has launched an extensive sports program as one way of rehabilitating German youth

CLOCK WITHOUT HANDS

BY GERALD KERSH

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

"Sid was quick as lightning," Mrs. Tooth recounted to the lawyer. "He hit me again and knocked me down. Then he told me to get out"

The Story:

JOHN JACKET, cynical reporter of London's Sunday Special, delves for a human-interest story in the Victoria Scissors Murder—a sordid case in which MARTHA TOOTH is accused of stabbing her husband SID TOOTH, with scissors. Jacket seeks out GEORGE WAINEWRIGHT, a drab, nondescript little man who owns the boarding-house where Tooth lived, and who found Tooth's body. . . . Persuaded by Jacket's sly flattery and much whisky, Wainewright tells his story: Tooth was a glib salesman, a drunkard, a woman chaser, a wife deserter. Yet Wainewright obviously envied Tooth's arrogance, his easy conquests of cheap women. . . . On the night of the murder Wainewright saw Martha, the mousy, bedraggled wife, enter Tooth's room; heard them quarrel; saw her leave, crying, with blood on her hand. He describes his shock at finding Tooth's body in a welter of blood. . . . So Jacket gets his story. But his crafty, glowing words act as yeast in Wainewright's brain: Wainewright begins to see himself as the principal witness, as a man of destiny. His life has always been ruled by unbroken daily schedule—as monotonously regular as a clock. Now he starts to change: He is fifteen minutes late at his barbershop, the first time in fifteen years; he begins to eye passing girls brazenly; he buys flashy clothes. He remembers BABY, the blond barmaid in the Duchess of Douro Saloon, where Tooth had once taken him. Mr. Wainewright smiles as he enters the place.

II

THE barmaid called Baby was still at the Douro. Wainewright stood at the bar and waited. "What can I get you?" she asked.

With a gulp of trepidation Wainewright said, "Scotch."

"Small or large?"

"Ah . . . large, please."

"Soda?"

"Yes, please."

He looked at her. She did not recognize him. He said, "You don't remember me."

"I've seen you somewhere," she said.

"I was in here some time ago with a friend of yours."

"Friend of *mine?*"

"Tooth."

"Who?"

"Tooth. Sid Tooth."

"Sid! I didn't know he was called Tooth. I thought his name was Edwards. He told me his—Well, anyway . . ."

"If you didn't know his name was Tooth, you don't know about him, then," said Wainewright, gulping his drink in his excitement.

"Know what?"

"The Victoria Scissors Murder," said Wainewright.

"What's that? Oh-oh! Tooth! Was that Sid? Really?"

"Yes, that was Sid. It happened in my house. I'm Mr. Wainewright. I'm the witness for the prosecution."

She served another customer: Wainewright admired the play of supple muscles in her arm as she worked the beer engine.

"I'm sorry to be the bearer of sad tidings," said Wainewright.

"Sad tidings? Oh. I didn't know him very well. We were just sort of acquaintances. Scissors, wasn't it?"

Wainewright stared at her. "I was in the next room at the time," he said.

"Did you see it?"

"Not exactly—I heard it."

"Oh," said the barmaid. "Well . . ."

She seemed to bite off and swallow bitter words.

"Well, what?" said Wainewright, with a little giggle.

She looked at him, pausing with a glass in one hand.

"That makes one swine less in the world."

"I thought you liked him," Wainewright said.

"I don't like any man."

"Oh," said Wainewright. "Um . . . ah . . . oh, Miss!"

"Yes?"

"Tooth. Did he . . . ah . . . ?"

"Did he what?"

"Oh, nothing."

"Yes, he did," said the barmaid.

"Did what?"

"Nothing." She turned away. "Excuse me."

Wainewright wanted to talk to her. "You don't like me," he said.

"I don't know you."

"Do you want to know me?"

The barmaid called Baby said, "Not particularly."

"Don't go," said Wainewright.

She sighed. There was something about Wainewright that made her uneasy; she did not like this strange, dead-looking, empty-eyed man. "Do you want something?"

He nodded.

"Another double Scotch?"

Wainewright nodded absently. Baby replenished his glass; he looked at it in astonishment and put down a ten-shilling note.

"You got some silver," she said.

"I haven't got anything at all," said Wainewright. "I'm lonely."

The barmaid said, in a tone of hostility mixed with pity, "Find yourself somebody."

"Nobody wants me. I'm lonely."

"Well?"

"I've got eight thousand pounds and a house. A big house. Big, big . . ." He spread his arms in a large gesture. "Twenty years I waited. I waited. God, I waited and waited!"

"What for?"

A buzzer sounded. A voice cried: "Order your last drinks, gentlemen! Order your last drinks!"

"She was eighty-seven when she died. She was an old woman when I was a boy."

"Who was?"

"Auntie. I waited twenty years."

"What *for?*"

"Eight thousand pounds. She left it to me. I've got eight thousand pounds and a house. Furnished from top to bottom. Old lease. It brings in seven pounds a week clear."

The girl called Baby was turning away. Something like rage got into his throat and made him shout: "You think I'm nobody! You wait!"

A doorman in a gray uniform, a colossus with a persuasive voice, picked him up as a whirlwind picks up a scrap of paper, and led him to the door, murmuring, "Now come on, sir, come on. You've had it, sir, you've had enough, sir. Let's all be friendly. Come on, now."

"You think I'm nobody," said Mr. Wainewright, half crying.

"I wish there was a million more like you," said the doorman, "because you're sensible, that's what you are. You know when you've had enough. If there was more like you, why . . ."

The swing door went *whup,* and Mr. Wainewright was in the street.

He thought he heard people laughing behind him in the bar.

"You'll see, tomorrow!" he cried.

Let them all wait until tomorrow. They would know then to whom they had been talking. . . .

BUT on that Sunday, for the first time in ten years, the editor of the Sunday Special cut out Jacket's article. Twenty minutes before midnight, formidable news came through from middle Europe. Jacket's page was needed for a statistical feature and a special map.

Mr. Wainewright went over the columns, inch by inch, and found nothing. He telephoned the Sunday Special. A sad voice said, "Mr. Jacket won't be in until Tuesday—about eleven o'clock. Tell him what name, did you say? Daylight? Maybright? Wainwright. With an e, did you say? E. Wainwright. Oh, George. George E. Wainwright? Just George? George. Make your mind up. George Wainwright. I'll give Mr. Jacket your message. 'By."

On Tuesday, Mr. Wainewright arrived at the offices of the Sunday Special before half past ten in the morning. Jacket arrived at a quarter to twelve. He saw that the little man looked ill.

"How are you, George?" he asked.

"Mr. Jacket," said Mr. Wainewright, "what's happened?"

"Happened? About what?"

"The piece you were going to put in the paper about . . . about . . . my views on the Tooth case. Did you . . . ?"

"I wrote it, George. But my page was cut last Sunday. On account of Germany. Sorry, but there it is. Feel like a drink?"

"No, nothing to drink, thank you."

"Coffee?"

"Perhaps a cup of coffee," said Mr. Wainewright.

They went to a café not far away. Jacket was aware of Mr. Wainewright's *(Continued on page 54)*

STOP, LOOK AND LISTEN

BY LAWRENCE McCRACKEN AND ROBERT BECKER PHILLIPS, JR.

Safety education works two ways in Detroit's drive to cut traffic casualties to an irreducible minimum. Posters like these, scattered through the city at strategic locations, are part of the driver's education, while safety is drilled into children in schools, by radio, movies and newspapers, with excellent results

FOR the past ten years, Detroit, the home town of the automobile, has been showing the rest of the nation what a realistic approach to the problem of traffic accidents can do.

While safety experts are estimating that a half million of us will die on the nation's streets and highways in the next decade, Detroit's ten-year record stands out as proof that traffic accidents and traffic fatalities can be controlled, even if they can't be prevented entirely.

The figures tell the story—and Detroit's statistics are more than figures. They are symbols of lives saved, of fathers, mothers and children who today walk the city's streets instead of crowding its cemeteries.

While the national traffic-accident death rate in the past ten years rose 4 per cent, Detroit's average declined 30 per cent. From a peak of 357 fatalities in 1936, the city hit a low of 160 in 1944. With gas rationing off, Detroit traffic deaths gained in 1945 and were up 15 per cent in the first half of 1946. But the national rise was 40 per cent.

Detroit's record is the result of a hardheaded, hardfisted formula worked out by a local civic group, the Traffic Safety Association of Detroit, in close co-operation with governmental and private agencies.

This Association was conceived, late in 1940, by a group of automobile men who did not like to think of their product as instruments of slaughter. Yet, they agreed, there were entirely too many accidents. How many of these, they wondered, could be prevented? Why not make Detroit a laboratory to prove that most accidents are unnecessary—that the horror of death on the street could be made less commonplace?

The idea was not forgotten. In December of 1940, five men, now known as The Founders, met to act upon it. Among these were K. T. Keller, C. E. Wilson and the late Edsel Ford, active heads of Chrysler, General Motors and Ford.

The Automotive Safety Foundation recommended that Sidney J. Williams of the National Safety Council be brought in to study Detroit's problem and to make recommendations. Williams submitted his report early in 1941.

"Good idea," said Keller. "Let's set up an organization to tackle the job and our three companies will underwrite it for the first three years."

With one of the nation's worst traffic problems, Detroit is getting striking results with a hard-boiled program for cutting casualties

Wilson and Ford agreed, as did Clarence W. Avery, of the Murray Corporation of America, and Hugh J. Ferry, Packard Motor Car Company, who completed the roster of founders.

Keller wrote a notably low-pressure letter to 25 other Detroit companies asking if they wanted to help. Twenty-one did. Today, banks, department stores, and all manner of business houses—more than 60—are enrolled on the list of supporters.

Don Slutz, a former Detroit News reporter who had become city controller and made quite a local reputation in the job, was made managing director. Slutz asked little—no sacred cow committees to get in his way, no banquets, no falderal. Just a working job of cutting down on the damage to human flesh and bone. He was looking for a method of getting things done. He believed the facilities were at hand to reduce the mournful list of maimed and dead. He set out to educate, to integrate, and to mobilize resources. His first rule was:

"No by-passing of public officials. Go directly to them with any problem in their field. When they do a job, see that they get the credit." Thus he quickly headed off the possibility of those tragic impasses, so familiar in American city politics, where several departments sincerely devoted to the same aims become too involved in personal jealousies and bickering to have much time left for civic service.

Beginning without any academic theories, without a formula, without experience in the traffic field, Slutz hewed close to a single line: Find out where the accidents are happening. Find out why they happen. Get the people we need to work as a team to prevent them.

Slutz meant to hit hard. His chance came in the first year. Newspapers carried estimates that drinking in Detroit would be at an all-time high in the holiday season of 1941—a prediction which proved correct.

Slutz talked with police and Traffic Court judges.

"We'll have more drunk driving. We ought to stop it before it starts. Detroit is a tough town. We've got to have a tough campaign."

Detroit's traffic judges had been doing their part by sending drunk drivers to jail. TSA grabbed at that. Into hundreds of barrooms over the city went a poster warning bluntly: "DRUNK DRIVERS GO TO JAIL." In the background were the barred windows of a jail.

No sooner had the first posters been put up—a job diplomatically entrusted to the police—than calls began to come in from tavernkeepers.

"I saw one of those 'Drunk Drivers Go To Jail' posters down at Joe's. Where can I get one?"

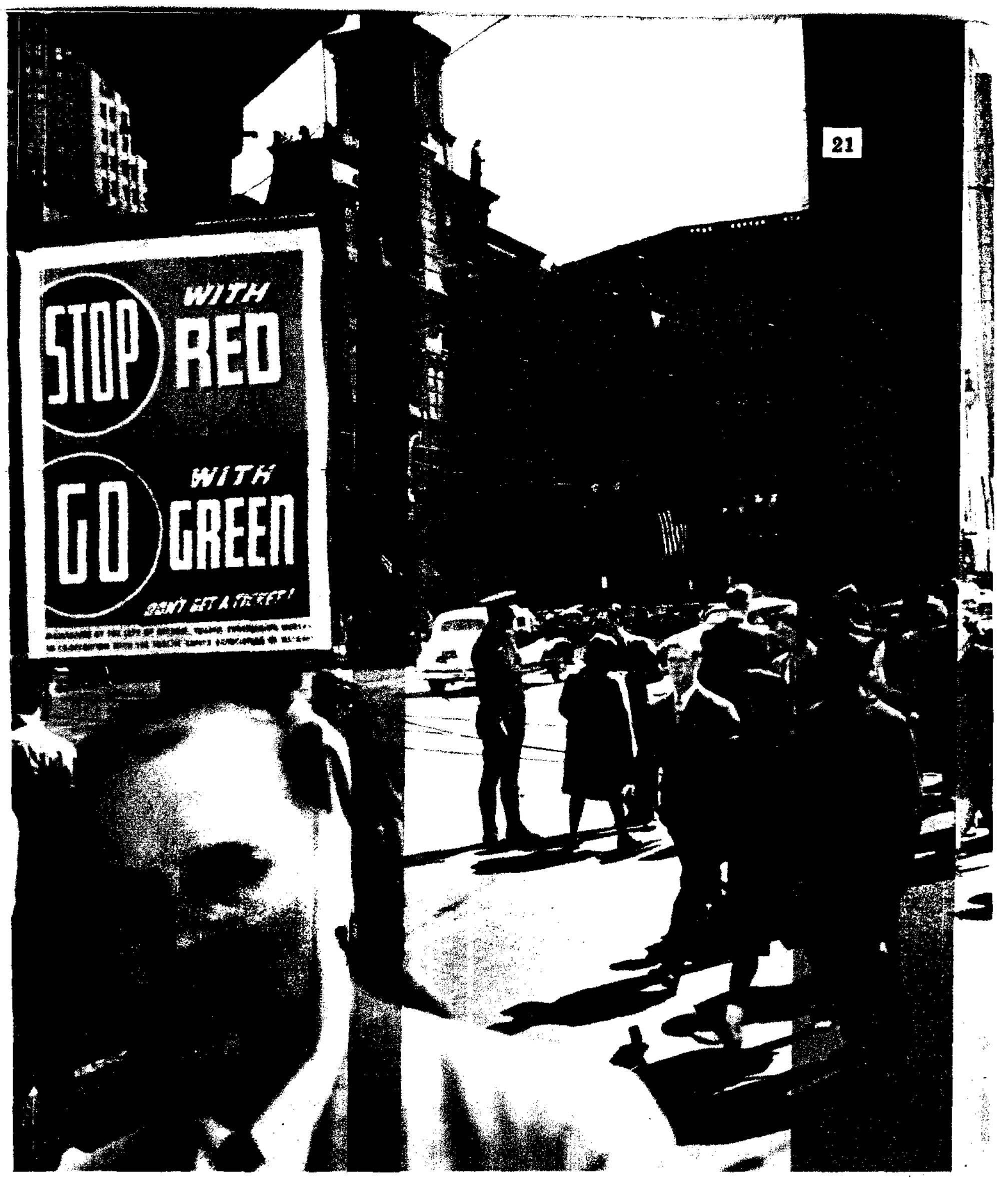
After forty of these calls, TSA printed a new order. The tavernkeepers welcomed this realistic help in policing the lads who were forever wanting one more for the road.

When the '41 holiday crisis passed, it was found that traffic deaths were 30 per cent below those of 1940. And on New Year's week end, January 2d, 3d and 4th, there had been no drunk-driving arrests for the three days—something no experienced policeman would have believed possible.

In the first six months of 1945, Detroit had an epidemic of hit-and-run fatalities—14 dead.

Once more the decision: Get tough!

At especially dangerous intersections, "channelization" markings on pavement help to prevent collisions and make traffic control easier



Detroit's jaywalking law, which police scrupulously enforce, saved 39 lives and prevented an estimated 1,200 accidents in a single year.

Blunt posters in bars proved a powerful deterrent to drunken driving. Other posters offered $1,000 reward for catching any hit-run drivers

90
DAYS
UNK
RIVING
35

TSA posters offering a reward of $1,000 for a hit-run driver blossomed on 500 strategic street corners. "Get that license number," blared over the radio and stared out from newspaper pages.

Men Against Crime, a radio show taken from actual police cases, was introduced by WWJ. TSA and the police dug up cases and fed them to script writers who turned out whodunits called The Case of the Missing Aspirin Tablets and others in which the hit-run driver always wound up wearing a striped suit and a prison number.

The Voice of Carelessness, a five-minute WWJ show set for 5:25 P.M to catch the homeward-bound driver, jeered at foolish impulses to beat the light, cut in front of fast trucks and so on.

Before the hit-run campaign had reached its peak, it was a backward driver who didn't know the police had ingenious ways of trapping him if he tried to escape after an accident. And an aroused public was ready to support stiff penalties for offenders.

Results: In the first six months of 1946, there were two hit-run fatalities—12 less than the corresponding period of the previous year.

If these campaigns clicked like a one-two punch, it was not because Detroit drivers are just an exceptionally docile lot, always open to reason. Detroit safety authorities have learned a few things about the "don't" psychology of controlling motor miscreants. The experience of other communities indicates those horrifying billboards showing a policeman holding the body of a dead child are of doubtful value. Drivers simply cannot identify themselves with such a tragedy.

Newspaper or poster pictures of gruesome accidents are equally weak. The driver cannot believe it will happen to him.

"But you do get to him," says TSA, "when you warn him he may be arrested or lose his license. Almost every driver has had contact with a traffic cop at a time when it was a blessing to be sober. He knows that even in a minor accident, perhaps unavoidable, he stands a chance of punishment if he has been drinking.

"The most effective poster we ever put out was the one warning '90 Days in Jail for Drunk Driving.' The boys knew it could happen to them. In that connection, it's useless to warn a man of a jail sentence unless your judges are actually handing out the sentences. We had the judges with us."

The TSA, in recent work with the Michigan Liquor Control Commission, played a part in placing posters in every barroom pointing out that 10,207 drivers had lost their licenses in the previous year—and that licenses are revoked for drunken driving.

This type of poster performs a psychological feat tied into every phase of the traffic education program. It mentally "arrests" the driver, restrains him *before* he becomes a menace—an effect which of course could not be achieved by a quadrupled highway patrol force. If such a state of mind

(Continued on page 52)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JACOB LOFMAN—PIX

LADY KILLERS

BY TED SHANE

A new form of legalized mayhem is touring the country—the Roller Derby. Boys and girls on roller skates do their darnedest to send opponents to the hospital

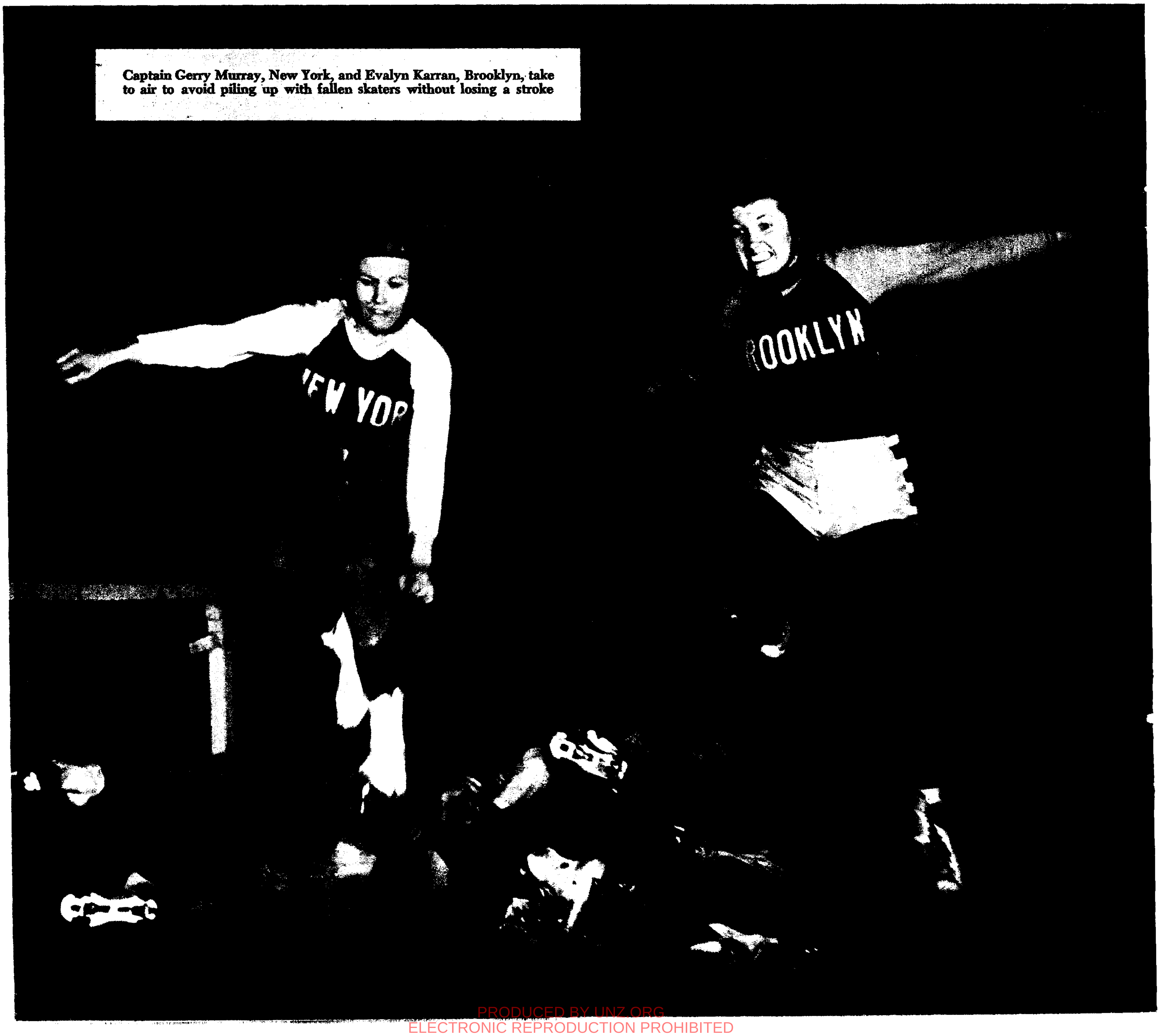
MISS TOUGHIE BRASHUN, the plumber's gal from St. Paul, Minnesota, was slightly annoyed with Miss Gerry Murray of *the* Des Moines Murrays. For some days Miss Murray, captaining the opposing team at the Roller Derby, had been outskating, outblocking and generally making a sucker out of Miss Toughie and her team.

Watching her chance, Miss Toughie laid for Miss Murray near a light pole adjoining the track the girls were skating around at about 30 mph, and threw a bump-block into the speeding Miss Murray that shook up Miss Murray's bridgework. At the same time, Miss Toughie planted a skate-covered boot on Miss Murray's piazza.

The ordinary human, when thus treated, would be content to lie there and take the rest of the night off. Not so Miss Murray. Untangling herself from the pole, she got up and skated in hot pursuit of Miss Brashun. Catching up with her, she hit Miss Brashun with all her vibrant young femininity, attempting to drive her through the track rail to the hard cement floor below. "Foul!" yelled the outraged Miss Brashun, who swung with her fist, but missed. Miss Murray swung, but didn't miss.

Miss Brashun came to a little later, lying on the medical table in the track infield, just about the same time Miss Murray, freshly lipsticked, was leaving the penalty box. "I went back on the track as meek as a lamb," Miss Brashun informs me. "The field judge fined us twenty dollars apiece, and I didn't want to be sent home for dirty skating. Oh, yes, Gerry and I are perfectly good friends. It's all part of the game!"

As can be seen, the Roller Derby, America's baby sport, has brought roller skating a long way since you and I did polite spread eagles on our local pavements. Thought up in 1935 by Leo A. Seltzer, a young Chicago promoter, the Derby is really no Derby—but a cat fight on wheels. It's a Kentucky feud, to which has been added the grind and spills of the six-day bike race, hockey's speed, football blocking, rassling, a few fist fights and histrionics.



Captain Gerry Murray, New York, and Evalyn Karran, Brooklyn, take to air to avoid piling up with fallen skaters without losing a stroke

Captain Murray (right) has just clipped Captain "Toughie" Brashun with a hard left to the jaw. That was only the beginning of a lovely fight

The general idea is this: Two teams of the heavy *crème de la crème* of the roller-skating world, dressed in football helmets and padded tights, meet in mortal combat on a portable, steeply banked, pumiced track set up in a local sports arena or ball park. To heighten rivalry, the teams are named to represent intercity rivalries: New York vs. Brooklyn, Fort Worth vs. Dallas, etc. For two skating hours each evening of their stay (about twenty-one days), the teams struggle for coveted points. There are men and women teams, which alternate during skating halves.

According to the patented rules, the teams shake a man loose from the "pack" or "jam" of five skaters. This man then attempts to lap the field and pass one or more members of the opposing team within a two-minute time limit. One point is scored for passing one of the enemy, two for passing three, and a jack-pot five for passing all five.

The fun comes when the loose "back" tries to pass. To get by, he or she can hit the center of the line, hurdle it, go around the end or under it, or receive assistance from his fellows—such as being "whipped" through in "crack-the-whip" style. To keep the skater from going through, the opposition can block, body-check, crowd, gang up on or outskate—anything but trip, elbow, use hands, kick, gouge, pull hair, bite or eat an opponent. There are severe penalties for fracturing the rules.

However, under the tension of an evening's grueling high-speed skating before a screaming crowd in a smoke-filled arena, and in constant danger of having one's coccyx broken with a battering block, tempers have a way of flaring, and fists of flying. The ladies—bless 'em—seem to overheat more easily than do the gents, and send one another to the hospital more frequently. They play rough, bear grudges longer—much to the delight of the crowds. Last year in ten months of skating around the Roller Derby circuit, over two million paid to see the girls pull hair, and the guys concuss one another. Columbus, Ohio, for example, turns out 200,000 strong when the Derby drops in for its annual visit.

Outstanding among these skating Amazons is our little friend Miss Midge "Toughie" Brashun, often called "Brazooni" or "Brazoon." Her sissy name is Marjorie Clair. Built like a pocket guard, the four-feet-eleven-inch, 130-pound Miss Brashun is from St. Paul, Minnesota, where she played football as a kid with the neighborhood fellers, and learned fighting from her two older brothers. At seventeen she left starring at softball and basketball for Washington High and joined the Roller Derby—much against her family's protests. "Mom shudders when they call me Toughie," laughs Miss Brashun, now twenty-two and a mother herself.

Building Up for the Kill

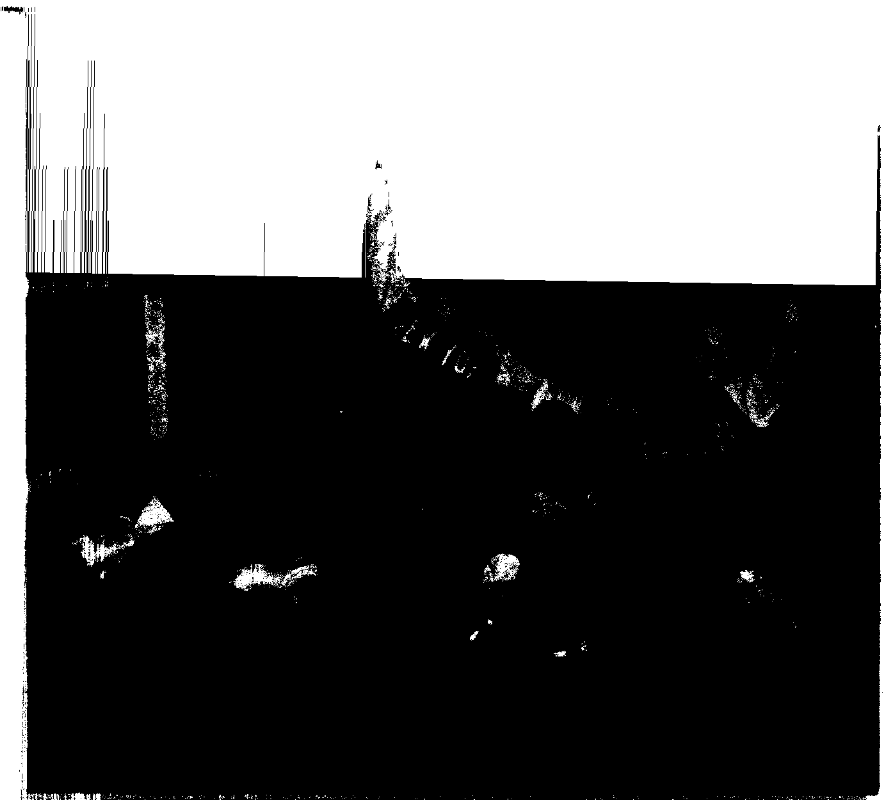
For twenty-five dollars a week and all expenses paid, Mlle. Brashun went into training with the itinerant Derby. From morning to night, she was paced around the irregularly banked track, skating hundreds of miles a week to get the speed and stamina required for the twenty-five miles she'd eventually be required to roll in an evening. She learned to throw Chicago Bear-like blocks, how to hurdle, start and stop fast, hit the line and fall with a maximum of grace and a minimum of skin loss. She learned teamwork and sportsmanship. She ate at a training table, slept in hotels or arena "bedrooms," got to bed by one A.M., and had her morals checked by the troupe mother.

After a year of the bull ring, Miss Brashun entered the fray—typically. It was at Fort Worth, and when the captain of the opposing team got in Miss Brashun's way, the little bundle of hell on wheels just rolled right over her, leaving her sprawled on the track. When the irate lady counterattacked in a nasty way, Miss Brashun banged her off the track. Socking a person while on roller skates is upsetting to the socker—so Miss Brashun found herself jet-propelled atop the enemy whom she forthwith began to pommel in order to loosen the lady's grip on her hair.

This sort of thing is bound to get a person a lot of recognition, and it wasn't long before Miss Brashun was dubbed Toughie and elevated to her

(Continued on page 105)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID PESKIN—PIX



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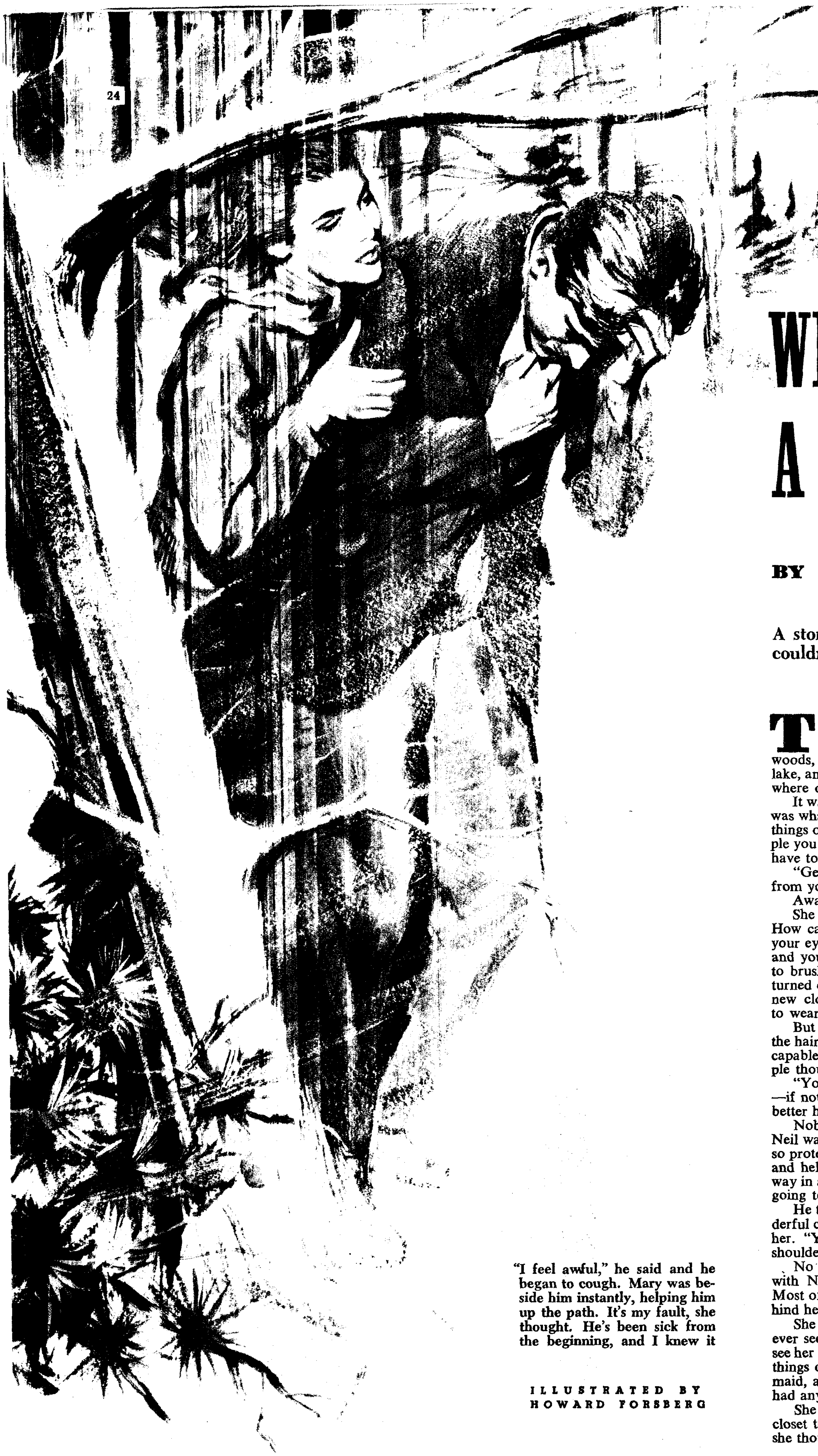


"I feel awful," he said and he began to cough. Mary was beside him instantly, helping him up the path. It's my fault, she thought. He's been sick from the beginning, and I knew it

ILLUSTRATED BY
HOWARD FORSBERG

WHAT A MAN WANTS

BY GERTRUDE SCHWEITZER

A story of a girl who tried to be what she couldn't be and triumphed when she failed

THE cabin was far enough from the other cabins, far enough from the main house, so that you could get the illusion of being all alone in the woods, with a clean cold autumn wind blowing up off the lake, and no sound but a weird, loud bird cry from somewhere on the opposite shore.

It was a good place to think things out, all right. That was what she was here for. Supposedly you cannot think things out in your accustomed surroundings, among people you know, or while you are doing anything else. You have to have quiet, a change of place, a change of pace.

"Get away for a little while," Neil had said. "Away from your work and me and yourself."

Away from yourself, she thought. How can you?

She got up and went inside and looked in the mirror. How can you? she thought. Maybe the shadows under your eyes had faded because you were getting some rest, and your hair had more life in it because you had time to brush it a hundred strokes a day, and you were better turned out than usual, smarter, because you had all those new clothes and nothing to do but decide which ones to wear.

But you were still yourself. You were still, in spite of the hair and the clothes, no glamor girl; just a tall, strong, capable redhead—too capable for a woman, most people thought.

"You're so lucky to get Neil," everybody said to her—if not in so many words, then by implication. "You'd better hang on to him any way you can."

Nobody had to tell her how lucky she was. She knew. Neil was so big that her head came only to his shoulder, so protective and tender that he could make her feel little and helpless and cared for; and she had never felt that way in all her life. She was going to marry Neil. She was going to be happy.

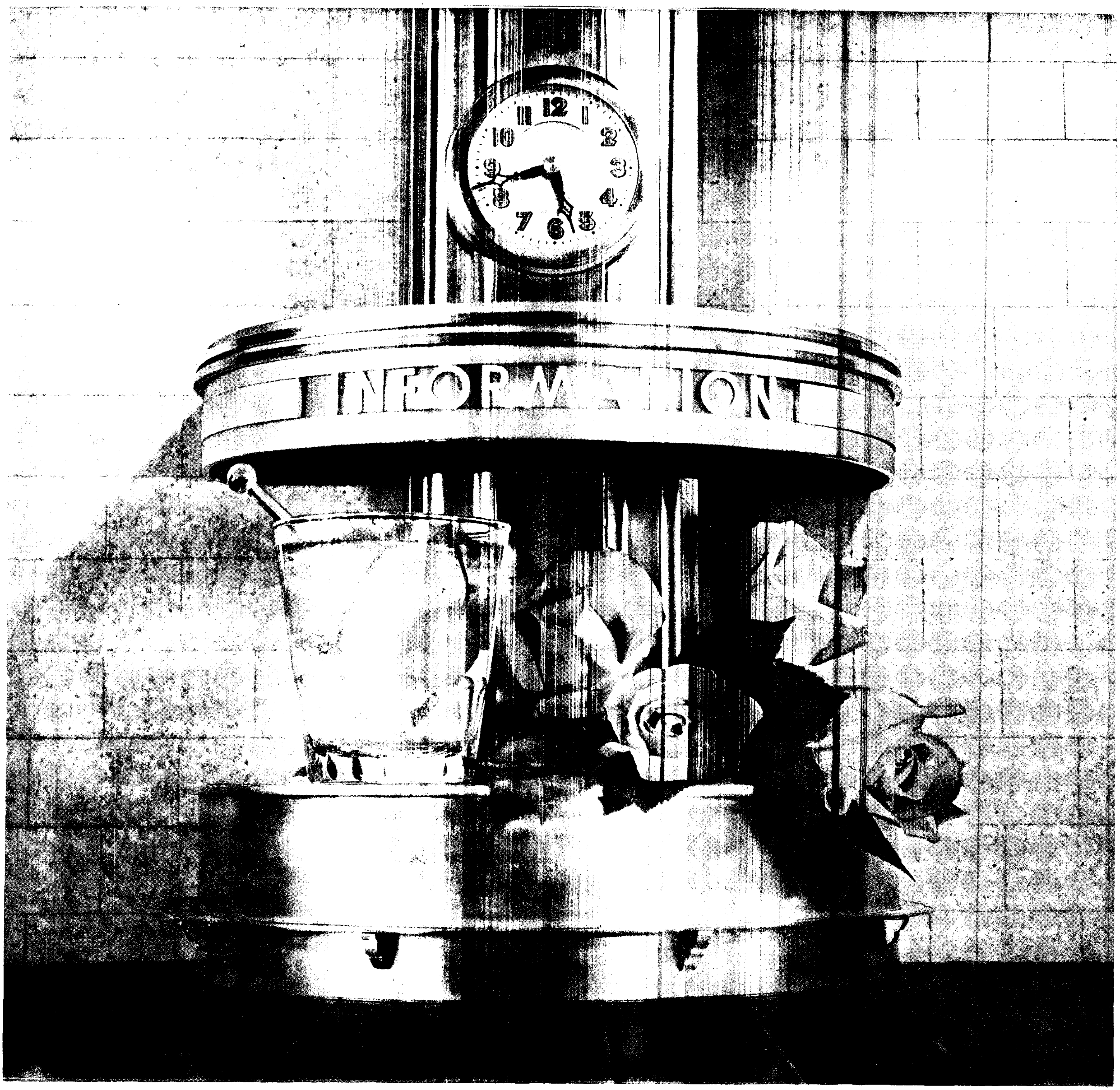
He thought she was beautiful. "Your hair—that wonderful color. I've never seen anything so lovely," he told her. "You ought to wear it hanging loose down to your shoulders. You'd look magnificent that way."

No one had ever noticed it before—not, at any rate, with Neil's eyes. Boys had always called her "Red." Most of them, grown up now, still did, she suspected, behind her back.

She was lucky to get Neil, who saw her as no man had ever seen her before—as, probably, no man would ever see her again. Why did she have to come up here to think things out? What did she want, anyway—to die an old maid, a big, strong, redheaded old maid who had never had any life at all, any love, anything but her work?

She turned away from the mirror and opened the closet to select a dress for dinner. Career vs. marriage, she thought—that old corn. Did

(Continued on page 68)



How to meet a good friend

The railway information booth is a traditional meeting place for friends. But it's much more likely that you'll be meeting *this* particular friend in your home, or at your favorite bar.

For what we're talking about is an Old Fashioned made with that matchless whiskey, Four Roses. And Four Roses, as everybody knows, makes the most magnificent Old Fashioned you've ever tasted. There's no other whiskey with quite the same distinctive flavor.

That's why you're in for something extra special every time you say, "Make mine with Four Roses!"

• • •

Four Roses is now a Blended Whiskey—a fine blend of 40% straight whiskies, 5 years or more old, and 60% grain neutral spirits. 95.5 proof.

FOUR ROSES

AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS BOUQUET

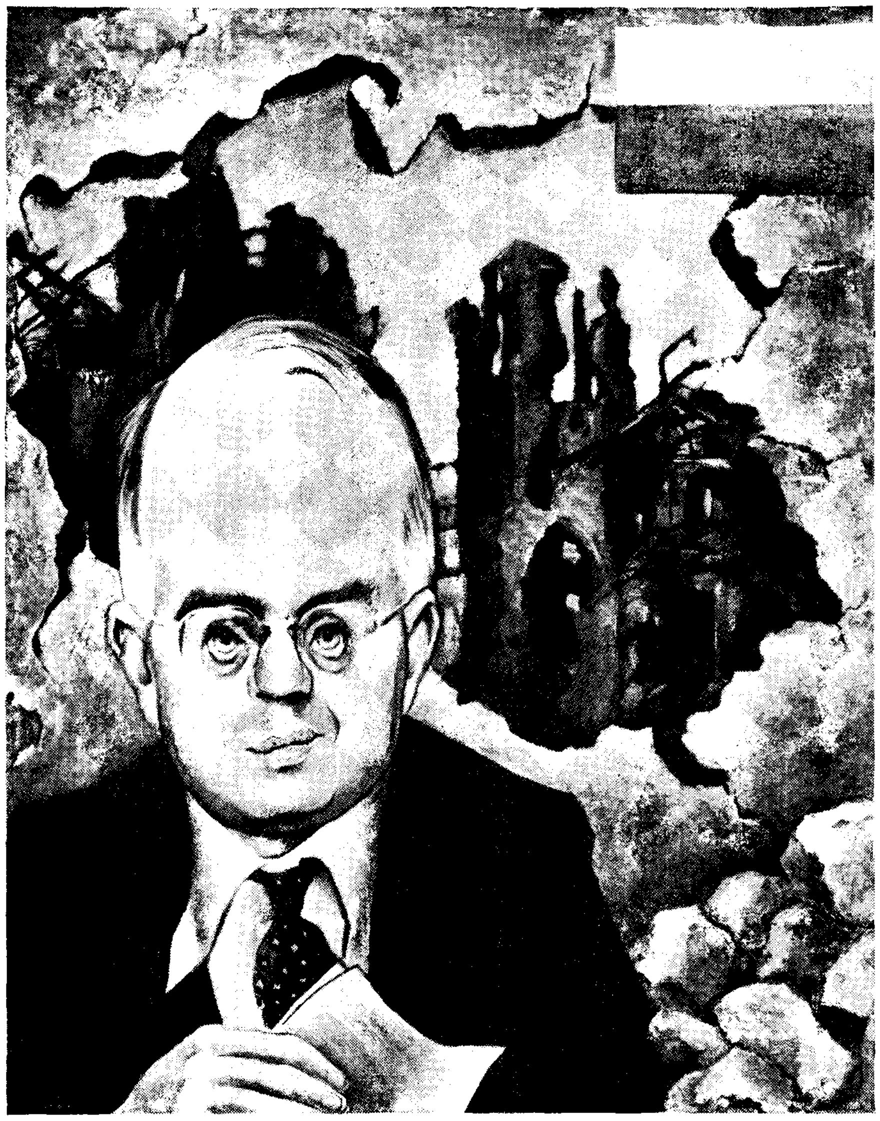
Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York

FOUR ROSES
FINE BLENDED WHISKEY

5¢ Joy Ride

Whe-e-e! What a joysome thrill for only a nickel! Your spirits will rocket sky-high—as you taste the yummy fresh-fruit goodness of Five-Flavor Life Savers! Orange! Lemon! Lime! Pineapple! Wild Cherry! Each one a treat—right out of this world! *All* in one handy 5¢ pack!

FIVE FLAVOR
LIFE SAVERS
LIFE SAVERS



NITED EIGHBORS

X: DR. OSCAR RICHARD LANGE OF POLAND

PROFESSIONAL diplomats and politicians are the rule in the United Nations. With few exceptions they've worked their way up into diplomacy's big top through the secretariats of their respective foreign offices, governments, embassies and legations.

A notable exception is Poland's delegate to the Security Council, Dr. Oscar Richard Lange. He is neither a seasoned diplomatic careerist nor an experienced politician. He's a big-time diplomat by reason of a series of circumstances which he influenced very little if at all.

Dr. Lange was born on September 27, 1904, in the small industrial town of Tomaszow-Mazowiecki, near Lodz, the son of a well-to-do textile manufacturer. Bed-bound at the age of seven by tuberculosis of the right hip, which eventually left him with a noticeable limp, young Lange early developed a studious bent.

Lange's mother wanted him to become a musician and Lange devoted hours to the piano. But he was the sort of child who did exercises in mathematics, studied Chinese and parsed Latin sentences to "break the monotony" of piano gymnastics. He still carries on a large correspondence in Latin with several Jesuit priests.

He became an exceptional linguist, learning and speaking fluently Russian, English, French, German and Spanish as well as Polish, Latin and some Chinese. He took degrees in law and economics at the Universities of Poznan and Cracow and came to America for postgraduate work at Harvard and Minnesota.

Dr. Lange lectured at Cracow from 1931 to 1934. He again came to the United States on a Rockefeller Foundation grant and from 1936 to 1938 lectured at California, Stanford and Columbia. He became a professor at Chicago University where he remained from 1938 to 1944.

In the meantime he and his wife, Irene, whom he'd married in Cracow in 1931, became naturalized Americans. Dr. Lange interested himself in local Polish politics and helped to found the Chicago Chapter of the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship, Inc., of which one of the moving spirits was Father Stanislaus Orlemanski.

In April, 1944, Dr. Lange flew to Russia with Father Orlemanski and was received by Premier Joseph Stalin. The future of Poland and the role of the Russophile Polish-American factions were discussed in the meeting in the Kremlin. Father Orlemanski, who also saw Stalin, was severely reprimanded by his bishop on his return from Moscow.

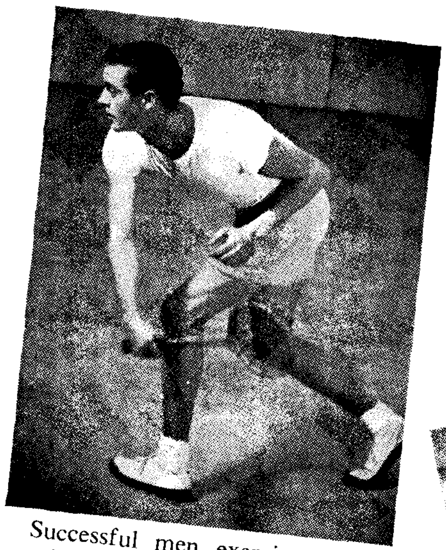
If the meeting in Moscow decided nothing else it determined the destiny of Dr. Lange. In America as in Poland itself the Poles were divided into bitterly antagonistic camps for and against Russia. In Poland, as elsewhere in Europe, such democratic forces as survived the years of Nazism and Fascism were largely leftist. These clustered about the Soviet-sponsored Lublin government and included the strong Socialist party of which Dr. Lange was a member.

On his return to America Dr. Lange was named Ambassador by the Lublin government, and to accept the post Dr. Lange was obliged to yield his American citizenship. Lange, born a Pole, once more became a Pole. His wife, however, refused to give up her American citizenship.

When asked whether he relinquished his American citizenship the better to

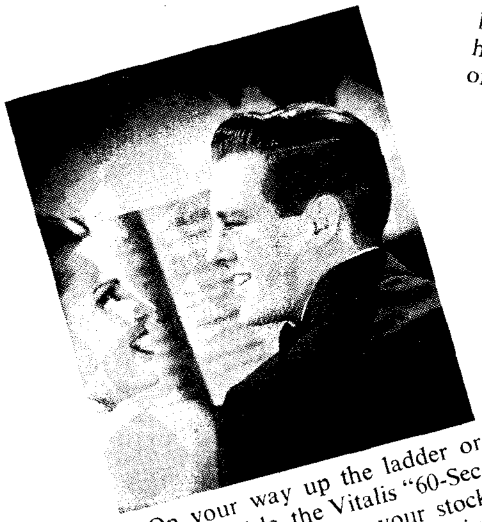
CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN

Have hair that looks Alive



Successful men exercise to feel good . . . and look good. Just as they use the Vitalis "60-Second Workout" to make their scalp feel good . . . their hair look alive. For here's a workout that leaves your scalp feeling *tingling*. And Vitalis brings new "live" lustre to dull hair. Man, you can be a new man . . . with *vigorous*-looking hair! Ready?

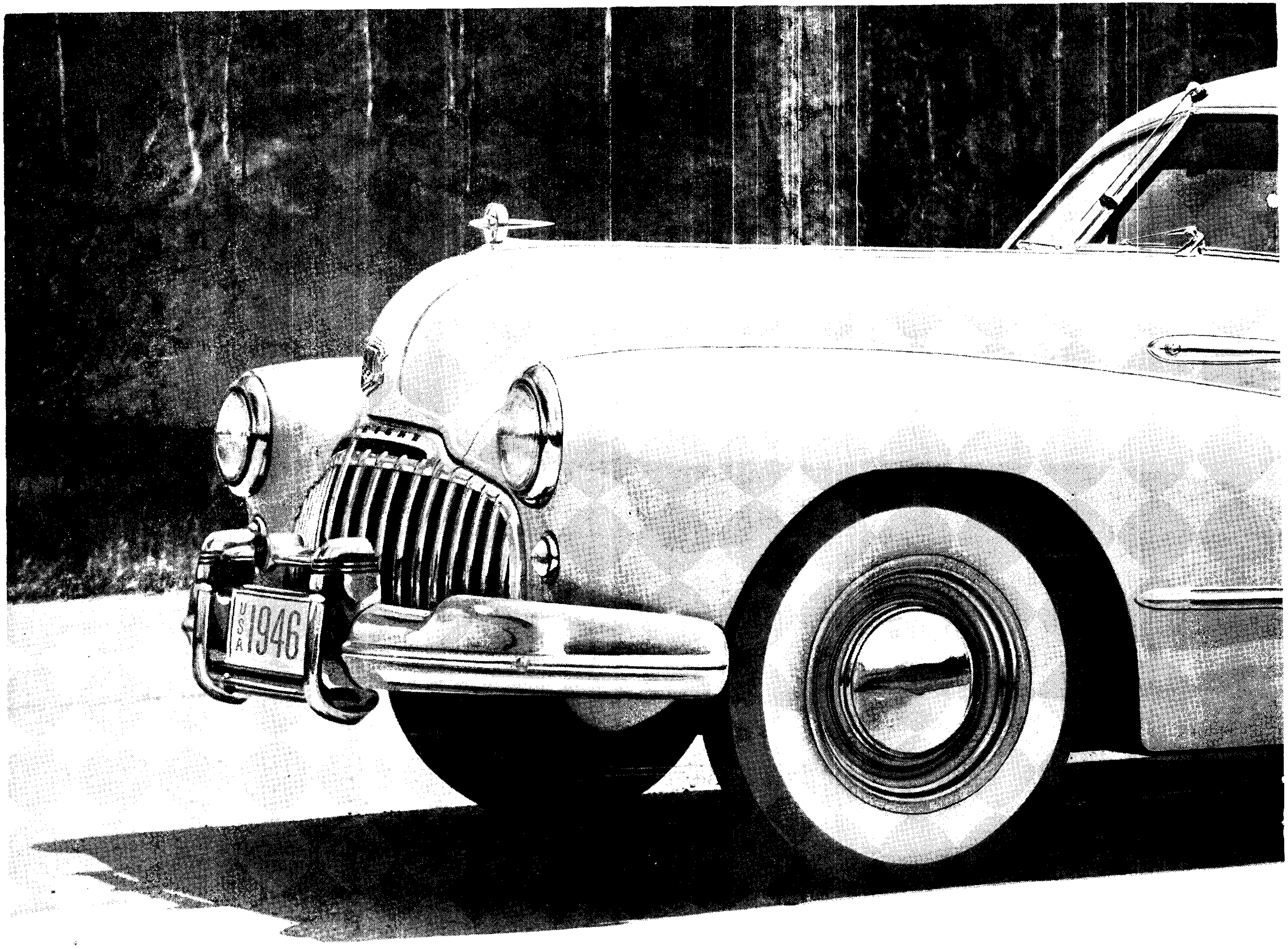
Go! 50 seconds to massage Vitalis' pure vegetable oils on your scalp. You prevent dryness, rout embarrassing loose dandruff, even check excessive falling hair. And, man, doesn't your scalp *feel* good! Now, 10 seconds to comb. Why, you hardly recognize you . . . with that handsome, vigorous-looking head of hair!



On your way up the ladder or down the aisle, the Vitalis "60-Second Workout" boosts your stock. Buyer, bride or boss . . . people just don't say "no" to a vital-looking young man. And a vigorous-looking head of hair spells *vital* in any company. Try it. Get Vitalis today!

with the Vitalis "60-Second Workout"

Product of Bristol-Myers



All by itself in the Value

FIRST it was *style* that drew the public's eye to the lean, clean, swift-lined beauty of this brawny Buick.

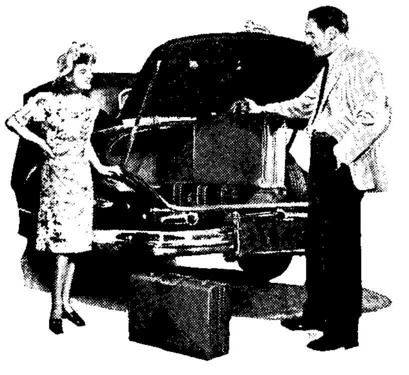
Then it was *ability,* as more and more took to the road — and promptly proved themselves the star performers of the year.

Now the real story's coming out, as happy owners pile up the miles, buyers get choosier, and what you get begins to mean more than getting something quickly.

HOW WILL YOU HAVE YOUR WEATHER? *Summer or winter, Buick's venti-heater means springlike comfort inside your car. Ask your dealer about this temperature conditioner.*

Point by point and dollar for dollar, folks are finding that Buick is the year's top buy.

It's the top buy on ruggedness.



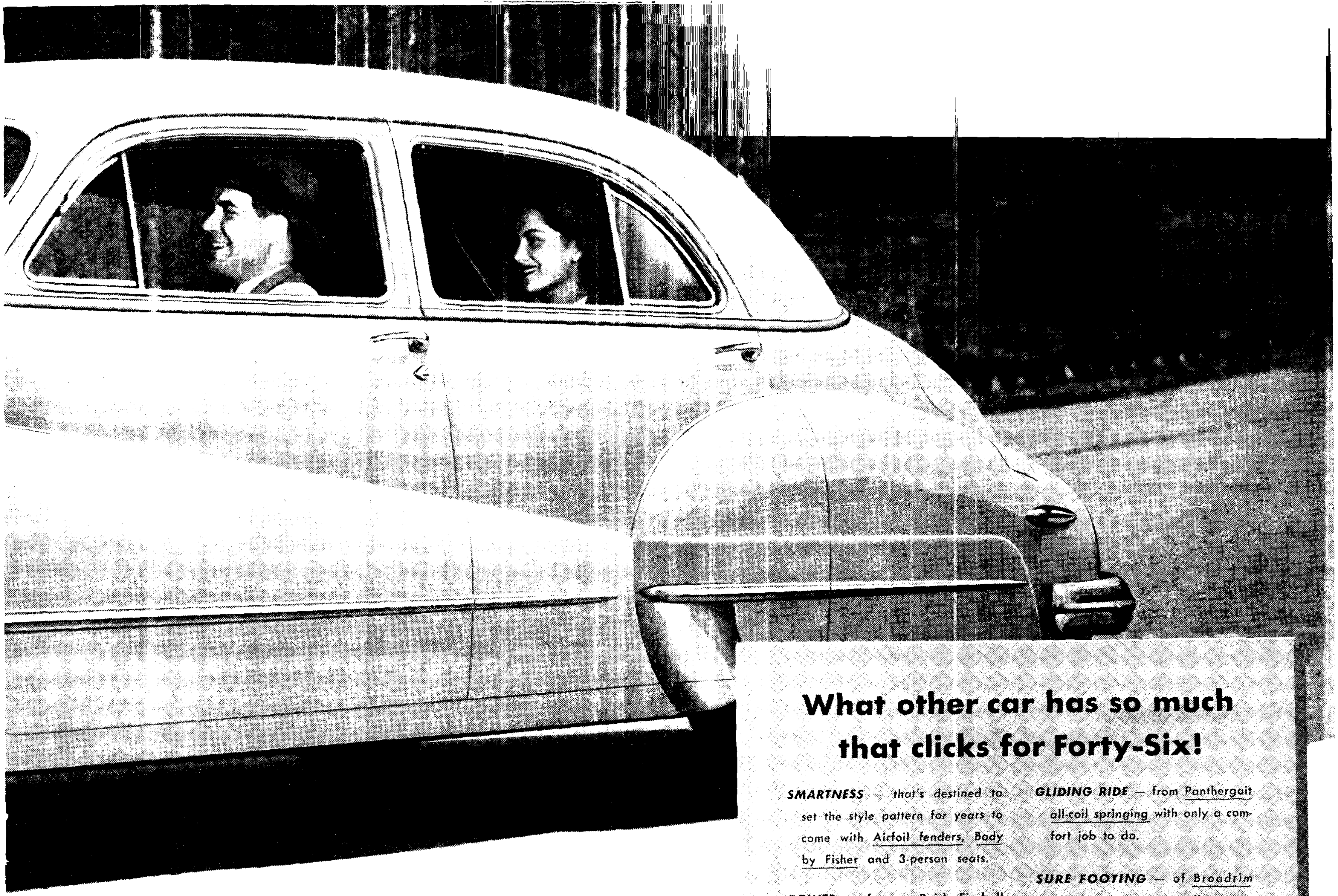
YOU CAN TAKE IT WITH YOU! *Plenty of room for all your bags — and the high-lifting lid makes every one get-at-able.*

Look into its husky, cross-braced fram its stout torque-tube drive, its heavie up axles, stronger body metals.

It's top buy on comfort. Look into th room of three-person seats, the gentl ness of upkeep-free BuiCoil springin even Broadrim wheels that halt heel-ove on curves.

It's top buy on handling. Try the whee the brakes, the gearshift—they're feather light, certain-sure, positive always in action, free from nee for meticulous care.

It's a top buy on precisions. In vital places, this engine i actually built to closer tolerances than aircraft practice, an Accurite cylinder boring gives a precision of piston-fit no even Buick has matched before.



What other car has so much that clicks for Forty-Six!

SMARTNESS — that's destined to set the style pattern for years to come with Airfoil fenders, Body by Fisher and 3-person seats.

POWER — from a Buick Fireball valve-in-head straight-eight engine that gets peak return from every drop of fuel.

OIL SAVINGS — from non-scuffing Accurite cylinder bores.

FLASHING ACTION — of light, lively Fliteweight pistons.

STEADINESS — from full-length torque-tube drive in a sealed chassis.

COMFORT — of soft Foamtex cushions with luxury-type springs.

GLIDING RIDE — from Panthergait all-coil springing with only a comfort job to do.

SURE FOOTING — of Broadrim wheels; maximum tire mileage, no heel-over on curves, and better car control.

CONTROL — through Permi-firm steering which eliminates need for frequent adjustments.

CONVENIENCE — of high-leverage StepOn parking brake that sets with a toe-touch and holds fast.

PROTECTION — of fender-shielding front and rear bumpers, originated by Buick. Built for new bumper jack.

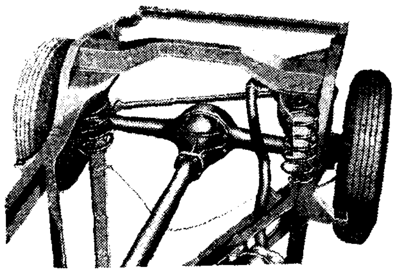
Tune in HENRY J. TAYLOR *on the air twice weekly*

Spotlight

Your own eyes tell you it's tops on *styling.* Your glad senses reveal *lift and life* that are a joy to your soul at quick-pace or crawl. We can tell you that the times can't provide better materials—and good Buick craftsmen, in all their 40-odd years, never have done a finer job in production and assembly than here.

So name your own yardstick. Put it against Buick and the field.

We think you'll find that this one stands alone for money-stretching value. And that, good friend, is something to make a little wait easy to take.



HERE'S STOUT STUFF! *A sturdy torque-tube protecting many parts, husky rear axles, soft gentle coil springs that don't know what it means to give trouble. Such rugged character makes dollars stretch!*

BUICK DIVISION OF **GENERAL MOTORS**

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT

BUICK

WILL BUILD THEM

White sidewall tires, as illustrated, will be supplied at extra cost as soon as available.

Always

Clean, Fresh, Pure...

PHILIP MORRIS & Co. LTD. INC.
MADE IN U.S.A.

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AND THE FLAVOR'S ALL YOURS

because PHILIP MORRIS tobaccos are

PASTEURIZED!

Here's *double assurance* of PHILIP MORRIS quality!

1. PHILIP MORRIS tobaccos are *pasteurized for your protection* . . . purified and mellowed by *radiant heat* for a CLEAN, FRESH, PURE smoke!

2. PHILIP MORRIS tobaccos are Thermo-vized . . . yes, *the flavor's ALL yours* because it's sealed right into the blend! Thermo-vize forces the juices of choice, ripe tobaccos to *intermingle* . . . retains the *natural* flavor of tobacco, just as pressure-cooking retains the natural flavor of food.

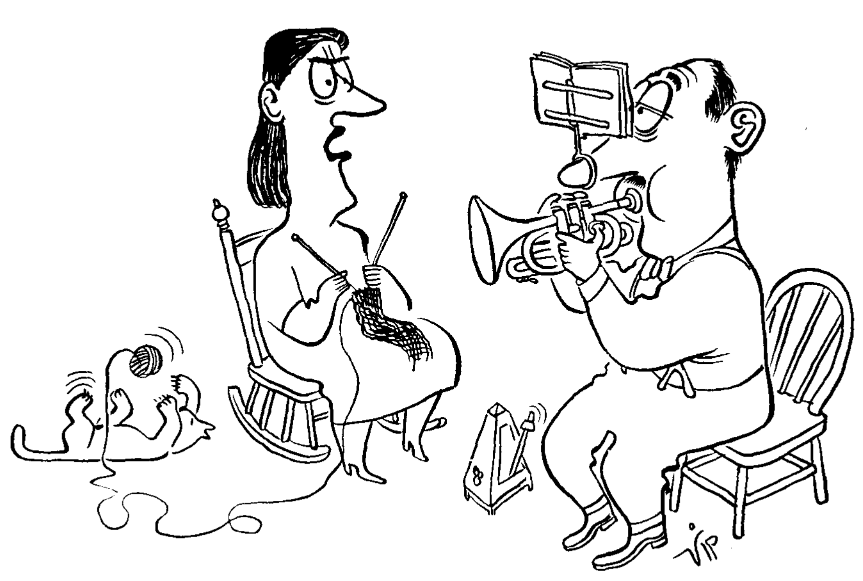
Remember this next time *you* buy cigarettes. From now on . . .

CALL FOR

PHILIP MORRIS

ALWAYS BETTER . . . BETTER *ALL WAYS*

Pasteurized for Your Protection . . . Thermo-vized for Better Taste



COLLIER'S "When are you going to get those glasses?" VIRGIL PARTCH

serve his native country's struggle for independence, Lange replied, enigmatically, "Well, partly." If in a free general election in Poland the Socialists should be swept from power along with their allies the Communists—an unlikely contingency so long as Russia remains the dominant influence in Poland—Dr. Lange might lose his job at the U.N.

If he then chose to remain in America he would need to obtain an American visa for his Polish passport under the quota assigned to Poland and could re-apply for American citizenship.

Dr. Lange could also, the State Department advises, be given a complimentary diplomatic visa which would permit him to remain here more or less indefinitely.

The Langes have a son, Christopher, aged 7. He was born in Chicago and is, of course, an American citizen.

In so tailored, manicured and mannered a company as the diplomatic corps of the U.N. none could look the role he's been called upon to play less than Dr. Lange. He is a short, fat man with a large, fat face. He has sparse sand-colored hair. Gold-rimmed eyeglasses saddle his nose, and behind them pale blue eyes seem constantly to be searching for something difficult to find. His clothes are dark and informally utilitarian.

He's a voracious reader of everything that comes his way, from esoteric treatises on economics down to whodunits. Otherwise his principal avocation is eating.

"I eat too much," he confesses, patting his tubby middle. "Look at me. I am too fat."

Off stage, Dr. Lange looks lethargic. Seated at his place at the Council table, however, he is alert, wide-eyed, quick to spear legal flaws in the debate, invariably on behalf of Poland's self-appointed protector, Russia.

He has supported the U.S.S.R. on every issue—the quarrel over Iran, the struggle concerning Spain, the fight about international control of atomic power, the efforts of some wartime neutrals to enter the U.N.

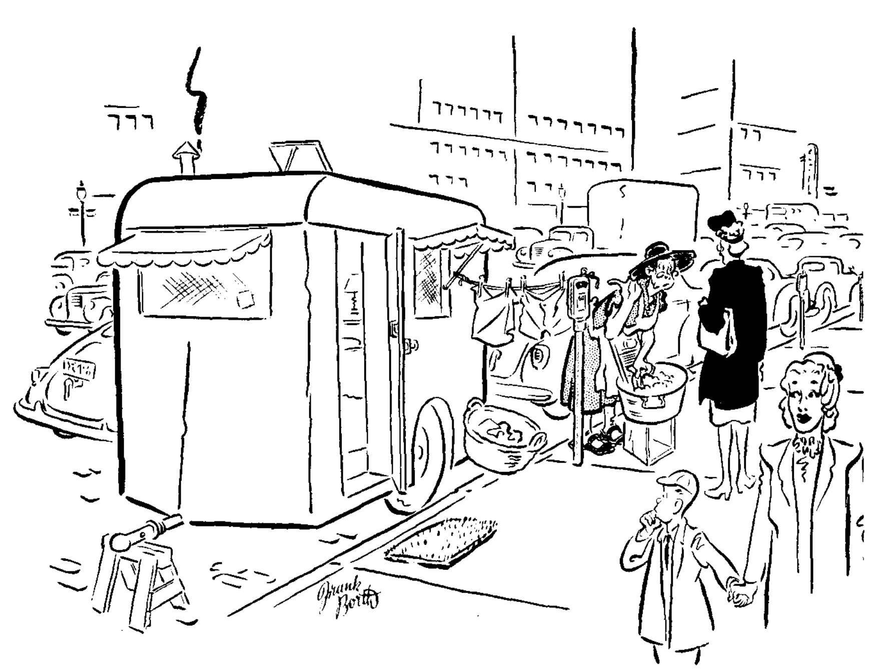
In the split between West and East over the making of the peace, Lange and, for the time being, Poland are aligned with the East.

Within Poland itself the age-old struggle for sovereignty and independence continues. The strongly democratic Peasant party, representing at least 60 per cent of the population but having only some 10 per cent of the seats in the National Council, may yet assert itself over the Communists, Socialists and others who have Russian support.

The leaders and members of the Peasant party believe in co-operating with Russia but not in a Poland subservient to Russia or to anyone else.

In a really free election the Peasant party and its ally, the Democratic party, might come out on top. Dr. Lange may then have to make some serious decisions about his future. . . .

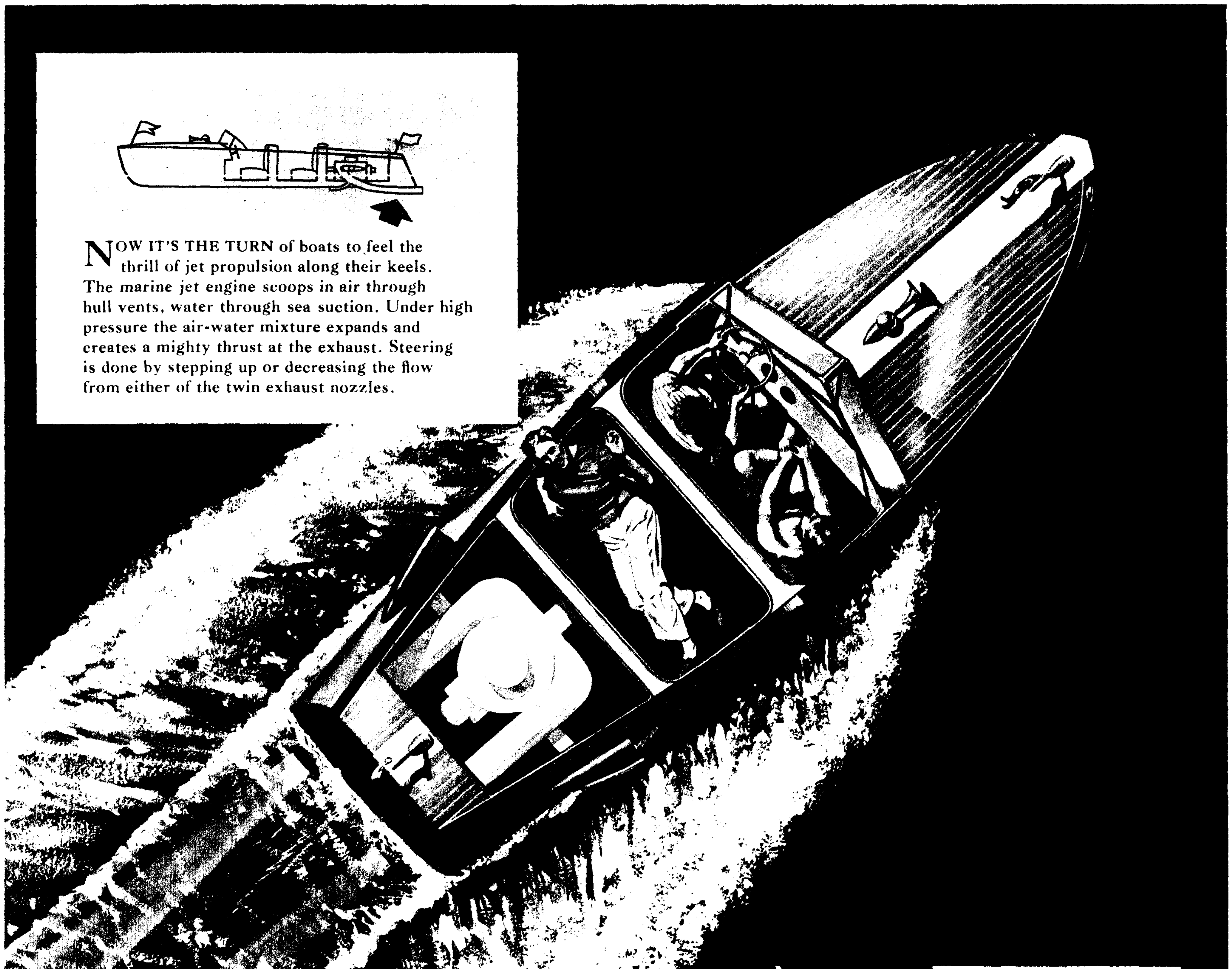
FRANK GERVASI



"It ain't the city-livin' I mind—it's these danged nickels every hour on the hour"

COLLIER'S FRANK BORTH

Jet-Engined Boats... *Faster, Smoother, Safer* by Men who Plan beyond Tomorrow



NOW IT'S THE TURN of boats to feel the thrill of jet propulsion along their keels. The marine jet engine scoops in air through hull vents, water through sea suction. Under high pressure the air-water mixture expands and creates a mighty thrust at the exhaust. Steering is done by stepping up or decreasing the flow from either of the twin exhaust nozzles.

AND WHEN THE SUN is over the yard arm, it's *your* turn to enjoy the thrill of a light, *clean-tasting* highball made with Seagram's V. O. Canadian. For this unique, imported whisky is giving millions of Americans something to talk about... tonight, and again tomorrow.

Six Years Old—86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York

Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND... OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES

IMPORTED
Seagram's
V.O.
CANADIAN WHISKY

IRCUS OPERA

BY GORDON SCHENDEL

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER-PIX

LA
TRAVIATA
VERDI'S GRAND OPERA IN 4 ACTS & BALLET
WITH NATIONAL OPERA STARS
ALFREDO S
SAT
JU
POP
BOX

Lions and elephants and other fancy trimmings give a punch to Alfredo Salmaggi's operatic productions. The tickets cost a trifle, and a grand time is had by all

A RESTLESS crowd of seven thousand packed New York City's Hippodrome, and the curtain was about to go up on a performance of the opera Tannhäuser. All was ready—all but the soprano scheduled to sing the role of Venus. She was missing!

The producer—a flamboyant six-footer—fumed and ranted, until someone asked him facetiously why he didn't take the role. "You think I can't?" he snorted challengingly. "Watch me!"

A few minutes later, when the curtain went up, the audience saw Venus, as usual, stretched voluptuously on a couch, wrapped in a silken robe. Her lover, whose role is the major one, sang dramatically, then paused to gaze at her with a questioning expression.

Venus soulfully returned her sweetheart's glance, and lifted her bared arms in graceful pantomimed reply to his musical wooing. The tenor then lustily resumed his singing . . .

Apparently only the music critics observed that all was not as it should be. They remarked in their reviews that the young lady who had the role of Venus must have sustained a last-minute loss of her voice, for she had remained silent throughout the scene. Luckily, they added, her role was a minor one.

The voiceless Venus was Alfredo Salmaggi, the Brooklyn maestro who for thirty years has been producing grand opera for the millions, at popular prices, and whose stunts have often left New York showmen goggle-eyed. His forte is giving the public opera on an epic scale—beneath the stars in summer, under a roof in winter—grand opera spiced up with wild animals, shapely ballet singers and tremendous casts.

His singers have performed in Mexico City's bull ring, on the sands before Egypt's Sphinx, in a Venezuelan opera house during an earthquake. Twenty thousand customers lined up, and police reserves had to be called to quell disorders that blocked traffic and sent several to hospitals, when he opened his first operatic season in New York's old Hippodrome, in 1933. He drew twenty thousand with a performance of Aïda in the Brooklyn Dodgers' Ebbets Field, thirty-three thousand with Aïda in the Yankee Stadium, and twenty-seven thousand again with Aïda in the Boston Braves' baseball park. Forty-five thousand saw his production of the same opera in Chicago's Soldier Field. La Traviata—"Verdi's Grand Opera in 4 acts and ballet"—always packs them in. About the time you read this, his new season will be under way.

From Resin to Verdi

Frequently he'll make minor revisions in an operatic score to accommodate one of his audience-pulling stunts. There was the time he produced Aïda in the Hippodrome, with the former world's champion heavyweight fighter, Jack Johnson, in the cast. Johnson was hired to play, not sing, the role of a captive Ethiopian chieftain—a special part devised by Salmaggi on the spur of the moment.

The triumphal scene opened, as usual, with Radamès and his Egyptian warriors entering to a great fanfare of trumpets. Next came the captured women, nude and painted in glittering bronze, carried in on silver platters—another distinctive Salmaggi touch. Then came Jack Johnson, in tiger skins and chains, guarded by two "Egyptians."

The ex-champ was scheduled at that point (according to Salmaggi's script, not Verdi's) to attempt to escape from his captors—but to fail. But Jack apparently didn't realize his own strength. Or maybe he thought he heard one of his old seconds urging him on. Anyway, his violent lunge hurled the two Egyptians hanging on his chains ignominiously to the floor. He glared at them and—always the boxer—retreated to the nearest corner, no doubt to await "the count."

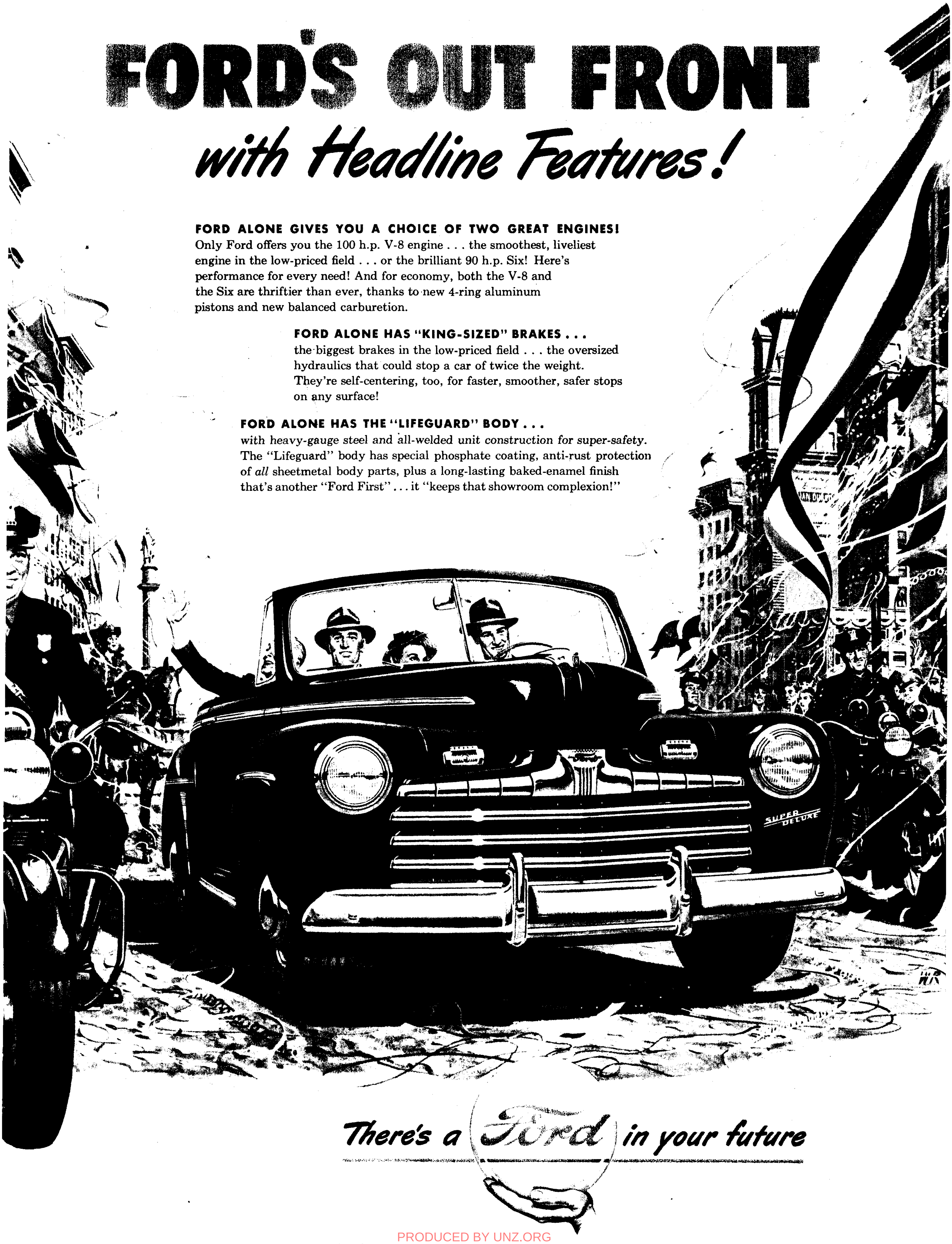
The audience applauded, delightedly.

Maestro Salmaggi roared from the wings, "Grab him again!"

The two Egyptians picked themselves up half-heartedly and pounced on Jack. But they were no match for the fighter. The music finally came to the rescue, while the audience cheered and stamped its feet. It was good theater. And Jack Johnson took his bows with the principals.

Salmaggi's detractors call this "circus opera," and sneer that he frequently has billed his animals above his sopranos and tenors. In Aïda, which he has produced five hundred

(Continued on page 46)



FORD'S OUT FRONT

with Headline Features!

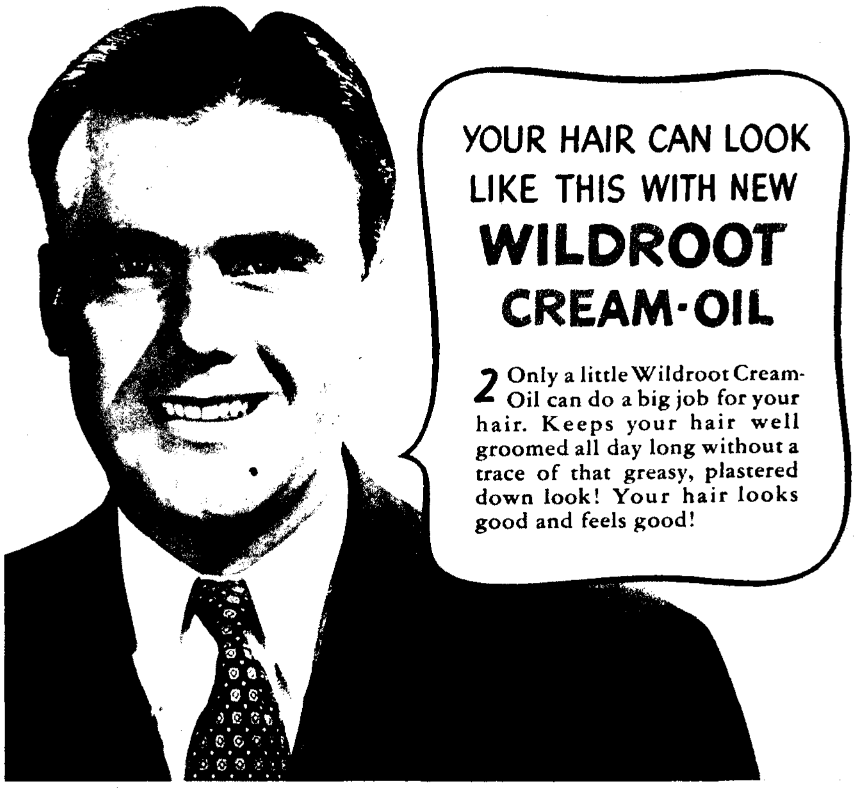
FORD ALONE GIVES YOU A CHOICE OF TWO GREAT ENGINES!
Only Ford offers you the 100 h.p. V-8 engine . . . the smoothest, liveliest engine in the low-priced field . . . or the brilliant 90 h.p. Six! Here's performance for every need! And for economy, both the V-8 and the Six are thriftier than ever, thanks to new 4-ring aluminum pistons and new balanced carburetion.

FORD ALONE HAS "KING-SIZED" BRAKES . . .
the biggest brakes in the low-priced field . . . the oversized hydraulics that could stop a car of twice the weight. They're self-centering, too, for faster, smoother, safer stops on any surface!

FORD ALONE HAS THE "LIFEGUARD" BODY . . .
with heavy-gauge steel and all-welded unit construction for super-safety. The "Lifeguard" body has special phosphate coating, anti-rust protection of *all* sheetmetal body parts, plus a long-lasting baked-enamel finish that's another "Ford First" . . . it "keeps that showroom complexion!"

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE "Finger Nail (F-N) Test?"

1 It's F-N, the test for men! Scratch your head and see if the famous F-N test reveals signs of dryness or loose, ugly dandruff. If so, you need new Wildroot Cream-Oil Formula. Grooms, relieves dryness, removes loose dandruff! Buy the large size for greater economy.


YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

2 Only a little Wildroot Cream-Oil can do a big job for your hair. Keeps your hair well groomed all day long without a trace of that greasy, plastered down look! Your hair looks good and feels good!

NON-ALCOHOLIC
CONTAINS
LANOLIN!
GROOMS THE HAIR
RELIEVES DRYNESS
REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF

SHAKE WELL BEFORE USING
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL FORMULA
for the hair
contains LANOLIN (NON-ALCOHOLIC)
GROOMS THE HAIR
RELIEVES DRYNESS
REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF
WILDROOT CO., INC.

LANOLIN is an oil resembling the natural oil of the human skin! No wonder 4 out of 5 users in a nationwide test preferred Wildroot Cream-Oil to other hair tonics. Get it today from your barber or drug counter.

IMPORTANT: *Smart women use Wildroot Cream-Oil for quick grooming, and to relieve dryness. Also excellent for training children's hair!*

CREAM-OIL CHARLIE SAYS:

TUNE IN: "THE ADVENTURES OF SAM SPADE" over CBS Network every Sunday.

THE HARD WAY HOME

Continued from page 12

but a man had to watch out for himself. He said, "When do you want me, Mr. Conners?"

"You'll be getting out in a few months," Conners said. "Get squared off and then wire me and we'll have a summer job all set up. Our freshman rule is good next year so you can play all games. Work out your class schedule next fall before school starts. We open practice camp the first of September. And remember this, Edwards"—Conners smiled for the first time, his face changing completely, losing its thin coldness and turning warm and understanding—"I've yet to make a football bum. You won't be the first."

IN THE following months, marking time for his discharge and, later, at home resting and relaxing, he was glad he had decided to go on to school and take the engineering course he had wanted so desperately. He wasn't too old at twenty-two to spend four more years cementing his future. Working for the lumber company that summer, he had been happy and when he came down for the first practice, he was filled with an enthusiasm he had almost forgotten.

And that was when he felt the beginning of it.

Conners had taken him into the locker room and introduced him to several of the men on the squad. He counted over eighty men while he undressed and changed into practice pants and pads, and only one of them was near his own age. They were in the late teens or just crossing twenty, and their talk and actions showed it. One man undressing beside him was different.

"McCann is the name," the older man said. "Call me Mike."

They grinned with mutual understanding, and he said, "Jim to you, Mike. What outfit?"

McCann said, "I was in the 1st."

"The 4th," he said. "We followed you most of the way, Mike. You playing some ball for Mr. Conners?"

They were straddling the bench now, facing each other and removing their street shoes. McCann said, "Figure on playing a little center for Mr. Conners. You do a fair job on that blocking back, Jim."

"I hope so," he said. "I don't know much about this college ball."

"Don't lose any sleep," McCann said. "What course you taking?"

"Engineering," he said.

"I'll be damned," McCann said happily. "Me, too. We'll have some fun."

It had been good with McCann from the beginning, but the other boys were living the life he and McCann had known before the war and, although McCann was only twenty-three and he a year younger, they were older in the ways that have nothing to do with the passing of years. He tried hard in the first weeks to play and laugh with them, but he could not get the feeling. After Ransome named him Doaky and they started calling McCann "Pop," they were separated from the others by an invisible line.

He had to walk the length of the soda fountain in the Inn and everyone called a greeting and wished him luck for the afternoon, and this was a harsh, grating feeling against his conscience. He slid into the booth beside Ann, not feeling much like talking.

Ann said, "Was he mad?"

He drank some lemonade and shook his head. "I don't know. He made me promise to watch the game before I leave."

"I have the tickets," she said. "I saved two on the fifty, Doaky."

"We'll go," he said, deciding then. "If he wants me to see it, I'll do that much for him. It might be fun at that."

"Why, Doaky?" she asked.

She knew part of it, he thought, how he felt about Ransome and most of the team; how the games had passed and Ransome was boosted for All-American and how much Ransome owed to him for this boosting. He had wondered how good Ransome would be without his blocking; it was part of the reason why he had promised to watch the game.

He said, "It might be fun watching Ransome get his brains beat out, Ann. They're against Mick this afternoon, and Mick plays it like Ransome never will."

"Mick plays like you and Pop," Ann said quietly. "Only you don't play at it, Doaky, and Ransome and the others do."

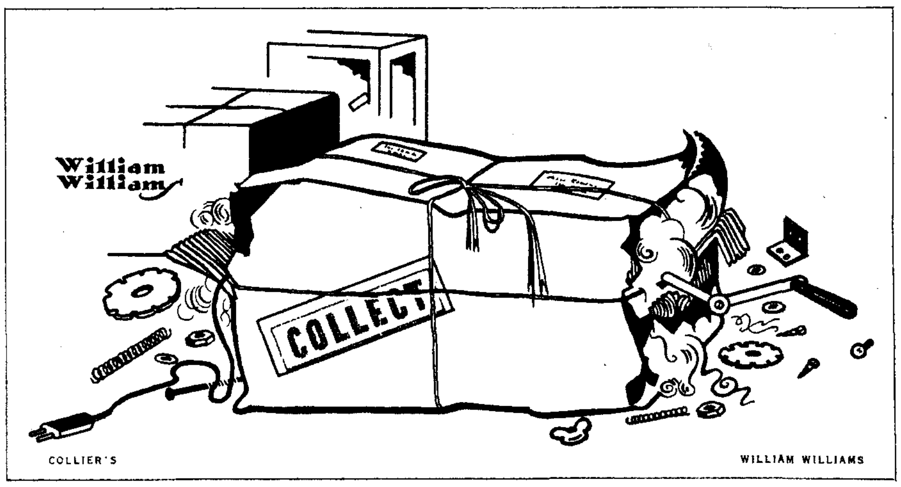
"You know most of it, don't you?" he asked.

"Quite a bit," she said. "Why shouldn't I? You've told me a lot and I guessed the rest."

IT HAD been that way with Ann since they met at the dance the first week of school. She was a senior in the business college, from a small town upstate, and they seemed to understand a great many things together. They had Coke dates for a week and then seemed to slip into a nightly meeting without talking much about it.

"I'll tell you the rest," he said quietly.

He told her about Ransome and the others, how they felt. Ransome and most of the others had missed the draft, exempted by youth in the beginning and now, with the war over, by virtue of their education. They could not understand him and they didn't try. One thing led to another. Hired player, they called him. Dumbbell in the classroom, which wasn't true. Hick from the backwoods country. Big shot because he had a war record and would not talk about combat. A lot of things had piled up and finally, the day before, he had been hurt too deeply. He



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"Bet you would . . . if you had four big jobs like mine!

"First: I'm the *manufacturer* for the Bell System . . . making telephones, switchboards, cable and countless other items of equipment.

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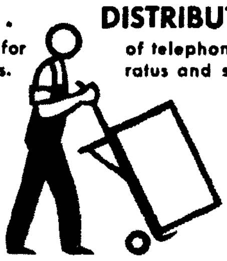

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BUXTON, INC., SPRINGFIELD 1, MASS.

The BUXTON STITCHLESS

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

had fallen asleep in the rubbing room with the door half shut, and outside, Ransome and several others were talking in the locker room. He did not want to listen after the first words, but he had no choice.

Ransome was laughing about what a fool Doaky Edwards was, and how they could get along without him. When someone said that maybe Edwards was a pretty good blocker, Ransome laughed again and said he could run just as good without Edwards and perhaps a little better because the big dope was always in his way. He listened to them talk for fifteen minutes, and then he had to do it. He slammed the door back and stood one step inside the locker room, looking at them with his eyes narrowed.

He stared at Ransome and then around the locker room, thinking that the feeling between them was because he was older from the war and could not understand Ransome and his friends. On the brink of savage action, he realized with sadness that college was not for him. He wondered if McCann felt this way, if all the men back from the war and in school had some of this feeling. He was moving toward Ransome, knowing blows would settle nothing when the office door opened and Conners was between them.

"All of you," Conners said harshly, "go on outside. Edwards, you stay here."

When the last man closed the big door and they stood alone in the locker room, Conners said, "You heard them talking, didn't you, Doaky?"

"Yes, sir," he said, and his anger rode the words out rough as gravel.

"You know what I have to do," Conners said. "Turn in your suit. You won't play tomorrow."

"Why?" he asked.

"You know why," Conners said evenly. "This team is split wide open, and our toughest game coming tomorrow. Doaky, if you were me, what would you do with a team divided against itself and sure to lose if I let it go that way? If I take you out, maybe the others will pull together. I can't suspend ten men because of one—you."

He said, "Yes, sir. I'll turn in my stuff," and walked away. It was foolish to talk. He was boiling over and he could not find words to express his feelings. He realized that Conners was using good football psychology in a last-ditch effort to save the game, but for himself it was bitterly unjust.

HE FINISHED talking and Ann was leaning over the table, chin on her hands, frowning. He said, "Don't do that, Ann."

"I'm sorry, Doaky," she said. "It's just that you're wrong."

"I'm not wrong," he said. "I can't see why, Ann."

"I can't tell you, Doaky. No one can tell you why, but you are. You'll have to find the answer yourself. If I told you, it wouldn't mean a thing. And if I can't tell you, who can?"

He said, "If you can't, Ann, no one can come even close."

"But we can see the game," she said brightly. "You will, won't you?"

"I'll go. Conners asked me and I'll keep my word. What time will you be ready?"

"One-thirty," she said. "Pick me up at the house."

He had one more thing to do and he wanted to get it done before he ate, if he could eat. He walked Ann to the corner and turned off to the library. The lobby was deserted and he went into the payphone booth and dialed the country club. The State team was resting there before the game. When they answered he said, "This is Doaky Edwards. Will you ask Mick Riley to come to the phone?"

"Edwards," the voice said. "You bet. Just a minute."

He waited a few moments and then Mick's voice, unchanged after a year, shouted at him: "That you, Jim?"

"How are you, Mick?" he said.

"Fine," Mick said. "Ready to yell uncle already, Jim?"

He told Mick everything, as best he could, and finally said, "You understand, Mick?"

"I get you," Mick said tightly. "Those stuffed shirts. I wish you were with me, Jim. And listen, Jim, we'll give 'em hell for you this afternoon."

He knew it was a childish thing to do but he said, "Do me a favor, Mick, just one. Get Ransome for me. I mean, get him clean, Mick."

"I'll get him. And I want to see you after the game."

"Thanks, Mick," he said. "Good luck."

THEY did not talk during the walk from Ann's car to the west center gate of the stadium. He held her arm and moved with the flow of the crowd, keeping his head shadowed under a snapped-down soft hat. He had never entered the stadium in this manner and he was amazed at the surging thousands, close to him in an intimate, friendly way, all of them bound together by the afternoon and the game and their single desire to see the home team win the game. He knew the stadium held seventy thousand people but from the field they had been only a sea of faces, far-off, inanimate. Now, walking among them, he could feel some of their happy tenseness and hear their talk of the game and the players and how they expected it to end.

Ann said, "It's fun, isn't it?"

They were moving up the ramp to the higher level. He saved her from a collision with a fat woman in a mink coat, and had to smile. "You go through this every Saturday, don't you?"

"Every Saturday," she said gravely. "I dislike only one part, Doaky."

"What's that?" he said. "Getting to your seat?"

"Not that," she said. "Waiting for the kickoff and the first play is the worst. I'm tight inside and I want to be with you and know how you feel. I watch you and the kickoff comes and I watch you through the first play and then I'm all right. You have a funny little habit, Doaky, on the kickoff. You always take your helmet off and put it on and then you rub your nose. When you do that, and make your first block and get a little dirty, then I'm all right because I know you are all right. Is that silly?"

They found their seats on the fifty, high up. As he looked down at the green field and the players warming up, he thought of her intimate knowledge of himself, how she had got inside of him without his knowing.

He said, "It's not silly, Ann. You know too much."

And then they felt better, as if some of the weight between them was dissolved. They sat close together, their knees touching, as the pregame roar billowed around them and the officials came across the field. He saw Conners, solid and standing beside Ransome in the huddle on the fifty-yard line. He saw the silver dollar spin and then he recognized the Mick beside the referee and a solid thrill coursed through his blood. At the thought of being close to the Mick again, even against him but on the same field. He knew the Mick was down there thinking of him and, this moment, studying Ransome and smiling in his disarming way. Ransome would be getting an impression of harmlessness from the Mick's smile and five minutes later, maybe, he would be getting the lesson of his life.

Someone about ten seats from them had a portable radio and as the officials went to their starting spots for the kickoff, the announcer's voice came clear in the pregame hush: ". . . Doaky Edwards will not play for the University today. Coach Conners offered no explanation. All we can offer from our vantage point

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Know any of these kids? Bet you'd like to see such happy, smiling faces around more often! Well, all you have to do to preserve glad times is record them on *Ansco Color Film*—then you've caught the merry, laughing moments forever.

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CAMELS *Costlier Tobaccos*

is this: To those who have underestimated the worth of Doaky Edwards to the Ramblers this year, a revelation may be shortly forthcoming. Edwards has been the wheel horse of the Ramblers all season. His blocking has been a big factor in the reputation of running backs like Ransome and others. Edwards out of this game may mean the difference between only a good season and—dare we say it?—the Rose Bowl."

The owner snapped off his radio and the man next to them coughed and said, "There goes your ball game. Who can stop that Riley with Edwards out?"

Someone else said, "Wonder if Ransome can get loose without Edwards clearing the way?"

HE HAD some small sense of guilt, then Ann was pulling his arm and yelling, her voice lost in the deep roar, and he stood and watched Ransome kick deep to Riley on the State five-yard line. Riley gathered it in, hunched his shoulders and started railroading. Doaky found himself shouting, "Look at that Mick move out!" and then he sat down, holding Ann's hand tight, and lost himself in the game.

He watched the Mick carry to the thirty on a straight, smashing drive and then begin ripping the Rambler line to shreds. Mick slammed through the guards from the State quick-opening T formation, punched sharp, explosive holes through the tackles, and then started mixing them up. He was calling the plays in a whisper before they materialized, and he named three correctly and then saw the Mick come in behind the center and he said fiercely, "Watch it, you fools," and then the reverse unfolded like clockwork with Mick leading the interference around right end and down the side lines.

GONE ARE THE DAYS!

My lad no longer takes a nap,
Nor does the energetic chap
Appear to miss that hour of sloth,
But Momma does—enough for both!

—MARGARET FISHBACK

In this play, as he watched, Mick deliberately passed one tackler and laid a grinding, jolting block into Ransome, who came over from the safety on the play.

Beside him, Ann shivered and squeezed his hand. She said, "He missed one block, Doaky. If he had blocked Gleason, the ball carrier would have gotten five yards more."

He said harshly, "Sometimes you know too much football, Ann," and the moment the words were out he knew he had said the wrong thing.

She was staring at him with her grave brown eyes. She said, "I think I understand, Doaky."

"Watch the game," he said quickly.

Now Mick was tossing short flat passes over the line to Ramsey, the big end. Ramsey went to the Ramblers' thirty on three consecutive passes and the Mick faked the next one, tucked the ball under his arm and plowed through a quick opening hole at guard, driving low and fast into the secondary. Ransome came up and Mick hit him head on with his knees pumping, walked over Ransome and fell over the goal with two tacklers hanging on. The crowd sound was low and belligerent. Mick kicked the extra point. As he led his team down the field for the kickoff, the Mick raised one hand and shook it with the other. Knowing how the Mick felt, Doaky understood.

She said, "That was a bad tackle, wasn't it?"

"It stunk," he said. "He never could tackle. He never had to."

Ransome had chosen to receive the kickoff. Mick drove a low end-over-end kick to the goal line where Ransome made a clean catch and darted upfield behind his blockers to be knocked down on the twenty before he could break into the clear.

Doaky grinned and murmured, "Watch this."

Conners had refused to use the T or any of the newer and wilder offensive formations. The Ramblers came out fast and lined up in their single wing with the quarter splitting center and guard; and Ransome took the ball and the Ramblers moved into their famous off-tackle play. He saw Mick call the defensive signals from the backer-up post, and watched the State line shift to meet the play. Twice Ransome was stopped cold and then he punted to midfield and out of bounds, a poor kick that was rushed viciously.

"Gain for Mick," Doaky said. "He'll kick now."

Ann said, "How do you know that, Doaky?"

"Mick always kicks from midfield when he's ahead," he said. "It's just smart football in some cases."

Mick quick-kicked on first down. The ball went out on the Rambler eight-yard line. Ann gave him a look and held his hand tightly. Then she said, "Oh!" for Mick smeared Ransome on an end run and Ransome came up dripping blood from his nose.

He said, "I wonder how he likes it."

Beside him, Ann stirred slightly and said, "How do the other boys like it, Doaky?"

"He's got it coming," he said sharply. "On his own for the first time. Maybe he'll grow up a little this afternoon."

Mick and the State line were smearing Ransome all over the field and the crowd was restless and roaring its disapproval. He had never heard this note of anger before. The quarter ended and then Mick was ripping at the Rambler line again, and he could see that the line was not pulling together. He was angry then, thinking of the months of work behind them which only last week had enabled them to stop plays almost before they started. He knew McCann was calling the signals and doing his best, but McCann could not play the entire line.

The Mick scored midway through the second quarter on a straight line buck, after eight running plays. Mick kicked the point and again Ransome chose to receive the kickoff. This time Ransome made a grandstand one-hand catch on the goal line and sprinted up the side lines. Mick came out of nowhere and drove him over the thirty-yard line marker, out on the cinder track, with a tackle Ransome felt all the way to his toes. Ransome got up, staggered and went to his knees. They carried Ransome to the locker room and Conners sent little Amby Rossen in at the tailback, with five fresh men for the line.

McCANN and the new line held Mick after the punt. The half ended at mid-field and he watched the Ramblers, heads down, walk to their locker room, with Conners following them. Doaky felt sorry for Conners. He wished somehow that Conners could have this game and the Rose Bowl bid.

Ann said, "Little Amby Rossen will take a beating the second half, Doaky."

"I know it," he said, signaling to the soft-drink vendor.

"You know Amby thinks a lot of you," Ann said. "He and a lot of them. They just didn't know how to tell you, that was all. They aren't like Ransome, Doaky, inside themselves. They're just young and they didn't get to share what you had in the war, and they didn't know how you felt. It's too bad you can't know them. You could do so much for them."

"What are you trying to say?"

MOLOTOV SAYS NO

"Have I two heads
—or SOMETHING?"

ANN: OH—no, sir! I mean—I couldn't help staring . . .

MAN: Oh!—You mean I look peculiar? Is my tie missing? Is . . .

ANN: Oh no, sir! Pardon me, *please*. It's just that I've never seen so goodlooking a collar on a man, and I'm wondering if—

MAN: Yes, yes, young lady?

ANN: —if you'd tell me what kind it is, sir? My husband Ed has the *worst time* with his shirt collars.

MAN: O-o-oh—gladly! It's one of those perfect fitting Arrow Collars, ma'am. Not bad, is it? And look how an Arrow shirt fits! Cut to follow the body lines, see? They call it "Mitoga"—or something like that.

ANN: But—won't it shrink out of fit, sir?

MAN: Not even 1%, ma'am! Thanks to the Sanforized label. Great feature—that! Er—what's that, please? OH! I'm sorry, but you just can't walk in today and pick up all the Arrows you want, ma'am. Not today. But they're well worth hunting for, ma'am. Well worth it!

ARROW SHIRTS

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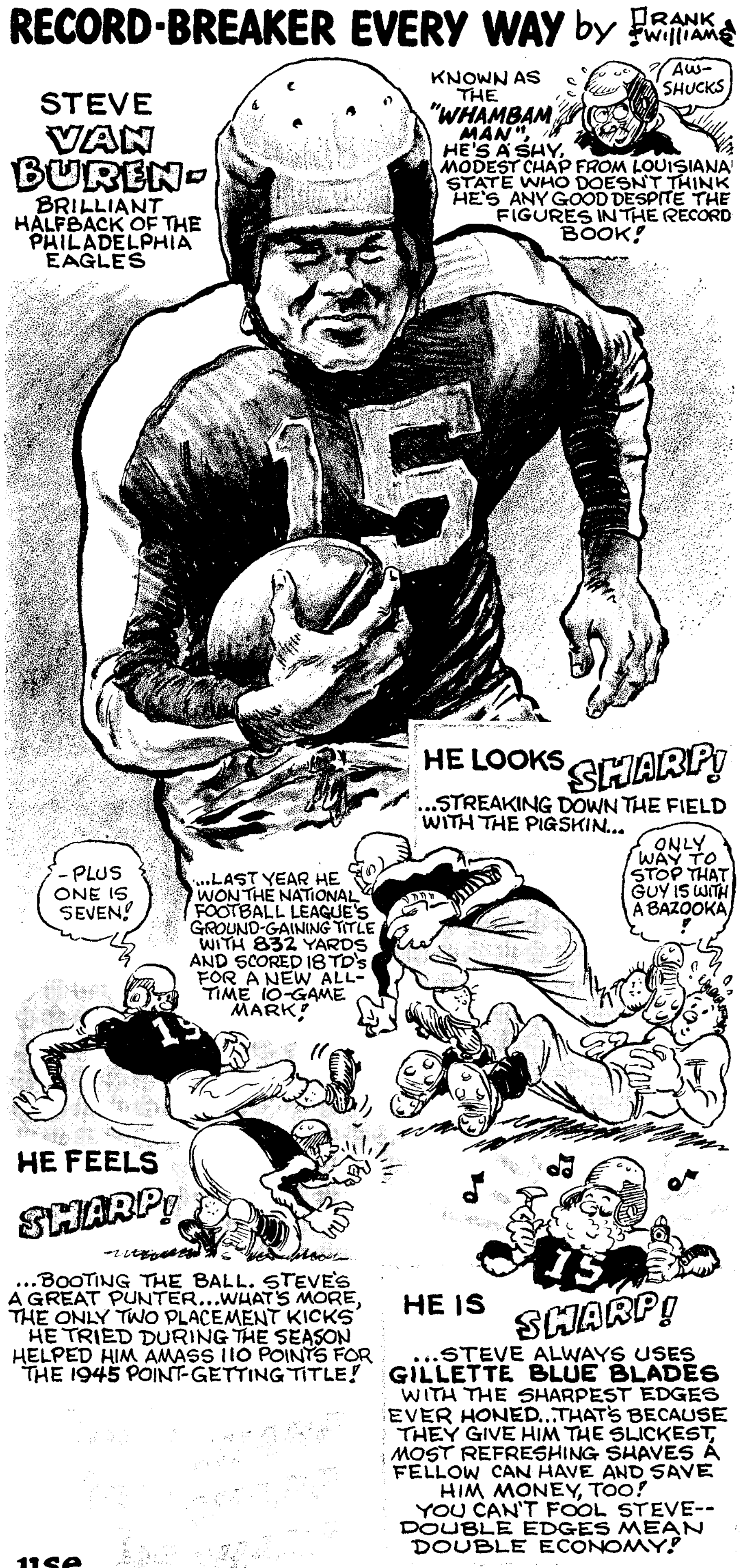
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She caught his arm and her eyes were warm. "You've had what you want now, Doaky. Mick got Ransome for you, got him clean, and that's what you wanted. And it hasn't been Ransome's fault altogether. He's not just a bad boy. I knew him last year, before I met you. He wanted what you had, wanted it badly, but he didn't get across. He envied you, Doaky; it wasn't superiority or anything else. He just couldn't understand you, that was all. You've got him now, Doaky. What are you waiting for?"

He had wanted her to say this all through the second quarter, from the time he saw McCann get up slowly after each succeeding play and try to pull a bunch of bewildered kids together. He looked at the field, crowded now with the bands and cartwheeling girls, and in this moment he felt it strong and vibrant in his chest.

It was the first time since his high-school days before the war that he felt the urge and joy of pulling together with them. He stood up and handed her the Coke untouched and grinned at her.

"Sit still," he said. "Don't get up. You won't sit down much the second half. Wait for me here," and then he was shouldering his way through the milling people.

CONNERS was talking when he entered the locker room and, hearing Conners' voice, he knew the little man had given up all hope. He walked over behind McCann and poked him in the back. McCann turned, his face black with dirt and sweat, and it flowered suddenly from frozen apathy to a wonderful smile.

Doaky moved around Amby Rossen and stood beside Conners. He said, "Need a little help, Mr. Conners?"

Conners wheeled and swallowed hard and he knew that Conners was going to tell him to get out and stay out, and then Conners saw something in his face. Conners said, "Doing a little thinking, Doaky?"

"I sort of changed my mind about some things, Mr. Conners."

"Like what?" Conners asked. Then, "Never mind, Doaky. I understand. That's what I wanted you to find out for yourself."

"Do you want me to suit up, Mr. Conners?"

"Suit up," the coach said. "And listen, Doaky, you'll call the signals this half."

"You mean I'm the boss?" he asked, unbelievingly.

"Yes, son," Conners said. "You're the boss. Let's see you do something about it."

He walked rapidly to his locker as Conners' voice cut through the silence; "Team that finished will start the second half, except for Edwards at quarterback for Williams. Now, shut up and listen to me. What has happened here is our business, yours and mine and for no one else. I have hoped for a long time that we would finally become a team in every sense of the word. We have something here that can be great in future years, and I want you to find it and keep it. Edwards is your friend and you have never known him, and now I believe you are beginning to understand. You grew, all of you, in that first half. Now get out there."

They ran out, and as they ran they tried, all of them, to come by and touch Doaky and say something. He tied his shoestrings in tight double knots and looked up at McCann, alone now in the dressing room beside him.

"Well," McCann said. "Let's put the show on the road, Doaky."...

They were up the ramp and breaking into the light, and it was all different to him in this moment. Behind and over and around him came a sudden roar of recognition, and he crossed the field with this applause beating against his ears. He found Mick and they pumped hands in silence, grinning at each other.

Mick said, "I figured you couldn't stay away, Jim."

"Mick," he said tightly, "let's make it a ball game."

Mick kicked off and again he had that all-gone feeling and he knew Ann was feeling and knowing. He took the ball on the five and drove in straight and hard. They got him on the twenty-five and then he was on his feet, ducking into the huddle where Ransome had called the plays before.

"Quit dreaming and start blocking," he said flatly, and called the play.

He threw the cutback play at the State left tackle. He had noticed the big boy floating almost continually, playing the interference. They drove into the end sweep and cut back sharply, and he booted the tackle aside and hit the backer-up with a diving, twisting block. Little Amby Rossen, running like a scared rabbit, scooted through the wagon hole, reversed his field, and went twenty yards before Mick came up from his usual tailback post and dumped him.

The rumble from above blossomed into a roar. He held up one arm for silence and got it immediately. In the huddle he grinned and called the lateral from the same sequence of plays.

The State tackle and end were crowding this time, rolling on the balls of their feet. Amby Rossen cut back into an angry, charging State line and flipped the ball to the right, across the end's outstretched arms; it sailed to Cates who gathered it in and ran. Cates, with his tremendous speed, was up the side lines before the crowd caught the line of play.

Doaky went straight down-field and got Mick with a body block, and then Cates was in the clear, stretching out and running in long, rolling strides. Cates crossed the goal line standing up and Mick stood up beside him and laughed. "You son of a gun," Mick said. "I'll see you don't work that again."

Doaky kicked the point and it was 14 to 7.

THE kickoff came high and deep. He took it and moved it up to the State forty where he was bunted over the side line. It was a 55-yard return.

Doaky had the State linemen balling themselves up on every play. He ran plays through and around and over them, and eventually he was able to distort and pull the State backs out of position. All but Mick. Mick was unbeatable and magnificent.

Doaky faked a pass and ran it through center. Then he threw a short flat pass, and they were on the State twenty with a first down. His mouth was bleeding now. The State linemen were hitting him hard. He said, "A-86. Let's go."

Cates said, "Ransome never used it here."

He did not answer but stood up and called time and asked permission to go to the bench. Conners met him on the side line. He said, "Give me Bachman for Cates."

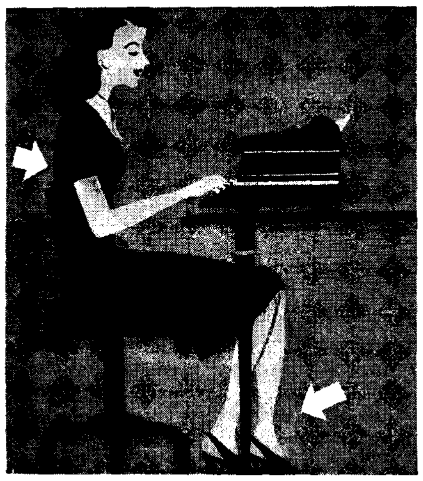
He did not speak when Cates passed him. Back in the huddle, with Bachman pulling nervously at his clean helmet, he saw respect in the boy's face, and he was ashamed for misjudging so many of them for so long. They were all right, most of them, and he had never met them halfway.

"A-86, kid," he repeated. "Let's go."

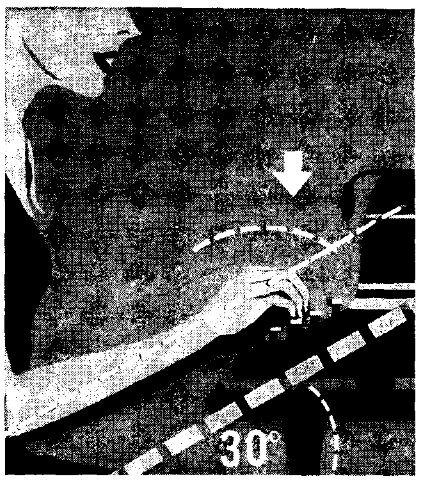
He shifted into the tailback, took a clean pass from McCann, and bucked viciously into right guard, slipping the ball to Amby Rossen at the last moment. Rossen, spinning from quarter, took the ball, counted two and shovel-passed to Bachman coming around to the weak side. Bachman, working too tensely, fumbled, and three State men were on the ball.

He pulled Bachman to his feet and slapped him on the back. Bachman was

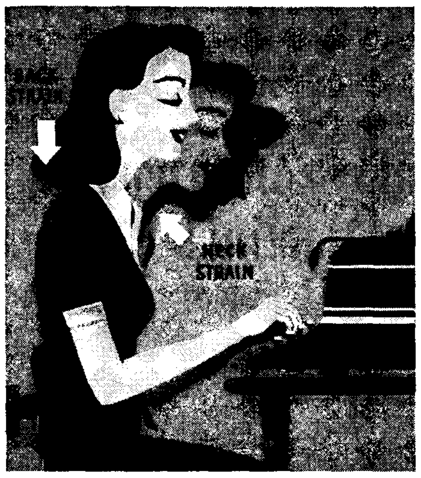
Correct **TYPING TECHNIQUE** increases speed...lessens fatigue!



LONG DAY, loads of work to do? . . . stay alert and interested . . . but relax and be comfortable too. Don't crouch like a tiger and tense up. Sit upright, bend forward a little from the hips. Feet must be firm too, not crossed or wrapped around the chair.



PLACE YOUR HANDS in *rest* position, forearms parallel with the keyboard (about a 30° angle). Don't pound the keys . . . just curve your fingers and use a "fingering" motion. Put rhythm into your strokes. Don't arch your wrists . . . relax them.



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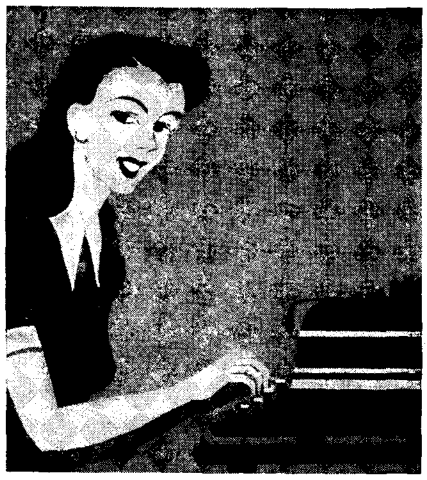

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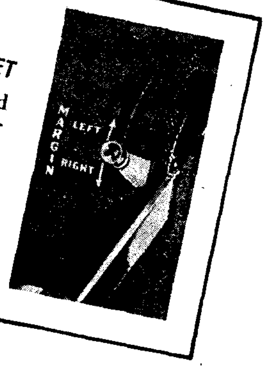

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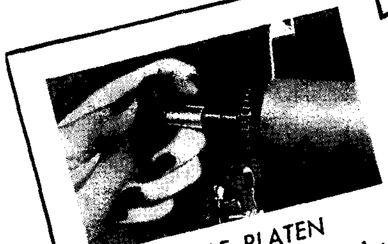

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crying bitterly, choking tears of anger at himself. Bachman said, "I'm sorry, Doaky. I'm sorry."

He said, "Forget it, kid. Just play ball."

McCann came over and poked Bachman in the ribs and said, "What the hell, kid. We all blow once in a while. Just stay in there and play ball."

They held State, and Mick kicked out on the Ramblers' twenty—a beautiful punt that soared over Doaky's head and took the backward hop before he could get to it, and then he was driving them again. He loosened up Bachman, slapping him, cussing him gently until the kid was running easy and holding the ball.

The quarter ended three plays later with the ball on their own thirty. On the first play of the fourth quarter, he sent Bachman around the weak side on the same shovel-pass play, and Bachman ran to the State's thirty before Mick knocked him out of bounds. Then State held and took over. Mick kicked another heartbreaker to the Ramblers' thirty-one.

Doaky hesitated in the huddle. He could taste blood in his mouth; it was a forerunner of what he could expect from now on. He knew what he could do and what he had to do.

The crowd had been sitting when he started. Four plays later they were on their feet. A few of them, understanding the game completely, knew they were seeing great football. The rest simply went crazy with the thrill. Doaky Edwards was running wild and he could not be denied.

He smashed the tackles, boxed the ends, came back into the guards with mousetrap plays. He carried the ball fifteen times and when he called time and sat down, they were on the State twenty with a first down.

On the next play he hit tackle, and Mick, who had moved up again to the line backer spot, nailed him for no gain. Mick helped him up and panted, "Wish you were over here, Jim."

"That goes double, Mick," he said.

He ran another play at the same tackle and gained two yards. It was third and eight, and State was waiting for him. He played it the long way, shooting another play at the tackle. It was good for three yards more. Coming into the huddle, he checked his hunch and found it good: Mick had edged over, looking for the shovel-pass play they had pulled twice before.

He said, "The shovel pass but I'll keep the ball. Make it good."

When the ball snapped back, he tucked it in and headed for the line. Clumsily, it appeared, he pushed it into Rossen's body as Rossen spun from the quarter post.

Mick was yelling, "Watch the pass, watch the pass."

And then he was through the line with the ball behind him, and Rossen was faking the pass and Bachman was coming around beautifully. He was through and clear before they recovered. He plowed over one tackler and kept going, and Mick finally got him on the two-yard line but his drive carried them both over.

They had to help each other up this time. Mick rubbed his arms and grinned. "You fooled me, Jim," he said thickly. "But don't miss that point."

"Don't worry," he said.

He kicked the point and it was fourteen to fourteen, and the clock said five minutes to play.

Mick chose to receive, taking the kickoff and veering unexpectedly up the side line. At the last moment he sensed the play and held up, waiting, for Mick was throwing conventional football to the devil and going all out in one last shot. Mick could play it safe and get the tie, but he wasn't that way.

Surrounded by Rambler tacklers, at the last moment before contact, Mick leaped high, twisted and threw a long lateral to Wilkerson, the State right half. Wilkerson stumbled, caught the ball and started running.

Bachman was the only man near Wilkerson and his overanxiousness cost him the tackle. Bachman missed Wilkerson's swiveling hips and dug dirt, and then Doaky Edwards, running his heart out on leaden legs, blocked Wilkerson out on the Ramblers' seven. When he got up, he couldn't hear his own voice in his mouth the roar was so great above him.

He could feel faintly a great many things as he forced himself up and down the line, slapping their backs and talking it up. Bachman wasn't crying now; his face was set in deep lines under the dirt and fresh blood. McCann was out on his feet but hanging on.

Doaky walked over and patted Bachman. "Stay in there, kid," he said and moved up close behind the line to follow the play.

Mick was back, and that meant anything. Mick took the ball and came off tackle and then, suddenly, snaked out and back, his right arm cocked.

Doaky Edwards cried out helplessly. He had allowed himself to forget that Mick would play it smart. He leaped high into the air and his finger tips only grazed the ball and he knew Ramsey, the big end, would be pulling it in for the score and the game.

A sound, greater than any he had heard, jerked him around as he fell and he saw Bachman come up from nowhere. He saw Bachman go into the air, take the ball from Ramsey's fingers, and go slamming up the field. Then Doaky Edwards fell on his face in the grass and closed his eyes.

For Bachman was away with no one near. Mick hadn't had the time or energy to cover his own pass, and the kid ran and the bedlam in the stadium grew. Soon Doaky Edwards felt a hat brush his helmet and he looked up. The field was covered with hats and programs and cushions. Bachman was over.

He was conscious of his fatigue when he finally got up. The hundred yards down the field to kick the point were the longest steps of his life. Bachman helped him the last few yards. Bachman was saying something, and finally he understood the words.

"That was for you, Doaky," Bachman said.

He said, "Thanks, kid," and could find no other words.

He missed the point and looked at the clock. Two minutes remained. Mick received the kickoff and after a runback to the thirty-five, Mick didn't get up. He limped over and helped Mick to his feet, and Mick opened his one good eye.

"I can't cut it, Jim," Mick said. "My ankle's twisted."

A new man was coming in for Mick, and then he heard Cates calling, "Cates for Edwards," and he took Mick's arm.

"A nice finish," Mick said. "Let's bow out together, Jim."

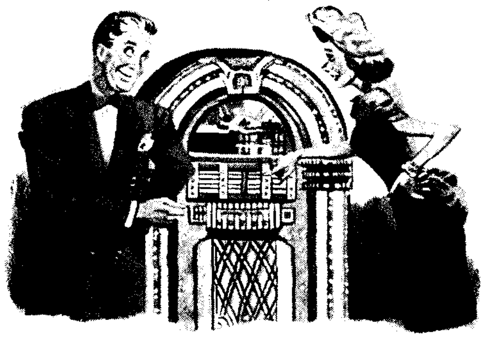
Mick hung to his shoulder and he walked across the field to the State bench, and the roar moved over them and cloaked them. They could feel its deep warmth as they walked. He had most of it now, most of everything he had lost before, and he turned and looked back at his friends.

Mick said, "You've got a good team, Jim. A swell bunch of kids."

He said, "They're all right, Mick. I didn't know it but they're all right."

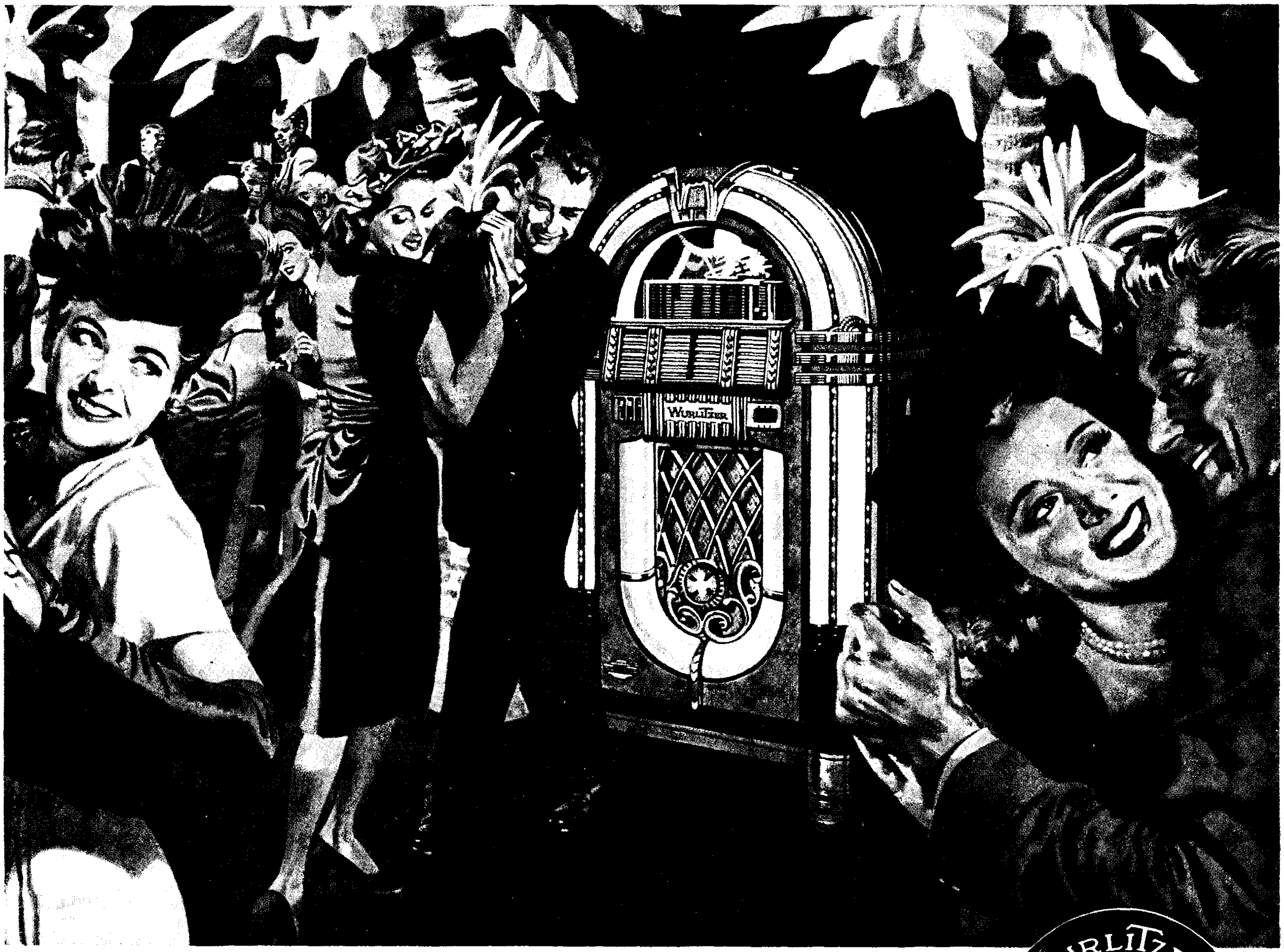
He knew the game was over, that it would end at midfield with Mick out and both teams exhausted. He did not look back to watch the final plays. He wanted to shower and clean up, and be with Ann. It was a good feeling to come home again after a long time.

THE END



Good Tip for a Good Time —

WURLITZER MUSIC



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The *Sign of the Musical Note* identifies places where you can have fun playing a Wurlitzer.

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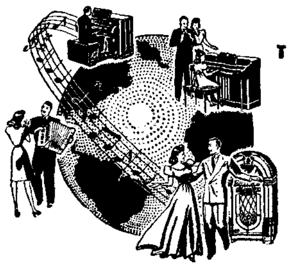

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LOVE

IS KIND OF FRAGILE

BY ROBERT M. ROSS

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN COLLINS

"Hello," Danton said. "Going my way?" The Walk merely turned her head and continued on her course

EVEN a guy with a broken heart must eat. Sixteen hours after he had foresworn food, women and other similar pursuits, Danton went down to the corner drugstore and devoured a crushed pineapple sundae, two peanut-butter sandwiches, a double chocolate malted and a package of cookies.

In the drugstore he saw a new girl. She was sharp sitting down and sharp when she got up and even sharper when she walked. From his valley of sorrow Danton noted that certain parts of her had to trot to keep up.

He paid his check and left. The Walk was heading north, which was within 180 degrees of the direction he had planned to take, anyway. He wished her stride a little less free. He couldn't overtake her for almost a block.

"Hello," he said. "Going my way?"

He intended it for a dumb crack. It gave them a chance to say, "What do you think?" or something equally devastating. This one didn't say anything. She merely turned her head, waved her long lashes at him and continued determinedly on course.

"If you were lost," Danton ventured, "I could tell you where you are. I've lived here years and years."

Again he bored in with his guard down. Margaret would have said, actually did say, "The climate in this town must be terribly aging."

The Walk didn't waver. He was beginning to feel ridiculous, although not quite enough.

"On the left is the Field residence," he said. "It's been the Field residence ever since Mr. Field bought it. Their daughter is precision stuff but the boys are greasy. You are now passing a vacant lot. We call our lots vacant until someone builds a house on them. Mostly that's hardly worth waiting for. If I were you, I wouldn't stop."

She didn't. She had a slick profile and a cute, tip-tilted nose. In spite of the brush-off, Danton's ear tickled. His ear always tickled when a romantic spell came on.

"I wonder why women don't like me," he mused aloud. "I've gotten rid of my five-o'clock shadow. I bet—"

It was strictly a one-sided wager. The Walk did an abrupt column left. Danton, his mouth clutching air, watched her disappear into a low, rambling house. He sighed. At least he knew who she was. Her last name must be Flager. The Flagers had rented the old Griswold place. Which was some consolation. Danton needed it. She didn't glance back.

At dinner that night his mother said, "I'm so glad you're feeling better. But you don't look good, Danton. You can't miss meals and not show it."

"Perhaps he's in love again," suggested his father.

"Have you made up with Margaret?" his mother asked.

"Margaret!" Danton snorted. "That bag!"

"Danton!" gasped his mother.

"Youth moves fast," commented the elder Wentworth. "From his bug to his bag. Well, after all, what's a vowel between kids?"

Danton grinned weakly. On occasions he could condescend to Victorian humor. "I got a new girl now," he announced bluntly.

"Really?" said Mrs. Wentworth. "Who this time?"

"Miss Flager."

"I'm happy it's a miss," said Mr. Wentworth. "What's her first name?"

"She was introduced to me as Miss Flager."

"Oh, then you must be *Mr.* Wentworth," from his father.

"You don't know her first name," said his mother. "Is that it?"

Danton arose with dignity. "When you reach my age," he said irritably, "you don't generally get forward with people you just meet. If you'd like to know, sometime I'll ask her."

THE next day Danton borrowed his father's white flannels, dug a battered tennis racket out of the attic and went for a stroll. The stroll was so leisurely that five guys hooted at him, three of them twice each because he had to circle one particular block. Eventually his patience bore fruit. He practiced vicious backhands until she drew abreast. Then he said:

"Hello some more. We've met before, no doubt."

The meeting evidently had made scant impression. She swept past.

Danton waited. He sat on a fire hydrant. He sat on the curb. He sat on the ground. Forty minutes elapsed before The Walk came back.

Danton immediately switched tactics. "I'm sorry," he said with humility. "I've been a drip. But I wanted to meet you. My name is Danton—Danton Wentworth. Your name is Flager, only I don't know the rest of it."

Her cool blue eyes washed over him for a delicious instant. Then they were on the other side of her receding head.

Danton hadn't spoken to Webb Hastings for several weeks. There had been trouble over something like a girl. He swallowed his pride and called on Webb.

"Hi-ya," he said cheerily. "Let's go have a Coke."

Webb had three—on him—before they got down to business.

"You know the babe who lives back of you?" he inquired casually.

"Which one?"

"The one who moved into the Griswold place."

"Supposing I did?"

Danton flushed. He gripped the chair seat so hard a couple of wads of gum came off. He maintained, with effort, a civil tongue.

"If you did, maybe I could meet her."

"Meet her yourself," said Webb belligerently. "You're the big ladies' man. They all swoon over—"

The proprietor proved an unreasonable man. He objected to fist fights near his candy case. He threw Danton out. At that Danton didn't feel too badly. He threw Webb out first.

Danton considered other prospective sponsors. Most of his clique were out of town for the summer. Finally, after great inner urging, he looked up Jennie Forest. Jennie was air mail from Gooneyville. She had buck teeth and giggled whenever the subject got off algebra.

"Jennie," he said. "I've always kind of liked you."

Jennie giggled.

"The next time we fix up a hay ride I'm going to see that you get in on it. As a matter of fact there's one cooking. All we really need is another girl. Do you know any new ones?" He played the word "new" extra strong.

Jennie shook her head.

Danton ignored the setback. "What about the one around the corner in the Griswold place. She's kind of new, isn't she?"

"She won't go."

"Why not?"

"She don't like you," giggled Jennie. "She says you're too callow."

Danton quivered. Getting confidential with Jennie was the basement of debasement. It was really rooting one's nose.

"Listen, Jennie," he said earnestly. "I'm not callow. If it was school term, I could prove I'm not. She'd see me in football or basketball or student meetings. She'd realize I took life kind of serious."

To his relief Jennie didn't giggle. Instead she wrinkled her forehead and spoke with profound wisdom. "When people get the wrong impression of people, it's hard to change them. Myreen thinks you don't have any depth. You ought to make some grand gesture. Show her you possess sincerity and purpose."

Danton appreciated Jennie's brain for the first time. Previously he had rather admired her facility in squaring and cubing roots although he hadn't seen much sense in it. Now he saw what thinking could do. He loved Jennie for it—in a way, that is.

Walking home Danton weighed various types and styles of grand gestures. If he could rescue a baby or even a dog from some precarious predicament, Myreen would understand him better. However, experience had taught him that babies and dogs ordinarily did not live dangerously. His chance for heroics was small.

Still brooding he came opposite Fitch's Floral Shoppe. A sign in the window read: "Flowers, the Lover's Language of All Ages." The message inspired him.

"Dad," he said at the dinner table, "will you advance me money for mowing the lawn. I figure it will come to eighteen dollars."

"Wait a minute, son. Remember you only have to mow twice this month."

"What do you want the money for?" asked his mother.

"Oh, I got to buy a gift."

"For a girl?"

"Well, kind of."

"I should say not!" said his mother. "Besides, it wouldn't be eighteen dollars, counting this month."

Mr Wentworth pursed his lips. "Come to think of it," he said, "this might be a rainy month."

DANTON had eleven dollars in the bank prior to closing the account. With eighteen plus eleven he marched bravely into Fitch's. A new girl stood back of the counter. She had slanty eyebrows and a wide, warm smile. He concentrated on Myreen.

"Twenty-nine dollars worth of orchids," he announced.

The girl stared at him, unbelieving. Finally she said, "Golly!" For a small word it held a lot of feeling. Danton sensed her astonishment, awe, admiration.

"Send them to Miss Myreen Flager on Dover Street," he said grimly.

"Golly," she repeated, but with a different connotation. This one was like a caress. "Twenty-nine dollars."

Danton gulped. As cold, impersonal money it hadn't seemed like much; translated into fluty tones, it seemed like a fortune. He laid a wad of bills on the counter. Then he looked at the girl. It was like looking at northern lights. She seemed to grow dreamy and bright-eyed all at the same time.

"What's your name?" he asked huskily.

"Diana," she said.

Danton scratched his ear. It was beginning to tickle.

a short short story complete on this page

Gracie bulbsnatches while George Burns!

Nobody knows better than you, Gracie Allen, that George Burns is a patient man. But *bulbsnatching!*... what red-blooded head-of-the-house can take *that* with a smile? Robbing one light socket to fill another just leads to strained eyes, barked shins, endless annoyance.

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Be sure to hear **BURNS & ALLEN** *on the* **MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE SHOW** *every Thursday over NBC at 8:30 P.M., E.S.T.*

So you think he'll get throwed?

Pardner, you better rub the dust out'n your eyes.

That boy's been a-sittin' on a horse since he was knee-high to a bar rail, and they ain't never been one yet that could shake him loose.

Rodeo time, last year, one ornery critter tried. Bucked an' reared an' finally rolled over. Pinned Sam flat to the ground.

Couple of blame fools rush out yellin' they'll help him up.

"Hell," says Sam, "help the horse up. I'm still in the saddle!"

So long as men are men—whether they ride a bronco or drive a taxicab—the love of a tall yarn is likely to flourish and lose none of its flavor.

But so long as men are men and must, therefore, earn a living, there'll always be a time, too, when only *facts* will do. For it's facts—and *figures*—that enable men of business to make sound decisions, set far-sighted policies, turn steady profits.

And it's because facts and figures *are* of such importance that Management increasingly gets them by means of time-saving Comptometer adding-calculating machines and money-saving Comptometer methods.

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N. W. AYER & SON

CIRCUS OPERA

Continued from page 32

times, Salmaggi injected three or four elephants, a half-dozen camels, and fifty to a hundred and fifty horses whenever possible—in an outdoor production, or in a theater with a large stage. His critics charge he thus intentionally appealed to people who knew nothing about opera and who imagined he was presenting a circus.

"Everybody would like opera if they got acquainted with it," Salmaggi asserts confidently. "If the desire to see circus animals brings some people to their first taste of opera, what's wrong with that?"

One of Salmaggi's favorite stories is about the time he got his animals for nothing. He was staging Aïda at the Polo Grounds, and had contracted, for a fee of seven hundred dollars, to rent four elephants and six camels from Eddie Fills of the Ben Hur Stables, which supplied circus animals to theatrical outfits. The animals had arrived in charge of a Negro youth and were quietly waiting in a tent off stage.

The triumphal march started, and Salmaggi, backstage, quickly signaled the youth to start leading his animals on stage, following the Egyptian soldiers. But the young man shook his head. He'd been instructed, he told Salmaggi, to get his money first and he demanded cash.

By this time Salmaggi was desperate. He couldn't possibly run around front to get cash from the box office and be back in time. The late Charles Stoneham, owner of the New York Giants baseball club and the stadium, who had been hanging around backstage, approached. Salmaggi explained his predicament, and Stoneham promptly assured the youth he would guarantee the maestro's check. But the young man wouldn't budge.

Changing his tactics, Charlie Stoneham barked angrily: "So you won't take a check! Okay then! . . . Take your pesky animals and get them out of my baseball park!"

The youth, with an unhappy expression, started to obey and lead the elephants and camels out into the night by the way they had entered.

"Not that way," Salmaggi roared wrathfully, with a wink at Stoneham. He pointed to the other side of the large stage. "Take them out that way. And be quick about it!"

Reversing a Predicament

The youth made haste, leading his elephants and camels across the stage and off into the opposite wings, just behind the last of Salmaggi's parading singers. The audience cheered.

Salmaggi had advertised elephants and camels, and his opera fans had seen them.

His frequent use of animals in his operatic productions has contributed no small part toward filling two dozen large scrapbooks with clippings of newspaper stories about himself and his ventures. It has greatly simplified the work of his three press agents, Felix Deyo, Ed Hurley, and his son, Felix W. Salmaggi.

On one occasion, when he presented Aïda at the Braves' baseball park in Boston, he sent Hurley on ahead to publicize the performance, and Hurley really went to town. His advance advertising promised no less than six elephants, twelve camels, and a hundred and fifty horses!

Consternation seized the press agent when Salmaggi arrived the day of the performance with but two white horses and old moth-eaten Mabel, the Ben Hur Stables' sorriest elephant. The maestro himself was disturbed when he saw the posters plastered over Boston, and explained that he hadn't brought more animals because he was temporarily broke. (He'd been rained out in Newark, with a loss of seven thousand dollars, two days earlier.) Worriedly, they retired to Hurley's hotel room.

There was a stranger sitting in the room, dozing. Salmaggi glanced at him indifferently, but Hurley made no effort to explain him, and they sat down to discuss their problem.

According to Hurley, about an hour later the stranger took an interest in the conversation. "What's the matter, Ed? D'you need some horses?" he asked.

"Yeah," Ed Hurley replied, glumly.

"How many?" the stranger asked.

"Oh, at least fifty," Hurley retorted, hopelessly.

"Humph!" the erstwhile dozer grunted. Reaching for the telephone beside the bed, he asked for the chief of police.

"Chief," he said, when that official was on the line, "I want you to have fifty mounted police at the Braves' ball park tonight. Have 'em report to Ed Hurley." He turned to the press agent. "What time d'you want 'em there, Eddie?"

Hurley, slightly dumfounded, said about eight o'clock.

The man relayed the information. "Eight o'clock sharp!" Then he replaced the telephone receiver, paid no further attention.

There was a staccato silence while the maestro stared at Hurley.

"Who is that?" he demanded suspiciously.

"Oh, him?" Hurley said lightly, having recovered his own aplomb. "That's my old pal, James M. Curley, the mayor of Boston."

New Role for the Police

So that evening fifty of Boston's finest took part in a Salmaggi epic. Wearing bed sheets over their uniforms and with bath towels wound about their heads in lieu of turbans—Hurley borrowed the "costumes" from the hotel manager—they rode behind lumbering old Mabel, the elephant, as victorious Egyptian soldiers. What blistering Irish oaths they mumbled as they thus paraded were not recorded.

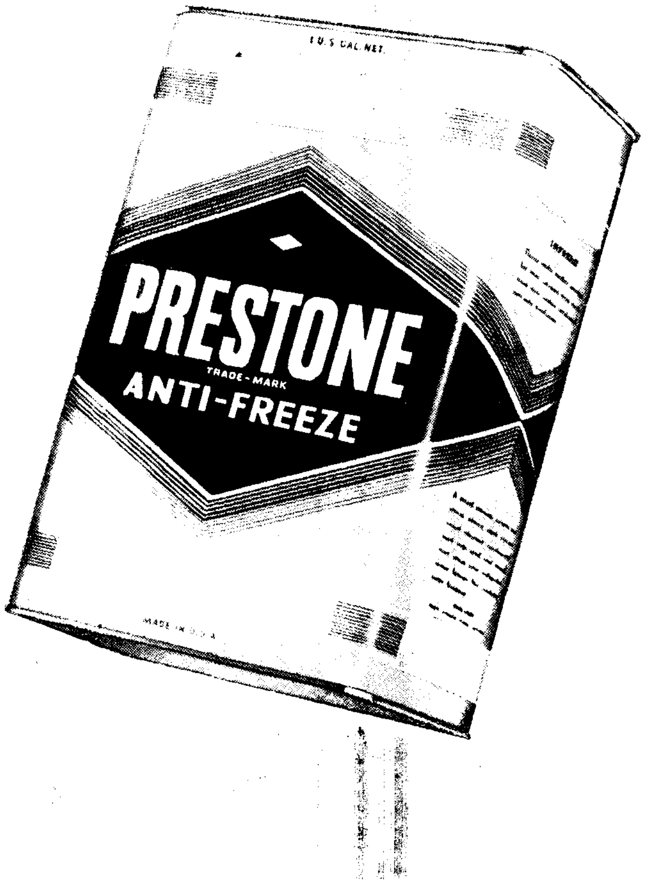
Salmaggi has been alternately rich, and broke, dozens of times. And frequently he has skidded from one status to the other overnight. Like the time he grossed a hundred thousand dollars in two nights at Chicago's Soldier Field, during the Century of Progress Exposition, yet went broke because heavy rains prevented him from presenting the remaining performances scheduled.

The maestro has had streaks of hard luck so lasting that he insists someone must have hung an invisible albatross about his neck. There was a certain Latin-American tour: In Mexico City both his sopranos caught colds and lost their voices; he was forced to cancel three out of four performances. In Cuba, through a mix-up in bookings, he was denied an opera house. And in Venezuela, as previously related, he ran into an earthquake. The company wound up working its way home on a slow freighter.

The management of the Brooklyn Academy of Music once refused to allow the curtain to be raised before he paid the rent. Salmaggi hastily made a speech to opera fans in the foyer, and passed the hat—solving the crisis.

Again, at a performance of Carmen at the Academy, the maestro forgot to station a sentinel over a certain hard-drinking tenor, playing Don José. Salmaggi's error became obvious at the end of the first act when the singer, who had been quavering in a suspiciously ineffective manner, finally struck an exceedingly sour note and collapsed.

The audience jeered, hissed and



Yes—there is more "Prestone" anti-freeze this year than at any time since 1941—but more people seem to want it too!

● Today, any car that *runs* is a good car, whether its year is '46 — or '36. It deserves protection from freeze-up — and the best way to get it is with "Prestone" anti-freeze. One shot lasts all winter, because it doesn't boil away or foam off. And it prevents rust and corrosion too.

There's a lot more "Prestone" anti-freeze this year . . . more than at any time since 1941. But, with the demand exceeding supply, *some* motorists are going to be "left out in the cold." To avoid freeze-up, and the damage that follows, get your "Prestone" anti-freeze early.

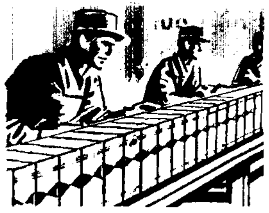
NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
30 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation
UCC

The words "Eveready" and "Prestone" are registered trade-marks of National Carbon Company, Inc.

WHY

there's still a "Prestone" anti-freeze shortage:

"Prestone" anti-freeze, like most other products, depends on the utilization of raw materials and equipment drawn from many fields. Recent industrial dislocations have affected our ability to acquire and construct the new facilities necessary to meet all needs. This plant-expansion program, not authorized during the war, has of course been planned for years. It is well advanced, but the real benefit will not be felt in 1946.

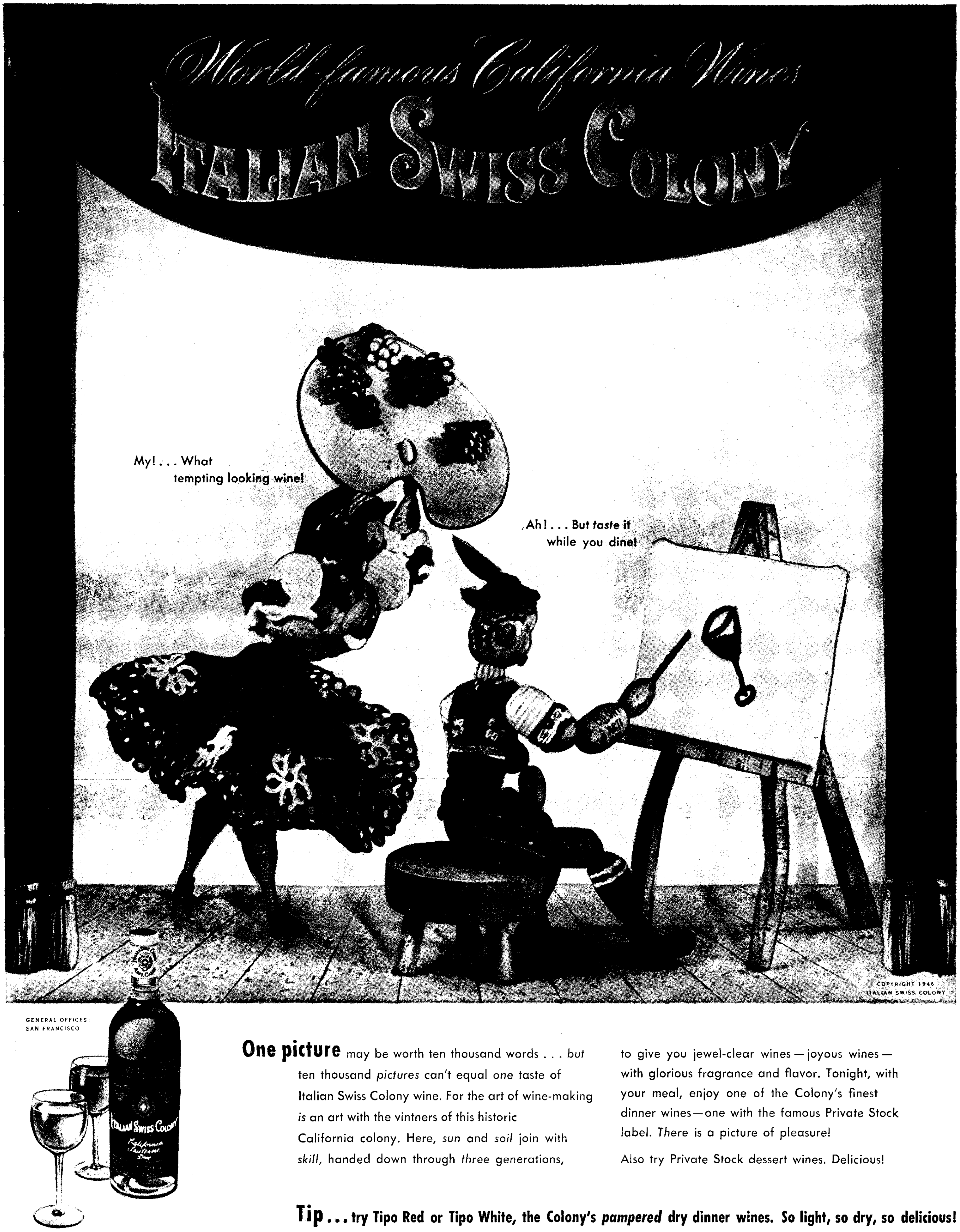


"Prestone" anti-freeze must be produced and *packaged* many months in advance of cold weather. Last spring and summer the world-wide food shortage diverted packaging materials to the need of starving millions. So your dealer may be selling "Prestone" anti-freeze from 5-gallon cans in addition to the familiar 1-gallon cans. This shortage of packaging materials also adversely affected our ability to meet 1946 requirements.

PRESTONE ANTI-FREEZE

TRADE-MARK

"YOU'RE SAFE AND YOU KNOW IT!"—ONE SHOT LASTS ALL WINTER



World-famous California Wines
ITALIAN SWISS COLONY
My! . . . What tempting looking wine!
Ah! . . . But *taste* it while you dine!
COPYRIGHT 1946 ITALIAN SWISS COLONY
ITALIAN SWISS COLONY California Sauterne Dry

GENERAL OFFICES:
SAN FRANCISCO

One picture may be worth ten thousand words . . . *but* ten thousand *pictures* can't equal *one* taste of Italian Swiss Colony wine. For the art of wine-making *is* an art with the vintners of this historic California colony. Here, *sun* and *soil* join with *skill*, handed down through *three* generations, to give you jewel-clear wines — joyous wines — with glorious fragrance and flavor. Tonight, with your meal, enjoy one of the Colony's finest dinner wines — one with the famous Private Stock label. *There* is a picture of pleasure!

Also try Private Stock dessert wines. Delicious!

Tip . . . try Tipo Red or Tipo White, the Colony's *pampered* dry dinner wines. So light, so dry, so delicious!

booed, as the curtain was hastily dropped. The orchestra played loudly, to drown the uproar, and Salmaggi frantically raced up and down the aisles, searching faces. Finally he found a tenor who had sung for him at other times. The man nodded. Salmaggi hurried him backstage. A few minutes later the curtain went up and the performance was resumed with the substitute Don José.

This time the audience cheered.

The maestro faced a much more difficult problem in presenting Wagner's Die Walküre outdoors in Cleveland. You'll remember the stirring scene of the Ride of the Valkyries, when the orchestra causes chills to run up and down your spine with that crashing, heroic, "Taa, tata, taaaa! . . . Taa, tata, taaaa! . . . " It always has been customary during this scene to show, on a screen above the curtain in the darkened opera house, a stereopticon slide picturing the slain warrior heroes being carried up into Valhalla by the Viking goddesses, mounted on huge white steeds. Salmaggi saw that the time-honored stereopticon slide would be impractical because of the light from the street lamps hedging the stadium.

Fortunately, at the time, the Salmaggi exchequer was well filled. With due consideration to advance publicity possibilities for his scheme, the maestro constructed a giant ramp and treadmill, rising to a height of seventy-five feet, back of his outdoor stage.

On the night of the performance, the stage lights were doused to signal the retirement of the actors on that level. The kettledrums and brasses and cymbals of the orchestra began that wild, pagan funeral music. Then there burst into sight more than a score of white horses. Ridden by professional jockeys, in the helmets, breastplates and flaxen wigs of the Valkyries, they stormed up the ramp and then, silhouetted against the starry sky, galloped along on the treadmill, straining wildly at their bits under the whips of the "goddesses," until the thundering of their pounding hoofs filled the vastness of the stadium.

In the performance of Moses for which he borrowed sheep, Salmaggi devised a "Red Sea" from a single piece of canvas, painted a sea-green and of a size to cover the entire stage. Crawling beneath this canvas with seventy-five boys hired for the occasion, the maestro led his sweating youthful supernumeraries in violently throwing themselves about—first kneeling, then standing and holding the canvas high above their heads, then dropping again to their knees, in continuous frenzied action to simulate the storm-tossed waves, held back from the Israelites by Divine Providence.

Salmaggi is now fifty-nine. He was born in Italy. When he was nineteen he came to Boston from Rome, as a tenor and assistant director of a barnstorming grand opera company which disbanded a week after arriving. In later years, he made many trips back to Italy, to engage singers. But the first time he returned was to marry his childhood sweetheart, a teacher, and one of the kindliest little ladies one could know.

The Salmaggis live in a handsome seventeen-room house at No. 1 Quentin Road, Brooklyn. They had twelve children, of whom nine are living, seven of them boys. Only Lena, who is her father's secretary, and Guido, recently discharged from the Army and married, and now trying to crash Hollywood, had sung with their father's company. And he discouraged them.

"In grand opera, just a few get to the top," he says. "For the rest, there's too many heartaches."

Close Friend of Opera Stars

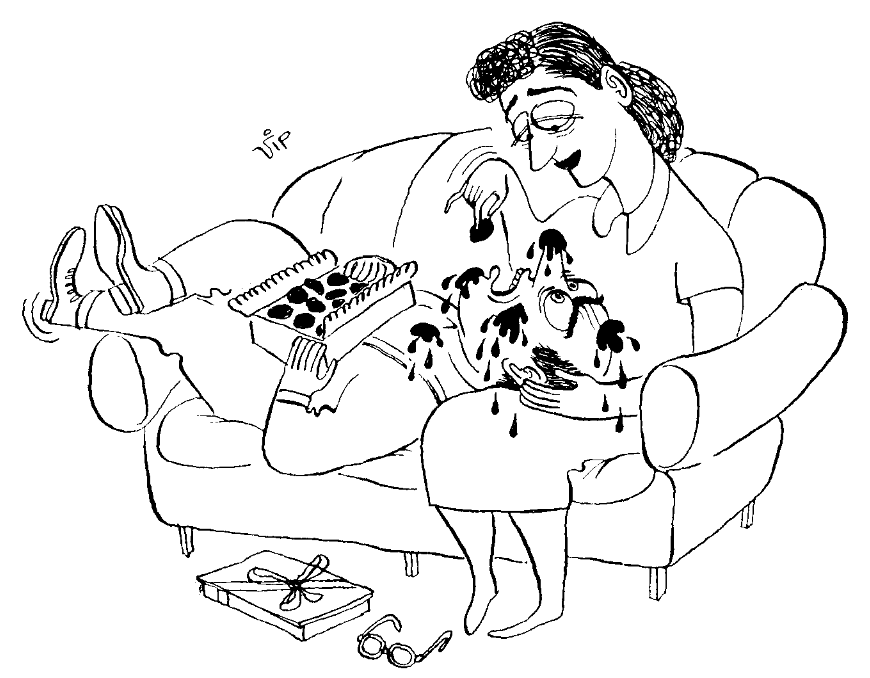
Before organizing his own operatic company, Salmaggi published a weekly magazine called Music and Musicians, devoted to opera. Through this he became a close friend of Caruso and other colorful personalities of the Metropolitan Opera Company of those golden days. He idolized Caruso, and still speaks of him with reverence. During his four years as a publisher he daily met Caruso at his hotel, the old Knickerbocker. After breakfast, they would stroll through Bryant Park, and then to the Met. They remained close friends after Salmaggi dropped the music magazine to form his own grand opera company. Caruso once helped him to play a practical joke on the Met baritone, Riccardo Stracciari.

In 1918 Salmaggi had asked Stracciari to sing for him The Barber of Seville, which would open the young maestro's first season at the Manhattan Opera House. Stracciari told Caruso of Salmaggi's offer, and Caruso advised him to accept, but to be wary. "Salmaggi," he warned with a dead-pan expression, "is tricky." So Stracciari told Salmaggi he'd sing for a thousand dollars.

"But remember, I want the money in my dressing room before I sing," Stracciari told Salmaggi. "I've heard about your tricks!"

This was an insult to the budding impresario. So on the night of the performance, he waited until just before Stracciari was due on stage—then brought the thousand to him, all in one-dollar bills.

"Here's your pay," the maestro grunted, dumping the armful of currency



COLLIER'S "How about trying it with your glasses on again?" VIRGIL PARTCH

NO CRAWLING

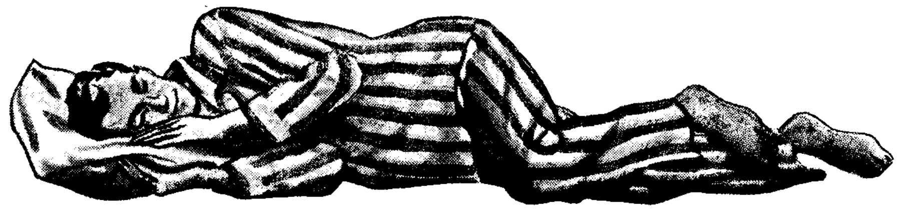
NO BINDING

NO BUNCHING

WITH

[illegible]

PAJAMAS



Even if you roll, twist and turn like a log in the river . . . you'll sleep tight in these fine pajamas, because they're loose in the right places. Van Heusen sewmanship gives you extra full cut at crotch and armholes, and makes them a dream for fit and comfort. Why take less when you can get pajamas styled and tailored by the makers of the world's smartest shirts!

PHILLIPS-JONES CORP., NEW YORK 1, N. Y. MAKERS OF VAN HEUSEN SHIRTS • TIES • PAJAMAS • COLLARS • SPORTSWEAR

MORE POWER— MORE GAS MILES

NEW and IMPROVED
HAVOLINE
MOTOR OIL
KEEPS YOUR ENGINE CLEAN

Here's what HAVOLINE now gives you

1. **MORE POWER** — With clogging carbon and sludge removed, every part works more efficiently.
2. **MORE GAS MILES** — A *clean* motor can do its job more easily, so it uses less fuel.
3. **MORE OIL MILES** — Oil lubricates better in a *clean* motor; more protection from wear.
4. **MORE ECONOMY** — Not only in gas and oil but in repairs, through less wear.
5. **MORE PLEASURE** — You get smoother, more dependable engine performance.

A *NEW KIND* OF MOTOR LUBRICANT

Better than ever as a motor lubricant, this New and Improved Havoline is now also a motor *cleanser,* a motor *tonic!* It cleans as it lubricates — acts as a safe gentle purge that rids your motor of clogging carbon and sludge, both robbers of power and fuel.

Your motor acts young again, and you enjoy more power, more gas-mileage, more economy, and more pleasure! Let your Texaco Dealer change your oil to today's Havoline and discover what a difference a *clean* motor makes.

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NEW and IMPROVED
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HAVOLINE AND TEXACO MOTOR OILS

MARFAK LUBRICATION

THE TEXAS COMPANY

Tune in . . . TEXACO STAR THEATRE presents the new Eddie Bracken show every Sunday night. See newspapers for time and station.

into the astonished baritone's lap. "You'd better count it!"

"But how can I? I'm due on stage right now!" Stracciari retorted excitedly. "And where'll I keep it?"

Salmaggi shrugged. "I can take it back to the box office and you can get it tomorrow," he said indifferently. "I'll give you a receipt for it."

He scribbled off a note, signed it, and handed it to Stracciari. The singer, without reading it, hurriedly jammed it into his shirt, dumped his thousand one-dollar bills back into Salmaggi's arms, and rushed on stage.

The next afternoon, Stracciari, after a satisfying perusal of the music critics' reviews, strolled over to collect his pay. But the man in the theater box office professed to know nothing of "a thousand dollars left for Stracciari." The singer drew out the receipt. The man read it.

"This was good only last night," he said coldly.

The baritone grabbed the receipt. It read:

"IOU $1,000 for performance in The Barber of Seville. This IOU good only for night of the performance. Payable at the box office. Alfredo Salmaggi."

The baritone sued Salmaggi. But he had no contract. And Salmaggi paraded Caruso and all his other friends of the Met as character witnesses. So Stracciari's suit was dismissed.

Pay-Off at a Spaghetti Party

Caruso later gave one of his famous spaghetti parties, inviting both Stracciari and Salmaggi, and there disclosed it was all a practical joke; Salmaggi again presented Stracciari with a bundle of a thousand one-dollar bills; everyone laughed.

As he progressed in his career as an operatic impresario, Salmaggi inevitably began feuding with the Metropolitan Opera Company. Especially after Edward Johnson succeeded Gatti-Casazza as the Met's managing director.

When he put ex-heavyweight champion Jack Johnson in his cast of Aïda as a publicity stunt, Salmaggi billed it on the Hippodrome front, which the Met's boss had to pass on his way to his office, simply as "Johnson in Aïda." Smaller type beneath read, "Jack—not Ed."

All one season both the Met and the Hippodrome had "Castagna" in lights on their marquees. Bruna Castagna had been brought from Italy and introduced to the American public by Salmaggi at the Hippodrome in 1934, and then promptly snapped up by the Metropolitan Opera Company. So Salmaggi imported her married sister, Maru Castagna Fullin, billing her under her maiden name.

For twenty-five years the Met had played at the Brooklyn Academy of Music in addition to its home stamping grounds. Then the old Hippodrome was wrecked and Salmaggi returned to the Academy for his winter performances and began hanging out the SRO sign with monotonous regularity. So the Met sniffed, and withdrew to Manhattan.

Salmaggi, however, is always glad to see his singers get on. No less than twenty-six who sang with him have graduated to the Met, including besides Castagna, Norina Greco, William Hargrave, Richard Tucker and Norman Cordon.

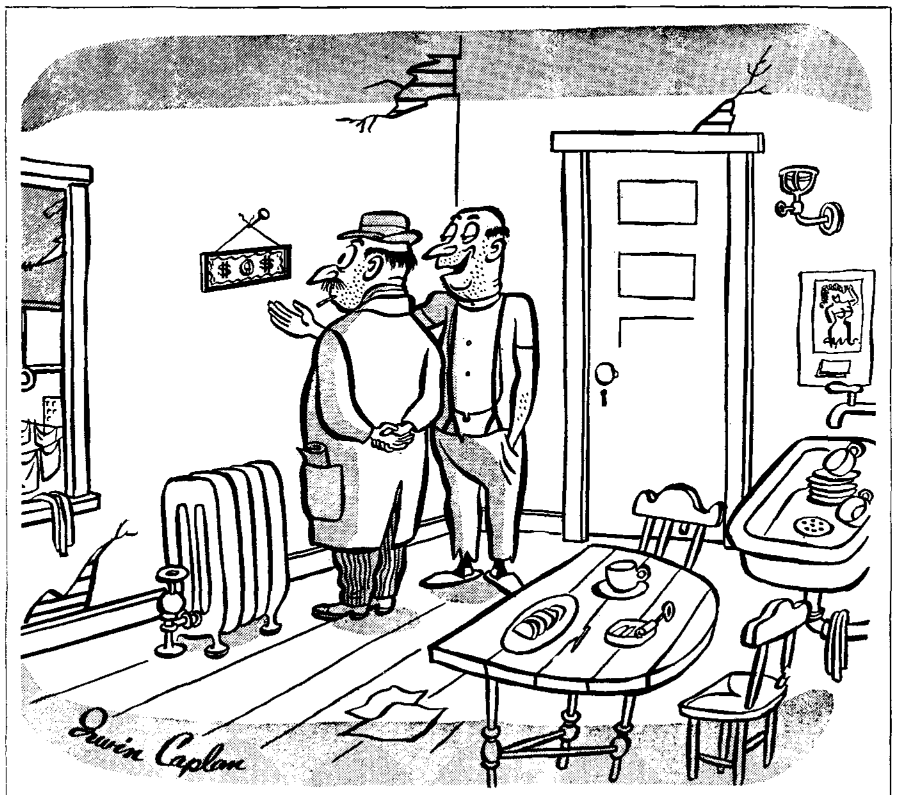
Salmaggi has presented in featured roles three Negro sopranos, Caterina Jarboro, Minta Cato and Edith Dixon Sewell; and one baritone, the late Jules Bledsoe. He says of his Negro sopranos, Jarboro, Cato and Sewell, respectively, whom he presented in that order, "Each was better than her predecessor." All made their debuts in Aïda.

Salmaggi, by adding ballets to his operas, has encouraged this art, as well as enhanced the drawing power of the operas. His practice of setting aside large sections of twenty-five-cent seats for high-school students has made thousands of new friends for opera.

He would like to build an opera house with a capacity of 10,000, in which he could produce popular-priced opera for the ordinary citizen all year around. He believes the government should subsidize opera—give mass education in the music classics to the youth of the country, hand out thousands of scholarships to talented singers, and support opera houses. He advocates the appointment of a Secretary of the Arts, to be a member of the Presidential Cabinet.

We asked him for advice to aspiring operatic singers. He shook his head discouragingly, calling it "a tough business" and "heart-breaking." He said he has introduced three hundred talented singers to the American public and, as previously remarked, only twenty-six, or less than 10 per cent, have become operatic stars. And the three hundred were weeded from thousands!

THE END



"That's the first dollar I ever made, but it was just beginner's luck!"

COLLIER'S IRWIN CAPLAN

Boxing... Long a Favorite of Millions

Jockey... a Favorite "Long" of Millions

Annual attendance records total as high as 22,500,000. Boxing, as a popular sport, dates back to the time of the Sumerians, 50 centuries ago—according to the Encyclopaedia of Sports by Frank G. Menke.

Yes, *Jockey "Long"* has long been a favorite winter undergarment of millions of men everywhere. In addition to its protective warmth, Jockey "Long" has the patented Y-Front Construction for correct masculine support. The "friendly" pouch structurally perfected for gentle, bracing, buoyant uplift... the convenient No-Gap opening, the bulkless crotch, are exclusive Jockey features.

Because of its trim streamlining and ingeniously placed seams, Jockey gives complete freedom of action without binding or chafing. Light in weight and warm in comfort, the soft knit fabric of *Jockey Longs* adds to the all-over enjoyment of health-giving outdoor living. Be prepared for periods of exposure to outdoor weather... for fall football games and winter activities... keep at least one pair of Jockey "Longs" in your wardrobe.

Jockey Longs

THERE'S ONLY ONE JOCKEY

It's a Brand... It's a Trade Mark... It's Made By

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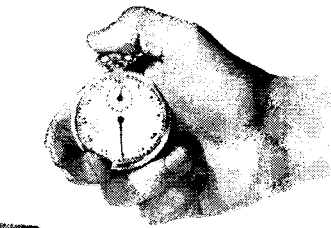
Licensees for Canada, Moodies; for British Isles, Lyle & Scott; for Australia, Speedo Knitting Mill; for New Zealand, Lane-Walker-Rudkin; for Switzerland, Vollmoeller

World's fastest Car Heater
HEATS HOT IN 90 SECONDS
BY THE STOP WATCH



90 SECONDS! Gosh, by the time I back out and close the garage door, I'll get hot heat in my car!

90 SECONDS! Oh boy, that's somethin'! No more cold rides to school!

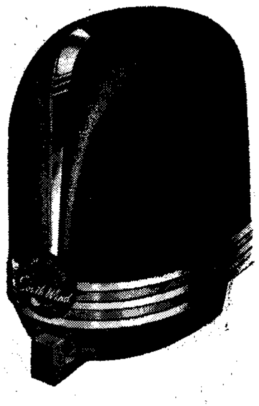
90 SECONDS! Gracious, that's quick. Why I'll even get hot heat on my shortest shopping trip!

Yes, from a cold start, you've hardly left your driveway before a South Wind gives you hot heat from the feet up! An ordinary heater—under the instrument panel or under the seat—won't even get warm until you've driven for minutes and miles.

So, why drive in chilly discomfort this winter when you can enjoy the comfort of billows of healthful heat in only 90 seconds? Get a South Wind, now!

This world's fastest heater costs no more than any good ordinary heater. It works on any car. No hose to cut... no extra thermostats to buy. And, because it need never be disconnected, a flip of the switch takes the chill off nippy summer, fall and spring nights. It creates its own heat... burns fuel from the carburetor in a patented *sealed* chamber. Fumes go out through the exhaust. Fully automatic, always ready for use. Bears the seal of Underwriters' Laboratories.

Only South Wind Gives You Quick Heat for short trips



$29.75—Plus installation. Easy to install. Easy to transfer to your next car.

Another Product of STEWART WARNER

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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
CAR HEATER
SOUTH WIND DIVISION, STEWART-WARNER CORPORATION
Indianapolis 7, Indiana

Its safety has won for it the seal of the Underwriters' Laboratories. Proved on 1½ million cars!

SOON! REVOLUTIONARY NEW SOUTH WIND HOUSE HEATER THAT BURNS ILLUMINATING GAS

STOP, LOOK AND LIVE!

Continued from page 21

could be achieved in all automobile drivers and pedestrians, obviously the traffic safety battle would be over the hump.

The most striking contribution to Detroit's improved safety record was TSA's safety drives in selected high-accident areas. These set a pattern for striking at regional sore spots through community campaigns. So far, four such drives have been held, and results have been definite and spectacular.

For example, statistics in the early part of 1945 revealed that 13.2 per cent of Detroit's total death and injury accidents occurred in a section covering about 3½ per cent of the city's area, including downtown Detroit, foreign sections, crowded Negro neighborhoods.

The first step in the joint program was the posting of 1,000 large placards reading: "Warning—You Are in Detroit's Traffic Danger Area. Police are vigorously enforcing all vehicle and pedestrian laws." Then came rules for pedestrians and drivers.

Simultaneously, daily newspapers and neighborhood weeklies cut loose with pointed publicity. The Traffic Engineering Bureau marked 700 crossings with "STOP LOOK" pavement stencils in bright yellow. A short movie trailer went into dozens of theaters. Ministers gave special sermons on traffic safety. The Detroit Speakers Club, men who do public speaking as a hobby, addressed 29 organizations. A leaflet was designed carrying the names and addresses of 197 persons killed or injured in the area during the year. This was distributed from house to house, bringing with it the headline: "It Happened to Your Neighbor. Don't Let It Happen to You." Jerry McSafety, sawdust brother of Charlie McCarthy, went to 14 schools, appearing before classes with his stooge, Police Sergeant Wayne Fernelius.

Twenty additional motorcycle policemen moved into the area, and police in sound cars shouted warnings from busy street corners.

The campaign began May 27th. By July 1st, the 13.2 percentage had dropped to 10.9. While the drive started late in the second quarter of 1945, at the end of the quarter fatal accidents in the area had dropped 80 per cent. Injury accidents were cut 14 per cent in the special area.

Good Results in a Bad Area

At the end of the year, long after the shouting was over, lasting effects were apparent. Despite a desperately poor start for the year, the area showed a 20 per cent decrease in fatal accidents, as compared to 1944, while the city as a whole had suffered an 11 per cent increase. Injury accidents had increased 5 per cent over the city, but showed a net drop of 4 per cent in the section under intensive treatment.

Examining death figures, Slutz noticed that 70 per cent of Detroit's deaths occurred among pedestrians and that in 78 per cent of cases, the pedestrian was to blame. He demanded, and got, a jaywalking ordinance.

Then TSA undertook a pedestrian education campaign. On the first day newspapers sent out photographers to take pictures of jaywalkers. The lensmen came home empty-handed.

After one year of the ordinance, the police department estimated that 39 lives had been saved and 1,221 injuries prevented.

An innovation easier to introduce was the drunkometer—a gadget which accurately measures the degree of alcoholic intoxication. TSA bought three of these for the city.

With the drunkometer, convictions are easier to get. The evidence is hard to beat, and most accused drivers will plead guilty when the gadget reveals the degree of their intoxication. Equally important, those who actually have had but one or two drinks are freed.

On a national scale, the National Safety Council estimates that drinking is involved in one out of five accidents. In the first six months of 1946, Detroit had slightly more than one per cent convictions for drunken driving among the hundreds of drivers involved in accidents.

Detroit can look back on an impressive array of awards won in the traffic safety field. Sidney Williams, representing the National Safety Council, says. "Detroit has the essentials of success for any community safety organization. Organizations working along these lines can reduce traffic accidents in any American city."

But TSA is not looking back. The specter of those 500,000 deaths—the 1,500,000 permanently crippled, the 15,000,000 injured—looms ahead. Detroit is determined to have less than its statistical share by 1956.

"It is entirely probable the country will pay that toll in dead and injured," Slutz agrees, "but it isn't inevitable. A simple ten-point program could cut it in half. And it's a relatively inexpensive job."

GIVE 'EM THE AXIOM

Wail not at the wall,
Unfurrow the frown,
Remember that all
That goes up must come down.

This saying of old
Now newly entices;
Let's hope it will hold
True also of prices!

—Richard Armour

Here are the ten points:

1. Driver training in schools.
2. Continuous, intensive traffic enforcement, as opposed to "drives." (Nine out of ten accidents result from law violations.)
3. Universal use of drunkometers.
4. Improved safety engineering—street lighting, marking, construction of express highways and other engineering aids.
5. A private local co-ordinating agency, similar to TSA, to mobilize all the community's traffic safety resources.
6. Better laws. (The jaywalking ordinance is an example.)
7. Periodic vehicle inspection
8. Minimum driver age limit of 17.
9. Greater care in the issuance of drivers' licenses.
10. Adequate recognition of the good driver, either through lower insurance rates, greater ease in obtaining license renewals or insignia.

But one of Slutz's favorite friends remains unimpressed. He is an outstanding Detroit traffic safety expert—a cabbie who drove 1,000,000 miles without an accident.

When asked to do a 15-minute radio program on how to avoid accidents, he bridled.

"It won't take me any fifteen minutes to tell how to avoid accidents," he bellowed. "It's simple—just drive on the theory every other guy in the world is crazy."

THE END

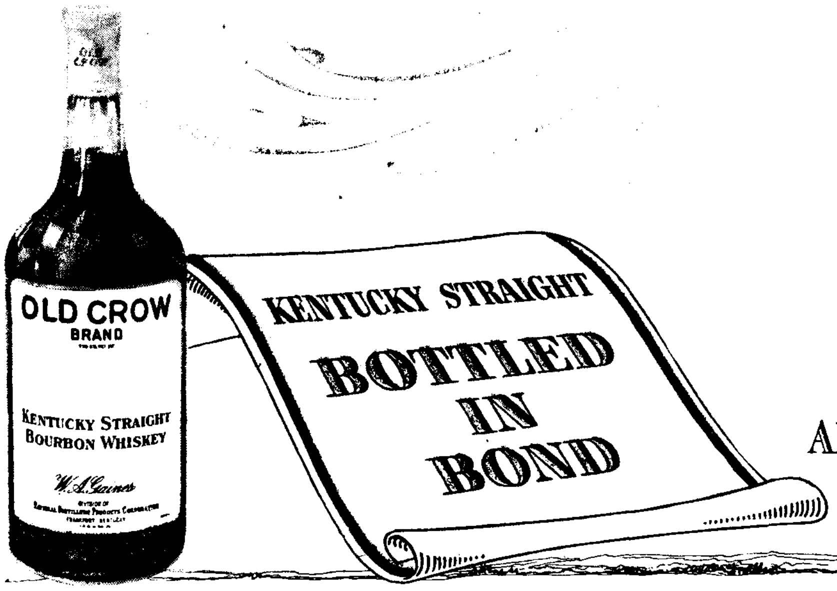
These small beginnings

LED TO THIS GREAT WHISKEY

Here, in a little log cabin distillery,
over a hundred years ago, James Crow perfected the whiskey
that was destined to win fame throughout the world.

Those in the know...ask for

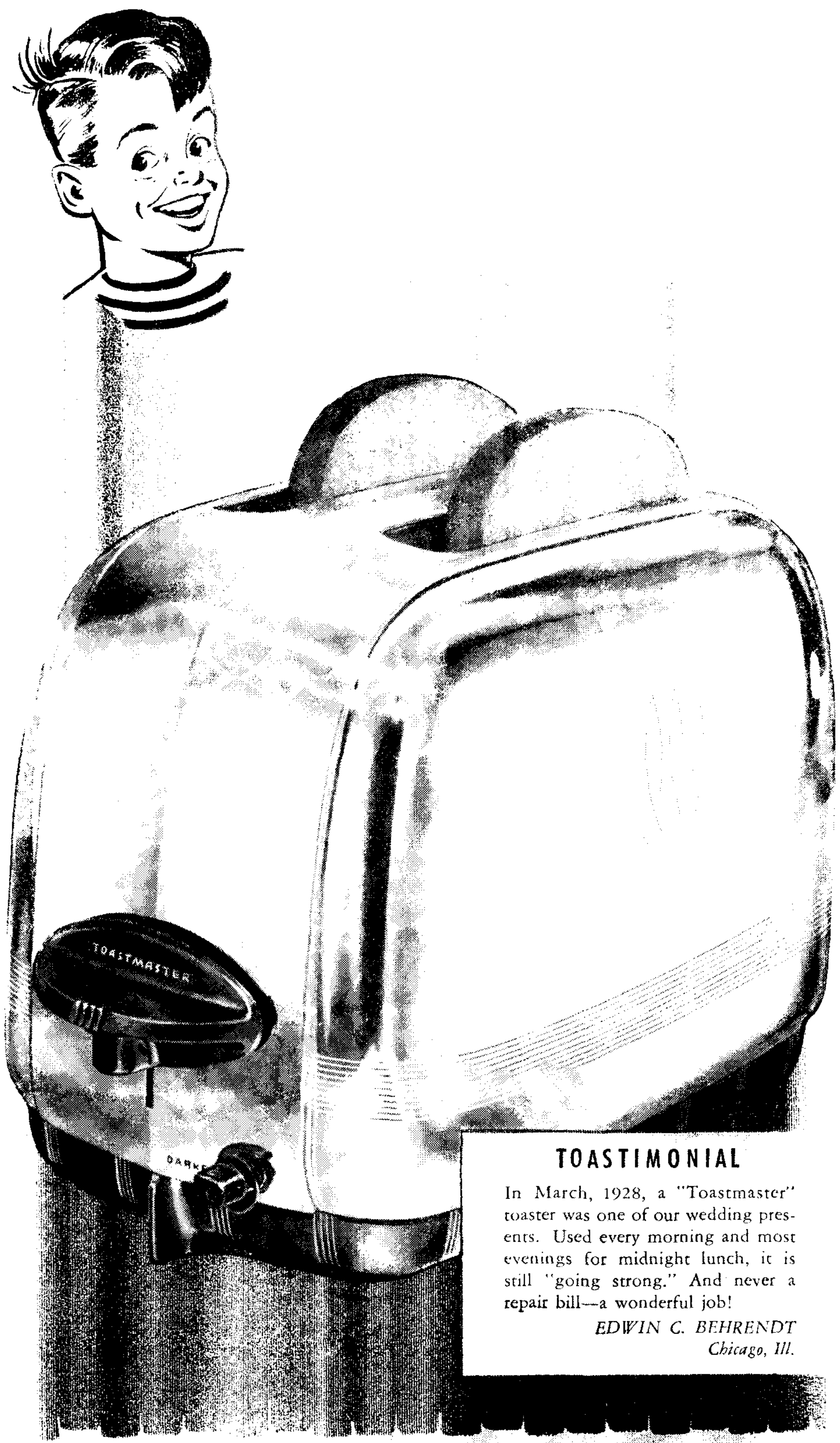
OLD CROW


OLD CROW
BRAND
Kentucky Straight
Bourbon Whiskey
W. A. Gaines
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOTTLED
IN
BOND

A Truly Great Name

AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • 100 Proof • National Distillers Products Corporation, New York



TOASTIMONIAL

In March, 1928, a "Toastmaster" toaster was one of our wedding presents. Used every morning and most evenings for midnight lunch, it is still "going strong." And never a repair bill—a wonderful job!

EDWIN C. BEHRENDT
Chicago, Ill.

Many a family is boasting of its luck . . . at finding, and bearing home in triumph, this splendid new "Toastmaster" automatic pop-up toaster. For, believe it or not, we are making *far more* toasters than ever before in our history. But how swiftly they vanish!

Your turn is coming. And then you will have the toaster that all America, it seems, has been waiting for. It's the 1946 edition of the toaster that pioneered and perfected the art of automatic toasting—with a new, exclusive *Flexible Timer*, silent and selective, that suits your toast-taste to a T. So here's luck . . . and a "Toastmaster"* toaster!

TOASTMASTER *Automatic Pop-Up Toasters*

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CLOCK WITHOUT HANDS

Continued from page 19

wretchedness; it was twitching at the corners of the nondescript mouth and dragging down the lids of the colorless eyes. "What's up?" he asked, as if he did not know.

"Nothing. I simply wondered—"

"About that story? Take it easy, George. What is there that I can do? Bigger things have happened. Martha Tooth is certain to get off lightly. Especially with Concord defending."

In Fleet Street Mr. Wainewright asked him, "Is the trial likely to be reported?"

"Sure," said Jacket.

"I suppose I'll be called, as witness?"

"Of course."

"But I'm detaining you, J-Jack."

"Not at all, George. Goodby."

Jacket hurried eastward. Mr. Wainewright walked deliberately in the direction of the Strand.

PERHAPS Sumner Concord was the greatest defender of criminals the world had ever known. He could combine the crafty ratiocination of a Birkett with the dialectical oratory of a Marshall Hall, and act like John Barrymore—whom he closely resembled. The louder he sobbed the closer he observed you. In cross-examination he was suave and murderous. Yet Concord was an honest man. He would defend no one whom he believed to be guilty.

"Tell me about it," he said to Martha Tooth.

"What do you want me to tell you?"

"You must tell me exactly what happened that evening at Number 77 Bishop's Square. The truth, Mrs. Tooth. How can I help you if you do not tell me the truth? You are charged—"

"Oh, what do I care? What do I care?" cried Martha Tooth. "Charge me, hang me—leave me alone!"

Sumner Concord had strong tea brought in before he continued. "Tell me, Mrs. Tooth. Why did you visit your husband that night?"

Martha Tooth said, "I wasn't well. I couldn't work. There were the children. I wanted Sid to do something about the children. I *was* his wife. He *was* my husband, after all. . . . I only wanted him to give me some money, just a *little*, till I could work again."

"Work again at what, Mrs. Tooth?"

"I'd been doing housework."

"And it had been some time since your husband had given you any money?"

"Three years."

"You had been supporting yourself and your two children all that time?"

"Yes."

"He had sent you nothing?"

"Not a penny. I left Sid over three years ago."

"Why did you leave him, Mrs. Tooth?"

"He used to beat me. I couldn't stand him beating me in front of the children. Then—it was when we had two rooms in Abelard Street near the British Museum—he brought a woman in."

"Are there, Mrs. Tooth, by any chance, any witnesses who could testify to that?"

"Mrs. Ligo had the house. Then there was Miss Brundidge, she lived downstairs. I ran away with the children and went to my aunt's place. She still lives there: Mrs. Lupton, 143 Novello Road, Turners Green. Her friend, Mrs. Yule, she lives there, too. They both know. We stayed with them once. Sid used to knock me about. The police had to be called in twice. He wanted to kill me when he'd been drinking."

". . . *In twice,*" wrote Sumner Concord. "Novello Road. Novello Street Police Station, h'm? Take your time. Have some more tea. A cigarette. You don't smoke? Wise of you, wise. He was a violent and dangerous man, this husband of yours?"

"Yes."

"He threatened, for instance, to kill you, no doubt?"

"No," said Martha Tooth, "he never threatened. He just hit."

"And on this last occasion. You called to see him—"

"Yes, that's right."

"How did you find out his address?"

"From his firm, Poise Weighing Machines."

"You hadn't tried to find out his address before, eh?"

"All I cared about was that Sid shouldn't find out my address."

"But you were at the end of your tether, h'm?"

"I was supposed to be having an operation. I've still got to have an operation. And I thought Sid might let me have something . . ."

"There, there, now, now! Calm. Tears won't help, Mrs. Tooth. We *must* be calm. You saw Sid. Yes?"

"Yes, sir. But . . . he'd been drinking, I think."

"Tell me again exactly what happened."

"I called. A lady let me in. I went up, and Sid was there. He said, 'What, you?' I said, 'Yes, me.' Then he said—he said—"

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A powerful and significant novel of our troubled times: A story of moral dilemma, on the wrong side of the tracks—the disturbing romance of Paul Shannon and the wife his brother abandoned

BEGINNING IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

"Take your time, Mrs. Tooth."

"He said, 'What a sight you look.'"

"And then?"

"I suppose I started crying."

"And he?"

"He told me to shut up. And so I did. I think I did, sir. I tried to. I asked him to let me have some money. He said that I'd had as much money as I was ever going to get out of him—as if I'd ever had anything out of him!"

"There, there, my dear Mrs. Tooth. You must drink your tea and be calm."

"I said I'd go to his firm. I told him I was ill. I told him I'd go to his firm in the city. Then he hit me, sir."

"Where?"

"In the face—a slap. I started to cry again. He hit me again, and he laughed at me."

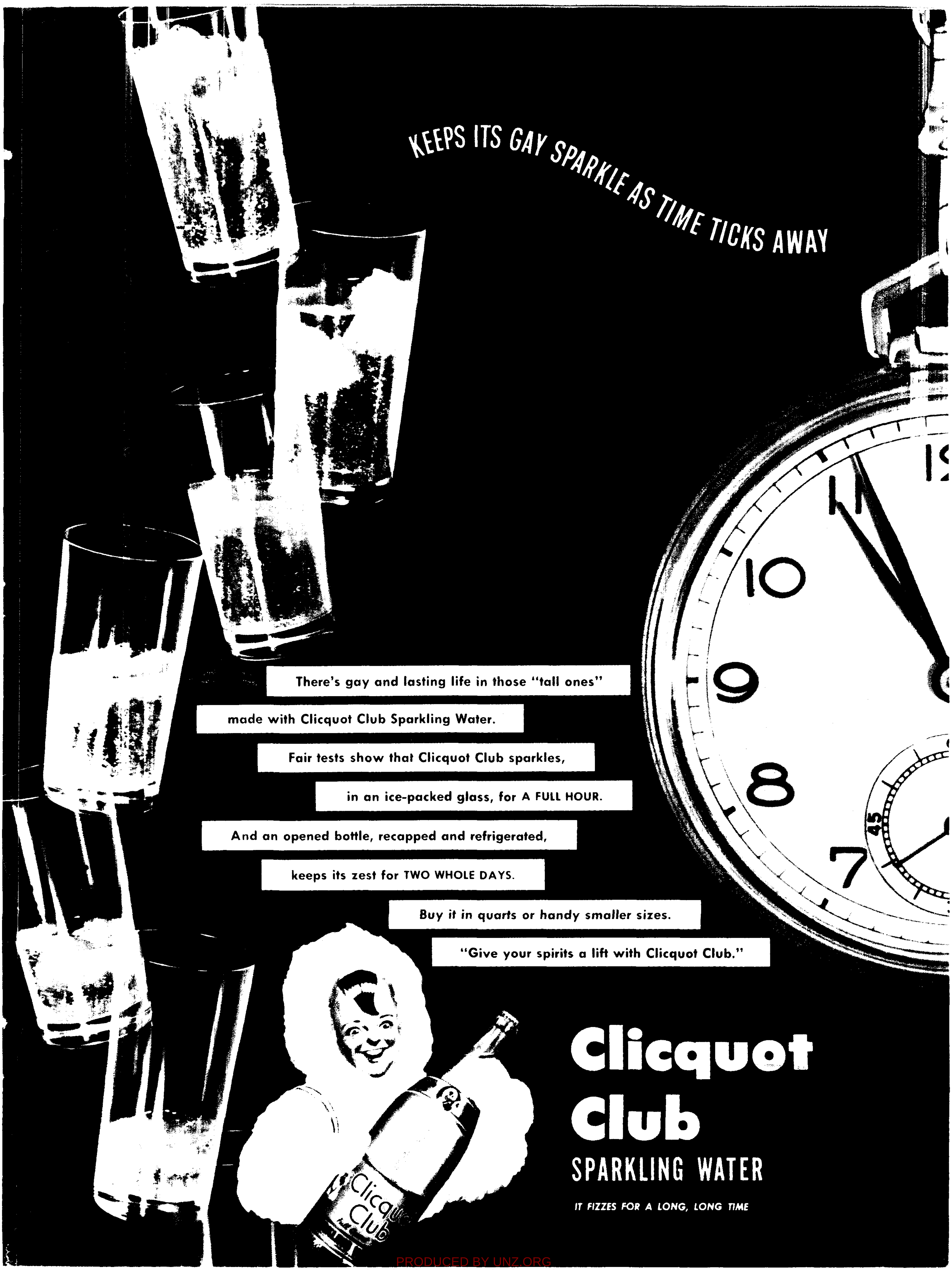
"This is very painful to you, Mrs. Tooth, but we must have everything clear. Your hand was wounded. How did you hurt your hand?"

"All of a sudden—I didn't want to keep on living. I was so miserable—I was so miserable—I was—"

Sumner Concord waited. In a little while Martha Tooth could speak again.

"You hurt your hand."

"I wanted to kill myself. There was a



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Enjoy a sip of California sunshine

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"THE PEAK OF FINE WINES SINCE 1883" says the Alta Winemaker

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knife, or something. I picked it up. I meant to stick it in myself. But Sid was quick as lightning."

There was a ring of pride in her voice, at which Sumner Concord shuddered, although he had heard it before.

"What happened then?" he asked.

"He hit me again and knocked me over."

"You fell?"

"Against the bed, sir. Then Sid hit me some more and told me to get out. He said, 'I hate the sight of you, get out of my sight,' he said."

"Above all, be calm, Mrs. Tooth. What happened after that?"

"I don't know."

"After he hit you the last time—think."

"I don't know, sir."

"You got up?"

"I can't remember."

"You can't remember. Do you remember going out of the room?"

"I sort of remember going out of the room."

"You got back to your home?"

MRS. TOOTH nodded. "Yes, sir. I know, because I washed my face in cold water, and moved quietly so as not to wake the children up."

"That, of course, was quite reasonable. That would account for the blood in the water in the washbowl."

"I dare say."

"Your throat was bruised, Mrs. Tooth. Did your husband try to strangle you?"

"He got hold of me to keep me quiet."

"Before you picked up this knife, or whatever it was? Or after?"

"I couldn't say. I don't know."

"I suggest that you picked up this sharp instrument—knife, scissors, or whatever it may have been—*after* your husband took you by the throat."

"Very likely," said Martha Tooth, drearily. "I don't know. I don't care."

"You must pull yourself together, Mrs. Tooth. How can I help you if you will not help yourself? You picked up this knife, or pair of scissors, *after* your husband began to strangle you with his hands. Is that so?"

"I should think so."

"He was an extremely powerful man?"

"My Sid? Sid was as strong as a bull."

"Yes. Now can you give me a list of the places—rooms, flats, houses, hotels—in which you and your husband lived together from the date of your marriage until the date of your separation?"

"Yes, I think I could, sir."

"You lived together for several years, didn't you?"

"Nearly seven years, off and on."

"He ill-treated you from the start?"

Martha Tooth laughed. "He beat me the first time two days after we were married," she said.

"However, you managed to keep this matter secret?"

"Oh, everybody knew."

"Hush, hush, Mrs. Tooth. Everything depends upon your self-control! He can't hurt you now."

"I'm not crying because of that . . ." Martha Tooth bit her sleeve and pressed the fingers of her free hand into her eyes.

"Why are you crying, then?"

"You're so good to me!"

"*You must be calm,*" said Sumner Concord, in a cold, hard voice.

She stopped crying. "Everybody knew how he treated me," she said.

"You must try and remember everyone who might make a statement concerning the manner in which your husband treated you, Mrs. Tooth. You must try and remember—"

"Yes, sir, but I'm afraid. I'm afraid of being in the court. They'll make me swear black is white. I don't know what to do. I don't know what to say. . . ."

Sumner Concord stopped her with a gentle but imperious gesture, and said, "Mrs. Tooth, you mustn't persuade yourself that there is anything to be afraid of. You will be given a perfectly fair trial. The clerk of the court will say to you, 'Martha Tooth, you are charged with the murder of Sidney Tooth on the 7th of May of this year. Are you guilty or not guilty?' And you will say, 'Not guilty.' This, I believe to be the truth. I believe that you are not guilty of the murder of your husband. I believe that, desperate with grief and pain and terror, you picked up the scissors intending to kill yourself, and not to kill your husband."

Martha Tooth stared at him in blank astonishment and said, "Me, pick up a pair of scissors to kill Sid? I shouldn't have dared to raise a hand to Sid."

"Just so. He had you by the throat, Mrs. Tooth. He was shaking you. Your head was spinning. You struck out wildly, blindly, Mrs. Tooth, and it happened that the point of that sharp pair of scissors struck him in the soft part of his neck and penetrated the subclavian artery. You had not the slightest intention of hurting him in any way," said Sumner Concord, holding her with his keen, calm, hypnotic eyes. "What happened after that, Mrs. Tooth?"

"I don't know what happened," she cried. "As he let go of my neck, I ran away from him, that's all I know."

"Exactly. You ran away blindly, neither knowing nor caring where you were going. Is that not so? And later they found you wringing your ice-cold hands and crying, while the children lay asleep in your poor furnished room. Is that not so?"

"My hands were ice-cold," said Martha Tooth in a wondering undertone. "How did you know my hands were ice-cold?"

Sumner Concord smiled sadly and with pity. "Be calm, my dear lady, be calm."

"But how did you know my hands were ice-cold?"

"They frequently are in such cases," said Sumner Concord. "And now, you must eat your meals and rest and get your poor nerves in order again, Mrs. Tooth. You are to banish this matter from your mind until it is necessary for us to talk about it again. You are to leave everything in my hands. I believe that you have been telling me the truth. Now you must rest."

"I don't care what happens to me, sir, but the children—what about the children?" asked Martha Tooth, twisting her wet handkerchief in her skinny, little chapped hands.

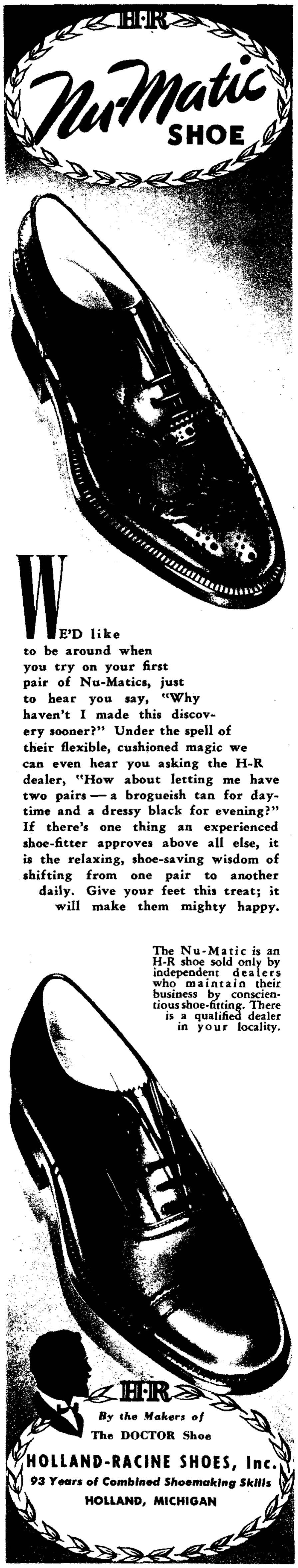
"Put your mind at rest, they are being well looked after, I promise you."

A shocking thought seemed suddenly to strike her and she gasped, "They can send me to prison for years. And then what would happen to them?"

Rising, and laying large, gentle hands on her shoulders, Sumner Concord replied, "Even if you had known that you were striking your husband, you would have been striking him without premeditation, and in self-defense, because in the hands of this crazy drunken brute, you were in peril of your life, and if there is any justice in the world, you need not necessarily go to prison at all."

Then he went away and obtained the statements of Mrs. Ligo, Miss Brundidge, Mrs. Lupton, Mrs. Yule and half a dozen others. He obtained certain evidence from the police at the Novello Street Police Station. A few days later, everybody began to take it for granted that Martha Tooth would get away scot-free.

BECAUSE Sumner Concord was defending Martha Tooth, the Central Criminal Court was crowded. Mr. Wainewright, glancing timidly from wig to horsehair wig, felt his heart contract and his stomach shrink, and when his fascinated gaze fell upon the hard, white, turtle face of Mr. Justice Claverhouse, who sat in his great robes under the sword, he was seized by an insane impulse to run away and hide. Yet, at the same time, he was aware of a certain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WE'D like to be around when you try on your first pair of Nu-Matics, just to hear you say, "Why haven't I made this discovery sooner?" Under the spell of their flexible, cushioned magic we can even hear you asking the H-R dealer, "How about letting me have two pairs — a brogueish tan for daytime and a dressy black for evening?" If there's one thing an experienced shoe-fitter approves above all else, it is the relaxing, shoe-saving wisdom of shifting from one pair to another daily. Give your feet this treat; it will make them mighty happy.

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spiritual exaltation as witness for the prosecution in Rex *vs.* Tooth.

Mr. Sherwood's speech for the prosecution was longer than one might have expected. He had put a lot of work into it. If he could hang Martha Tooth, snatching her from the protective arms of Sumner Concord, he was a made man. His manner was cold, and precise. His voice was—as one journalist described it—winter sunlight made articulate. As he spoke, members of the public who had hitherto believed that Martha Tooth could not possibly be convicted, changed their minds. One or two sportsmen who had laid five to four on her acquittal, began furtively to try to hedge their bets. Mr. Sherwood's sentences struck home like so many jabs of an ice pick. Here was an angry woman, may it please His Lordship and the members of the jury. Here was an embittered woman, a jealous woman. Here was a woman scorned. She had brooded over her real or imaginary wrongs until at last she had decided on a bloody revenge. Under the cover of the gathering darkness, she had gone stealthily out of her house, to the house of her husband. And there she had stabbed him to death with this pair of scissors, paper-cutting scissors with a shagreen handle.

She left the scissors in the wound, knowing that no fingerprints would be visible on the rough shagreen. Then she slunk out of the house. But her cunning had not been quite deep enough. She had forgotten to wipe her fingerprints from the doorknob on the inside of Mr. Tooth's bed-sitting-room door. There were witnesses who could swear to having seen her come and seen her go. She was arrested almost literally red-handed, for she had not yet had time to empty certain bloodstained water from a basin in her room. While her husband's innocent children lay asleep in her bed, the murderess had crept back to wash away the evidence of her guilt. And now he would call the evidence before the court.

At this point, Mrs. Madge was called. She remembered everything. She had let Mrs. Tooth in on the evening of the murder. She knew at exactly what time she had let that party in. How did she know the time? She had every reason to know the time because it was time for Mrs. Madge to go home and she had said a certain amount of attention to the clock. She was not a clock watcher but she was not paid to stay more than a certain number of hours.

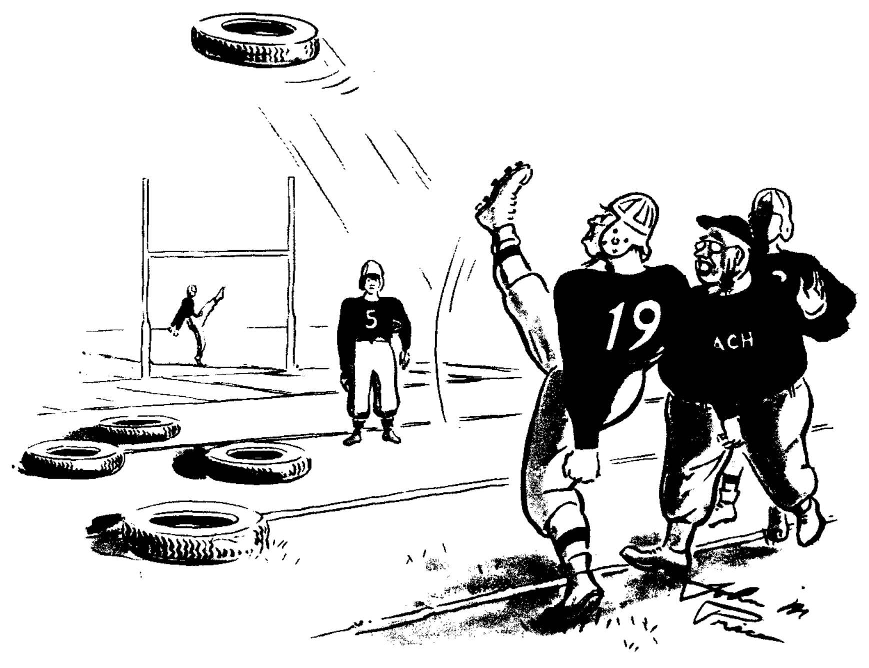
Therefore—give or take half a minute—she could say fairly exactly at what time the lady came to the door and asked for Mr. Sidney Tooth and she could swear to the lady. She was in the habit of keeping her eyes open; it was her hobby, sizing people up. Mrs. Tooth was wearing a very old, loose, black coat, the sort that the lesser shops sell for a guinea, and one of those black hats you could get for three and sixpence. She was carrying an old black handbag, and her shoes must have been given to her by a lady, a bigger lady than Mrs. Tooth, who had worn them out and was about to throw them away. She could take her oath on it that Mrs. Tooth was the person she had let in on that fatal evening.

Then came Mr. Wainewright. He had bought a new suit for the occasion—a smart, well-cut suit, with the first double-breasted coat he had ever worn. He had gone to the West End for a shirt that cost eighteen shillings. His tie must have cost as much again, and there was a pearl pin stuck into the middle of it.

Cross-examined, he gave the defense nothing to work on. Then came the turn of the defense.

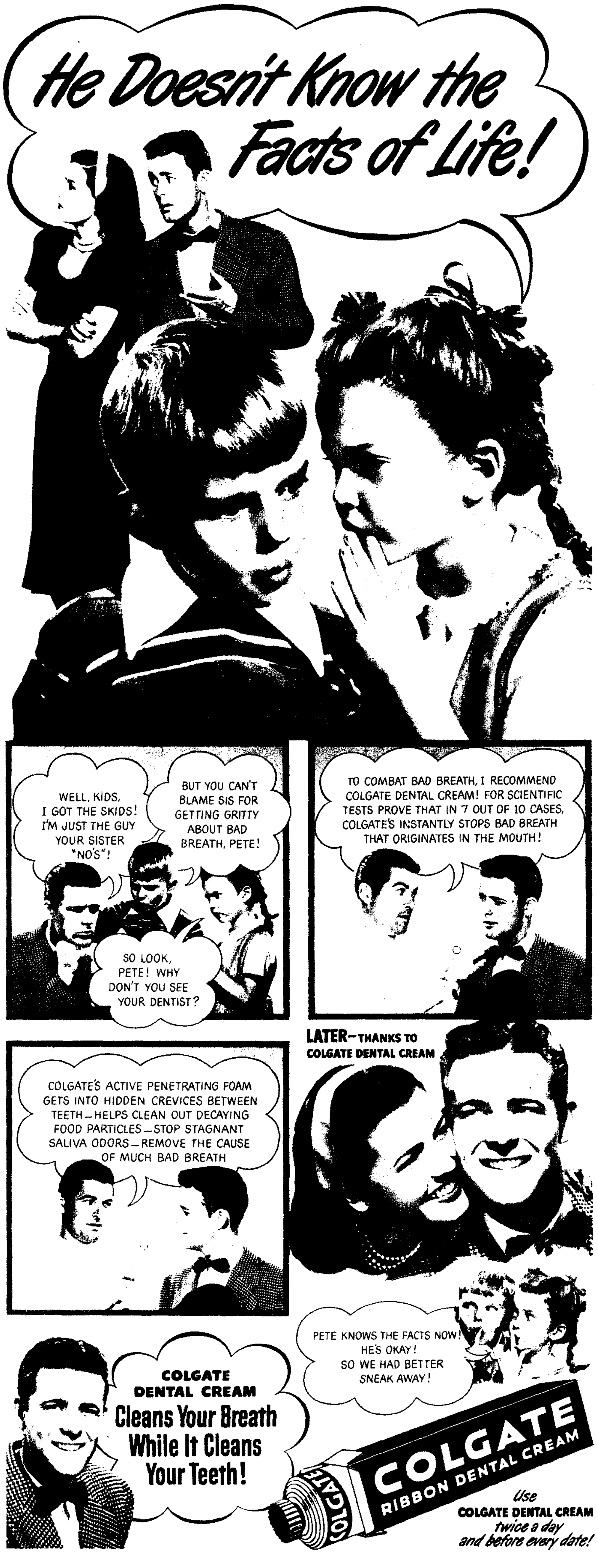
TO THE astonishment of the public, Sumner Concord did not attempt to break down the evidence for the prosecution. There was no doubt at all, he said, that the unfortunate Mrs. Tooth had called on her husband at that time. But he happened to know that she had called in order to plead with him. Tooth had callously deserted her and his two children. He was earning a good salary and substantial sums in commission, which he devoted entirely to dissipation. Mrs. Tooth, the deserted woman, had been compelled to support the children and herself by menial labor. Medical evidence would indicate that it was necessary for this lady to undergo a serious internal operation in the near future. She had visited her husband merely in order to beg—to beg on her bended knees if necessary—for the wherewithal to feed their children, his children and hers, until such time as she could find strength to go out again and scrub other women's floors to earn the few shillings that she needed to maintain them.

Sumner Concord drew the attention of His Lordship and the jury to the fact that Mrs. Tooth had a separation order but had never received a penny. Her forbearance was inspired by mercy and also by fear, because Sidney Tooth, as he was about to prove, had been one of the most murderous bullies and unmitigated scoundrels that ever polluted God's earth. This poor woman, Mrs. Tooth, did not care whether she lived or died—her husband, by his persistent brutality and ill-treatment, had beaten the normal fear of death out of her. Evidence was

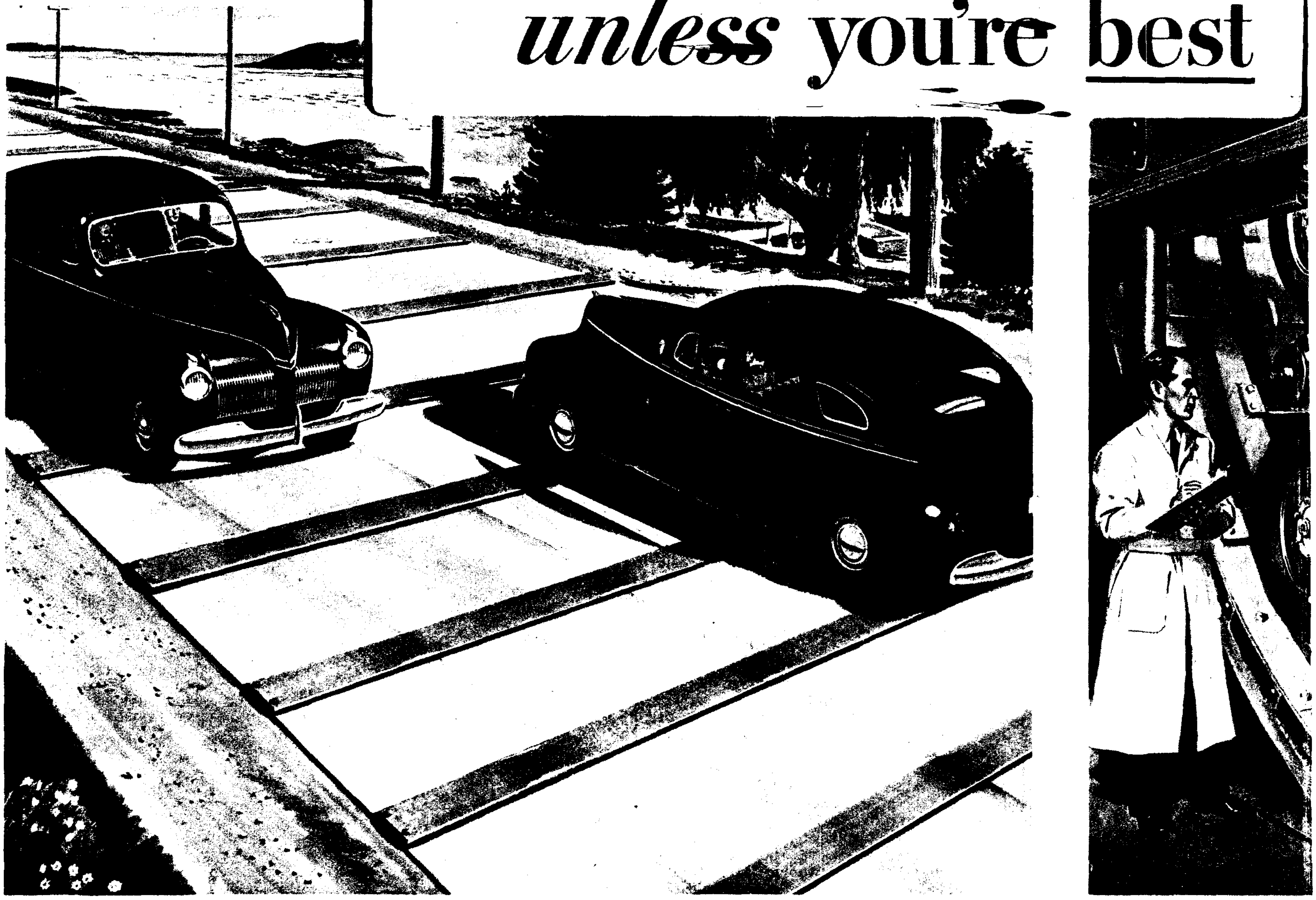


"No, no, Tortowitz. You're supposed to step in them!"

COLLIER'S JOHN M. PRICE


He Doesn't Know the Facts of Life!
WELL, KIDS, I GOT THE SKIDS! I'M JUST THE GUY YOUR SISTER "NO'S"!
BUT YOU CAN'T BLAME SIS FOR GETTING GRITTY ABOUT BAD BREATH, PETE!
SO LOOK, PETE! WHY DON'T YOU SEE YOUR DENTIST?
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
PETE KNOWS THE FACTS NOW! HE'S OKAY! SO WE HAD BETTER SNEAK AWAY!
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
COLGATE
Use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM twice a day and before every date!

You don't stay first *unless* you're best



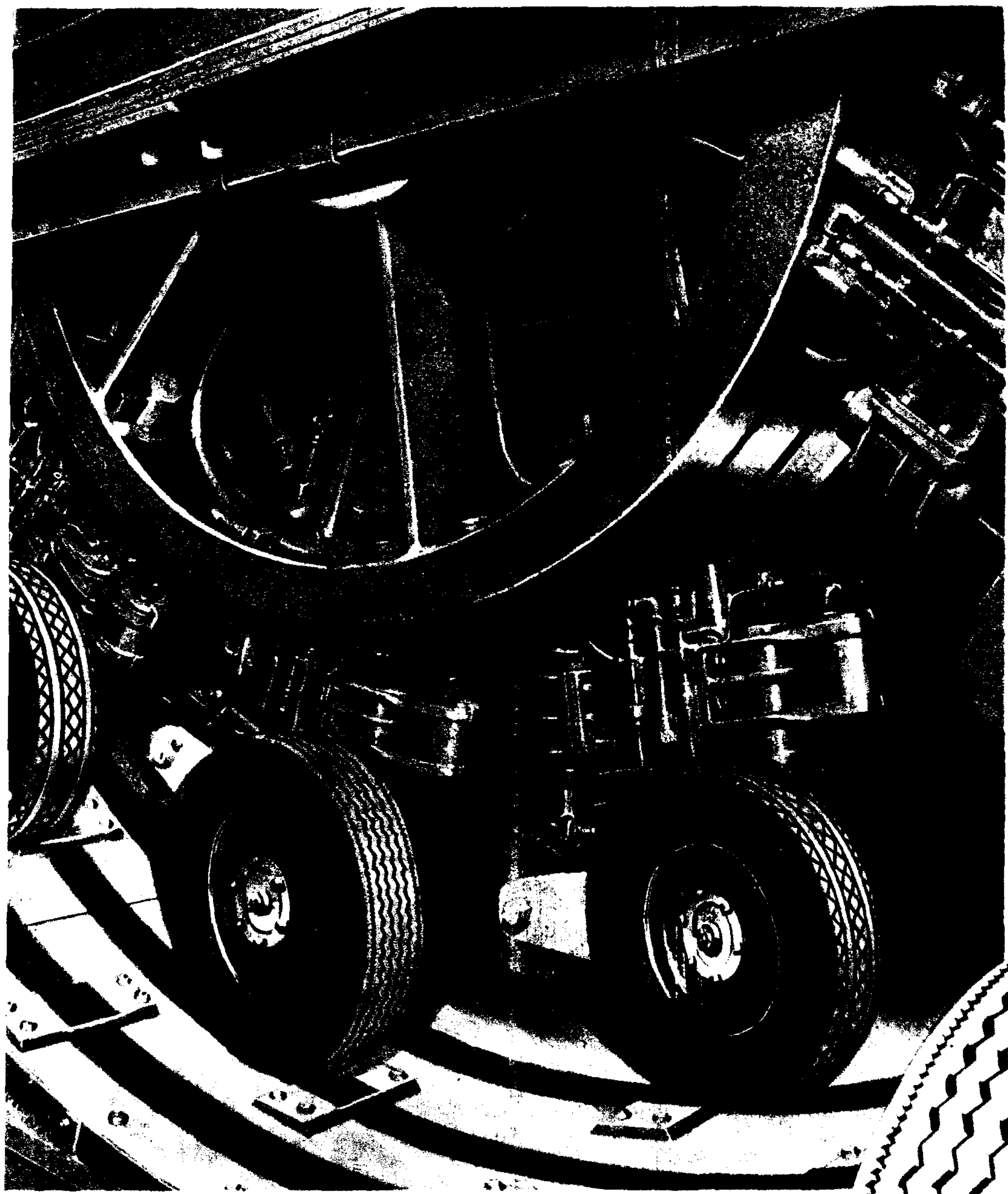
Imagine a road like this—endless miles of it, with steel bars stretched across it every few feet! Imagine driving over this road and hitting bar after bar . . . hour after hour, day after day!

Obviously, such an experience would provide a supreme test of the strength and endurance of an automobile tire.

But how could such a test ever be made? For no driver—no machine—could stand for long the terrific, jolting punishment such a road would deal out. Nevertheless, Goodyear was determined to test its own tires, and others, on a road exactly like this!

First–every year for 31 years

GOOD



here's how it was done! This big circular track has steel cleats bolted across it. On the 12 spokes of the giant wheel which revolves inside the track, tires are mounted.

The huge wheel turns . . . the tires race around the track, thudding against a steel bar every tenth of a second! As the wheel speeds on and on, lesser tires break down, blow out—*but not the Goodyear!* Long after such tires have failed, the Goodyear goes on taking its pounding!

Here's another proof that the Goodyear is the best tire on the market today . . . another reason why Goodyear remains America's first-choice tire for the 31st consecutive year!

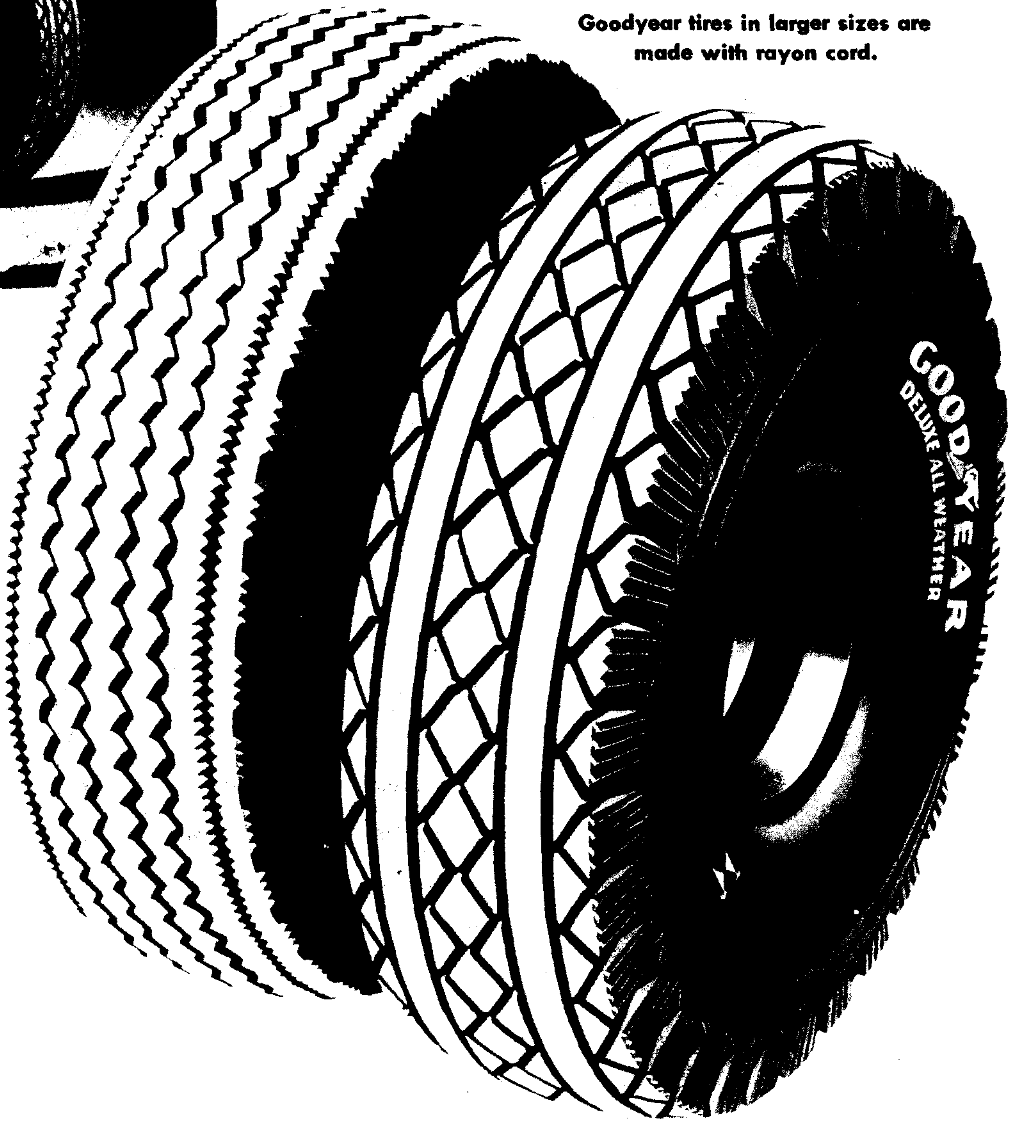
EAR

GOODYEAR

More people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind

ANOTHER GOODYEAR FIRST!

Goodyear tires in larger sizes are made with rayon cord.



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is Typically Belgian

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MISSION ORANGE
is Typically American

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Naturally Good!

MISSION DRY CORPORATION, LOS ANGELES

forthcoming which would prove that this wretched, persecuted woman had for many years gone in terror of her life and had frequently interposed her broken and bruised body between the drunkenly raging Sidney Tooth and the undernourished, trembling bodies of his children. Knowing that in a little while her exhausted frame could no longer support the strain imposed upon it—knowing that the time was fast approaching when she must go into hospital—Martha Tooth went to plead with her husband.

Mr. Sumner Concord did not deny the validity of the evidence of Mr. Wainewright and Mrs. Madge. Mrs. Tooth believed that she must have killed her husband, and she was horrified at the very thought of it. As for killing him by intention—she could never have thought of that, she loved him too much and she feared him too much. She wanted to kill herself. There was medical evidence to prove that the blood in the hand basin was her own blood from her own hand. That her life was in danger might be indicated by the evidence of eleven witnesses, three of them doctors. . . .

Mr. Wainewright, wondering at the complexity of it all, looked away. He looked away from the face of Sumner Concord, scanned the faces of the jurymen, and blinked up at the ceiling. A piece of fluffy stuff, such as comes away from a dandelion that has run to seed, was floating, conspicuous against the paneling. It began to descend. Mr. Wainewright's eyes followed it. It came to rest on the judge's wig, where it disappeared. Mr. Wainewright was conscious of a certain discontent.

AFTER that nothing of the trial stuck in his mind except Concord's peroration: "Here was a beast. He tortured this woman. She trusted him and gave him her life. He accepted it brutally and threw it away. She had been beautiful. He had battered her with his great bony fists into the woman you see before you. That face was offered to Tooth in the first flush of its beauty. He beat it into the wreck and ruin of a woman's face—the wreck, the ruin that you see before you now. She did not complain. He mocked and humiliated her. He made her an object of pity, this mad and murderous bully, and she said nothing. He deserted her, leaving her with two young sons whom she loved very dearly; she was sick and weak, and still she never spoke! The prosecution has raised its voice: Martha Tooth suffered in silence.

"You have heard the evidence of those who have known her. She was a woman without stain, a woman undefiled. But when, at last, she went ill—dear God, what was she to do? She wanted nothing for herself. But there were her children. Her husband was prosperous. She asked him only for bread for his children—he laughed in her face. He struck her and ordered her to go. She pleaded—and he beat her. She cried for mercy and he abused her, reproaching her for the loss of her beauty, the beauty he himself had savagely beaten away.

"At last, driven mad by despair, she picks up the first thing that comes to hand, a pair of scissors, and tries—poor desperate woman—to kill herself. Laughing, he takes her by the throat. These hands, strong enough to break a horseshoe, are locked about her frail throat. Imagine them upon your own, and think!

"She struggles, she cannot speak, she can only struggle while he laughs in her face, because these murderous thumbs are buried in her windpipe. She strikes out blindly, and this great furious hulk of bestial manhood collapses before her.

"By some freak of chance—by some act of God—she has struck the subclavian artery and the great beast has fallen. She runs blindly away, weeping bitterly, half demented with anguish, and when the police find her (which was easy, since she had not attempted to conceal herself) she is crying, and the blood in the basin is her own blood. The children lie asleep and she begs the police to take her away, to take her away anywhere out of this world. She asks for nothing but death, and there, there is the pity of it! . . ."

After an absence of twenty-five minutes the jury returned a verdict of Not Guilty.

Then, although everyone said he had known from the beginning that Martha Tooth would be acquitted, London went wild with delight. The Sunday Extra sent Munday Marsh to offer the bewildered woman five hundred pounds for her life story. Pain of the Sunday Briton offered a thousand. She shook her head wearily and dispiritedly. "Twelve hundred and fifty," said the Sunday Briton. The Extra said, "Fifteen hundred."

"Calm, gentlemen, calm," said the sardonic voice of John Jacket. They turned, and saw him dangling an oblong of scribbled paper between a thumb and a forefinger.

The Sunday Special had given Jacket authority to pay as much as two thousand pounds for Martha Tooth's story. Ten minutes before Munday Marsh had arrived, Jacket had bought the story for six hundred pounds.

"Oh, well," they said, without malice, and went away. Pain said, "Today to thee, tomorrow to me, Jack."

So John Jacket wrote fifteen thousand words—four installments, illustrated with photographs and snapshots—under the title of Diary of An Ill-Used Woman. What Jacket did not know he invented; Martha Tooth signed everything—she still could not understand what it was all about. Soon after the first installment was published she began to receive fan mail: letters urging her to repent, prophecies concerning the Second Coming, and proposals of marriage, together with frantically abusive notes signed, Ill-Used Man. She also received parcels of food and clothes, and anonymous letters enclosing postal orders. An old lady in the West Country, saying that she had wanted to kill her husband every day for forty years, enclosed sixty twopenny stamps.

Martha Tooth was taken in hand by a lady reporter, who carried her off to a beauty parlor, compelled her to have her hair waved, and showed her how to choose a hat. In three weeks she changed; paid attention to her fingernails and expressed discontent with the press. The press, she complained, wouldn't leave her alone, and everyone wanted to marry her. Before the fourth installment appeared she had received eleven offers of marriage. Martha Tooth had become whimsical, smiled one-sidedly, and took to lifting her shoulders in a sort of shrug. "Men," she said, "men! These men!"

After the fourth week, however, she got no more letters. She was out of sight and out of mind.

JOHN JACKET had forgotten the Tooth case when Mr. Wainewright came to see him for the second time, twelve weeks later.

It struck Jacket as odd that Mr. Wainewright was wearing a jaunty little green Tyrolean hat and a noticeable tweed suit.

"Is it fair?" asked Wainewright. "Where do I come in?"

"Come in? How? How d'you mean, where do you come in?"

"Well," said Mr. Wainewright, shuffling his feet, "I mean to say . . . I hear that Tooth's good lady got thousands and thousands of pounds."

"A few hundreds, George."

"It isn't that, Mr. Jacket. It's—"

"The credit?" asked Jacket, twitching an ironic lip.

"Who is *she* to be made a heroine out of?" asked Wainewright, looking at his finger tips.

"What exactly are you trying to get at, George?" asked Jacket. "What do you want me to do?"

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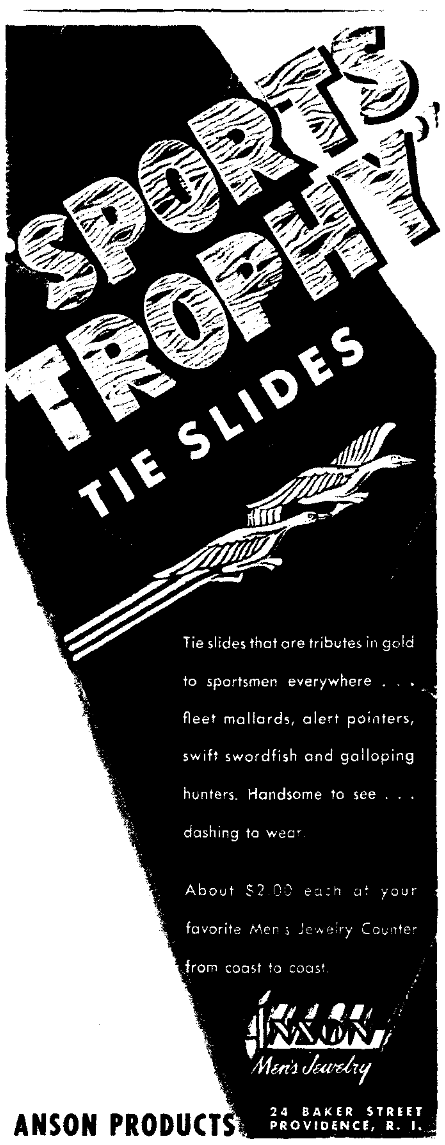

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Mr. Wainewright shook his head. "There was nothing about me at all in the papers," he said. "I've got a story, too."

"Be a pal," said Jacket, "and go away. I've got work to do, George."

"Right." Mr. Wainewright got up.

"Don't be angry with *me.* Things come and things go," said Jacket, "and a story is a nine-day wonder. Wash this murder out of your head."

Mr. Wainewright said, "Well, you know best. But I've also got a story—"

A telephone bell rang. "See you some other time," said John Jacket, lifting the receiver. "So long for now, George."

Wainewright went out without saying good day. Shortly after he had gone, John Jacket, hanging up the telephone, found himself wondering about something. There had been something wrong with Wainewright. What?

Jacket gnawed a fat black pencil.

He had eaten his way to the last letter of the pencil maker's name before he knew what he was trying to remember. He laughed, and said to himself, "That silly little man has gone and got himself up in a furry green hat and a tweed suit. What on earth for?" Jacket felt that he was on the verge of a discovery.

THREE weeks later, as Jacket was leaving the office at lunchtime, he heard Mr. Wainewright's voice again. The little man came breathlessly out of a doorway and said, "Mr. Jacket, sir. Please. One moment. Just *one* moment."

"Well, what is it?" said Jacket, looking down at him with an expression of something like loathing.

"It's something important, sir. Something very important. I give you my word of honor, you'll never forgive yourself if you don't listen to me."

"I'm in a hurry."

"I've been waiting for you here in the street for an hour and a half," said Mr. Wainewright.

"You should have telephoned."

"If I had, you wouldn't have spoken to me."

"True," said Jacket. Then he blinked, and said, "What the devil have you been doing to yourself?"

Mr. Wainewright was dressed in a tight-fitting, half-belted jacket of white stuff like tweed, an orange-colored shirt and a black satin tie with a diamond horseshoe pin, blue flannel trousers, a Panama hat, and brown-and-white buckskin shoes. He had trimmed his mustache to a fine straight line, above and below which Jacket could see a considerable area of tremulous white lip, beaded with perspiration. And he could smell lavender water and whisky.

"Doing to myself? Nothing, sir," said Mr. Wainewright.

Jacket considered him for a second or two, and then said, "Come on, then. Tell me all about it. Come and have a drink."

"It's very private," said Mr. Wainewright. "It's not something I could talk about if there was anybody around. Look, Mr. Jacket, it'll be worth your while. Come home with me, just for a few minutes."

"*Home* with you?"

"To Bishop's Square—ten minutes in a taxi, no more. I've got plenty of drinks at home. Have a drink there. Ten minutes. I'll show you something. . . . I'll tell you something. Please do!"

"All right, then. But I haven't long."

They got into a taxi. Neither of them spoke until Mr. Wainewright said, "After you," as he unlocked the street door of Number 77 Bishop's Square. "Lead the way," said Jacket. The little man bobbed in a shopwalker's obeisance. They passed through a clean, dim passage and climbed sixteen darkly carpeted stairs to the first floor. Mr. Wainewright opened another door. "This used to be my auntie's room," he said, rather breathlessly.

"Charming," said Jacket, without enthusiasm.

"It was Tooth's room, too."

"Oh, I see. The room in which Tooth was murdered, eh?"

"Yes, sir. It's my bedroom now."

"And is this what you brought me here to see?"

"No, no," cried Wainewright, splashing a quarter of a pint of whiskey into a large tumbler, and pressing the nozzle instead of the lever of a soda-water siphon. "Please sit down."

"That's a massive drink you've given me," said Jacket. He observed that his host's drink was not much smaller.

"No, not at all."

"Cheers!" Jacket emptied his glass in two gulps. Mr. Wainewright tried to do the same, but choked. Jacket could hear his heavy breathing. "Now, tell us all about it," he said.

"There was," said Mr. Wainewright, swaying a little in his chair, "there was a . . . an astounding miscarriage of justice. What I have to say will shock you."

"Go ahead."

"Sid Tooth died just about on the spot where you are sitting, sir."

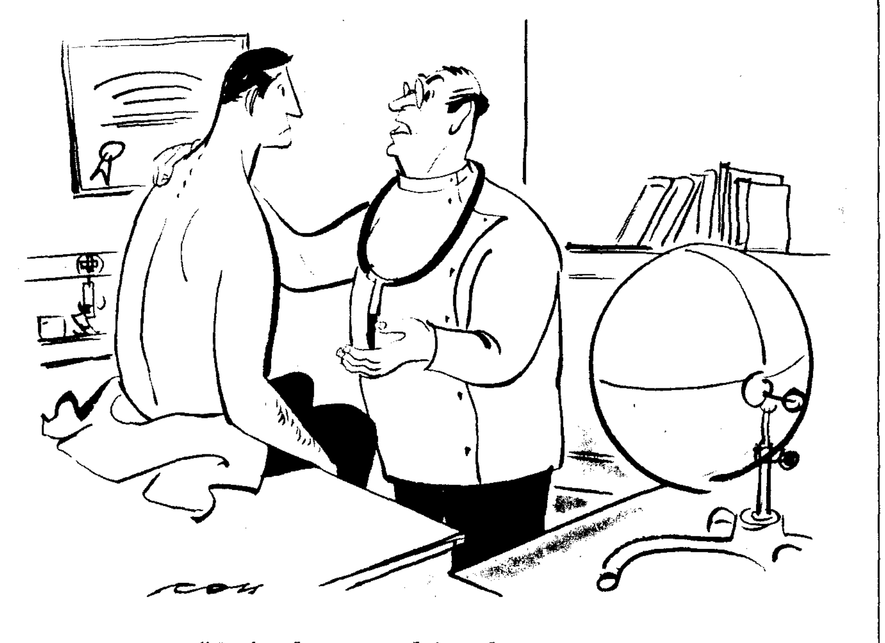
"Well?"

"The rug, of course, is a new one. They couldn't clean the old one. . . . But your glass is empty."

"I'll pour drinks. You go on," said Jacket, rising.

"Listen," said Mr. Wainewright. . . .

(To be concluded next week)



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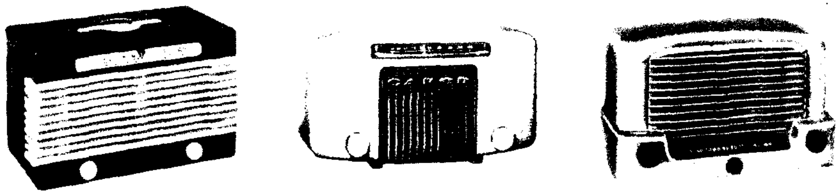

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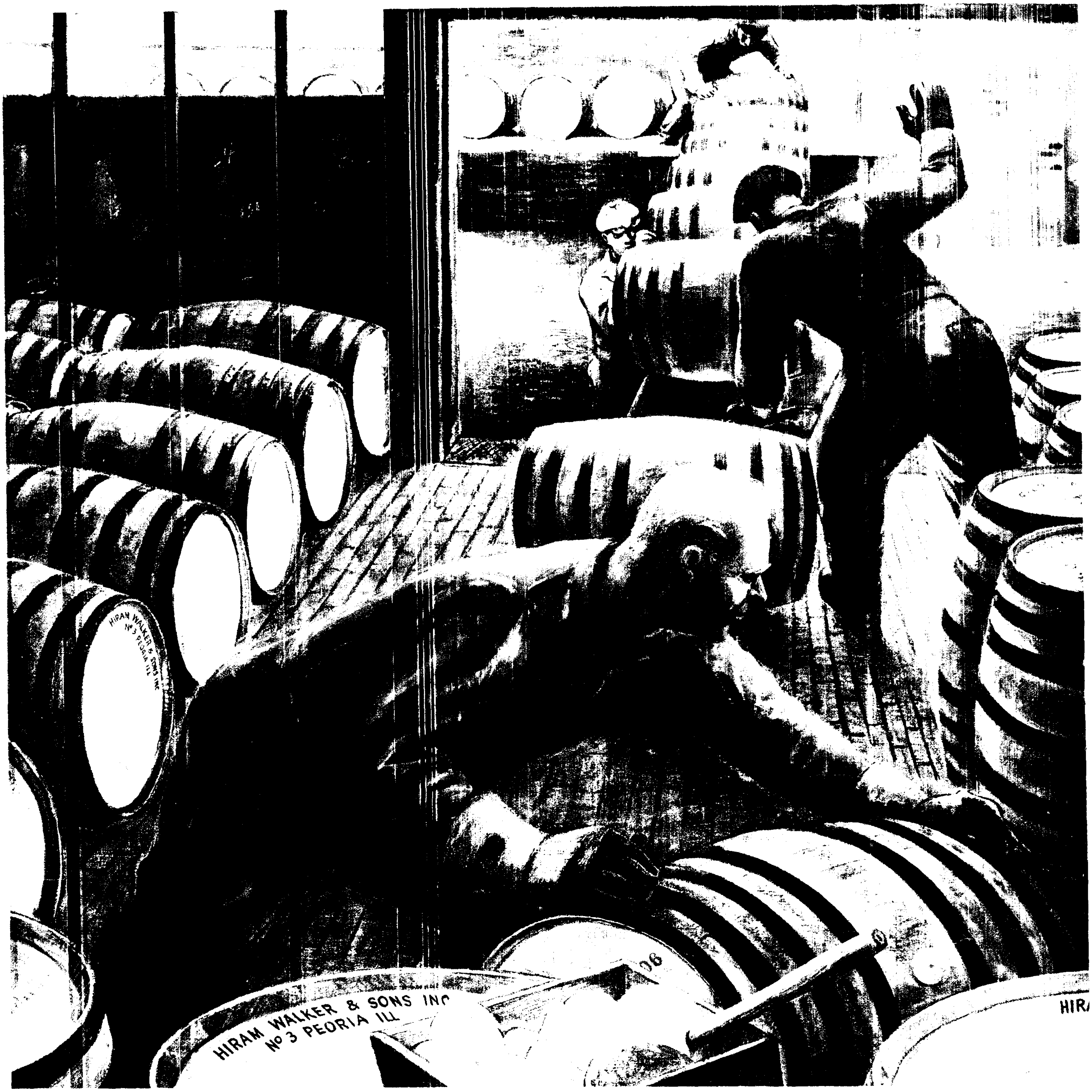
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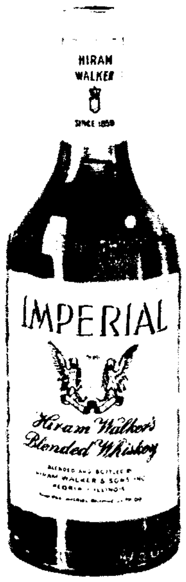
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RAMPAGEOUS REUTHER

Continued from page 13

of trade-unionists and newer, rarer qualities fitting him to champion labor's cause in the turbulent Atomic Age."

Some, even within labor's house, are less enthusiastic.

"Mention of Reuther's name prickles Phil Murray like the summer heat," a C.I.O. official confided.

There's a lot of talk about Reuther's ambition. "His timetable," Frank Rising, director of the National Automotive Parts Manufacturers Association, said, "called first, for the presidency of the UAW (achieved). Then the presidency of the C.I.O. Then the Presidency of the United States."

"If Walter only plays his cards right," an admirer in the UAW sighed.

For his talent in making the most of his cards, even when they are a modest pair of deuces, Reuther is known both as a ruthless opportunist and a brilliant strategist.

When Reuther first launched his Reuther Plan No. 1 (to convert auto plants to airplane manufacture) Americans largely ignored it. Shrewdly, Reuther goaded automobile makers, "Why don't you debate it with me?"

Battling for UAW Presidency

Charles E. Wilson, president of General Motors, took up the challenge and the debate took on the dimensions of a world championship boxing bout. Referee was George Denny, the Town Hall moderator. Two hundred and fifty top-flight reporters covered the five-hour debate, broadcast it throughout the country, catapulted the plan into a national issue and Reuther into a national figure.

Nor did Reuther muff the main chance when he slugged it out with R. J. Thomas for the presidency of the UAW last spring—and won. A crucial factor with the delegates was the favor of Phil Murray, C.I.O. president. To bar Reuther from appearing in public at Murray's side, Thomas, as president, omitted Reuther from the welcoming committee that was to escort Murray to the convention rostrum. But when Murray marched up the aisle to the platform, there was the sprightly Reuther, arm in arm with the C.I.O. chief, basking triumphantly in Murray's smile.

"Jeez," Thomas exploded later, "you would have thought he had slept with Phil the night before." Reuther had stumbled into the escorting committee as it started for Murray's hotel, had sized up the big opportunity and, uninvited, doggedly trailed along.

But it is with creative strategy rather than capitalized opportunity that Walter Reuther has advanced the fortunes of Walter Reuther (and the auto workers).

Reuther woos strategy angles as a man woos a woman. Whether perched momentarily on the living-room couch of his $7,500 suburban Detroit cottage or hunched into an airplane seat in his endless comings and goings, he is forever at it, pad and pencil in hand, mind hitched to the task of figuring things out.

Strategy for last winter's General Motors strike was figured out with military thoroughness. Statistical ammunition was piled up by Donald Montgomery, the union's "consumer counsel" (unique to the UAW). For months Reuther tested on rank-and-filers in dozens of union halls his strike weapon—the idea that the bosses could hike wages without boosting prices. Only when it proved effective with them did Reuther explode it on the public.

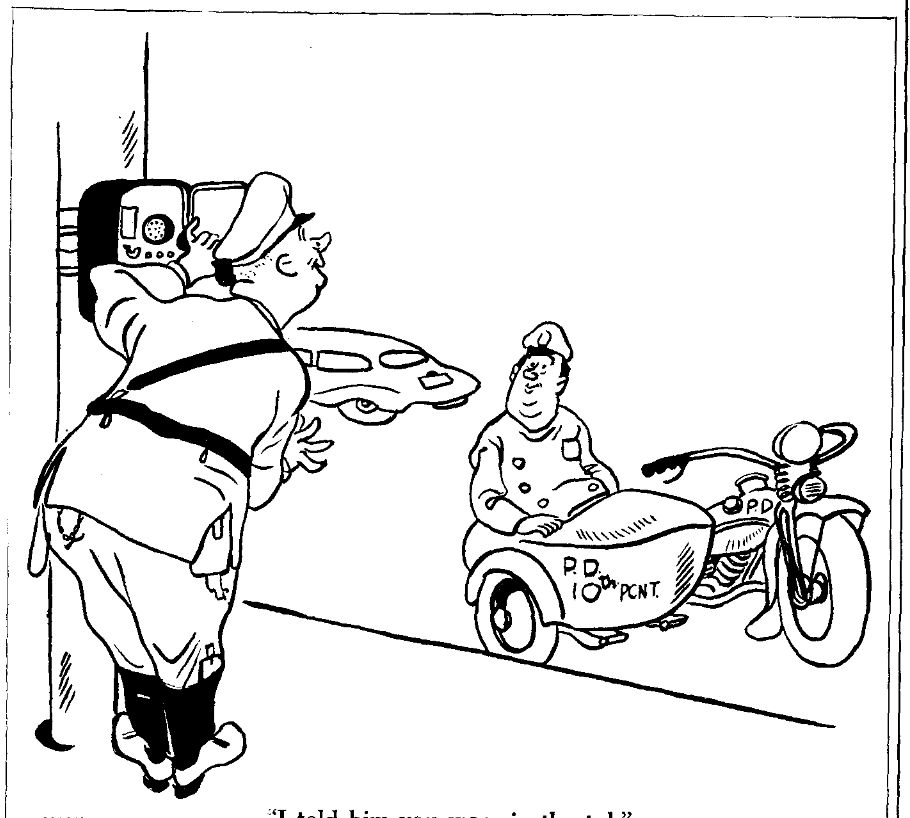
The union over which Reuther presides was described by Phil Murray at its last convention as "the mightiest force in the C.I.O." But turned inward in raucous internal strife, this "mightiest force" has on occasion so shaken its own foundations that Murray has been forced to plead, "Don't tear your little house down."

In the UAW, democracy is tumultuous and volatile. The auto worker fought hard to win a voice in his own affairs and, to keep it, he eyes union leader and employer with impartial suspicion.

"Hey, you pork chopper," (i.e. anyone on the union pay roll) the auto worker often yells at his president. "You trying to turn this union into an A.F. of L. dictatorship?"

Where there's democracy there's politics, and within the UAW, officers and members alike pursue their politicking endlessly, earnestly and boisterously.

When President Reuther calls a meeting of the UAW executive board, it is preceded by two policy-making huddles,



COLLIER'S "I told him you were in the tub" ED GRAHAM

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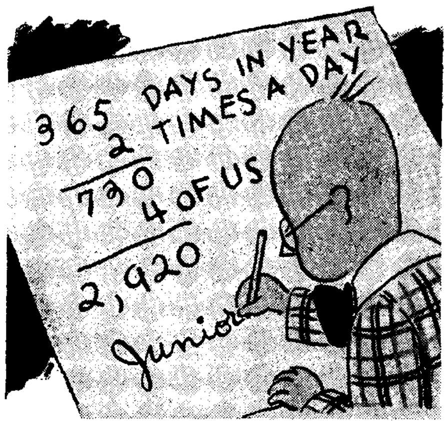

Junior figured this one out···

he's a regular "quiz kid"—always figuring things—papa and mama and sister Jane were surprised to learn from his calculations that together they brush their teeth 2,920 times a year. Papa said, "Whew! that takes a lot of dentifrice". Mama said, "Lucky we discovered that Arm & Hammer Baking Soda is pure Bicarbonate of Soda". Sister Jane said, "That's the dentifrice our dentist told us to use." Junior said, "It sure cleans teeth, and pop, are we saving money—why a package of Arm & Hammer lasts us for weeks—and it costs just a few pennies".

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one by Reuther and his 7-man minority, another by Secretary-Treasurer George Addes, Vice-Presidents Thomas and Leonard, and their 15-man majority.

Deliberations begin decorously, the officers addressing each other as "brother." But protocol doesn't last long. Recently while the UAW board argued union budget slashes behind closed doors, reporters fancied themselves listening again to a General Motors-UAW session. "The invective and oratory," one observed dryly, "were not dissimilar."

As the dominant intellect in the union, Reuther (and the plans and programs he proliferates) have been the storm center about which UAW politics have swirled since birth. Nominally, the union has been split into a left wing led by Secretary-Treasurer Addes and a right wing led by Reuther. Communists in the UAW fight Reuther with the intensity reserved for "revisionists" like Browder. But they're a small minority; actually, it was always Reuther against the field.

"It's not a question of right or left in this union," Thomas once exploded. "It's whether you are for or against Reuther."

When Phil Murray and the late Sidney Hillman came to Detroit in 1938 to save the UAW for the C.I.O. (Homer Martin, first UAW president, had split the union into A.F. of L. and C.I.O. factions) they chose R. J. Thomas as the man most likely to bind up the union's wounds. But Hillman had noted young Reuther.

"You are the logical head of the UAW," he told Reuther. "It is just a matter of time before the organization accepts your leadership." But in his push for union power, Reuther suffered from one disadvantage. In contrast with the warm and earthy "Tommy" Thomas, described by Murray as "this great big guy for whom I have a distinct fondness," Reuther seldom downed a beer with the guys from the assembly lines, never took a hand in a friendly poker game.

Yet Sidney Hillman was right. Neither Reuther's own shortcomings as a jolly good fellow nor rivals' charges that he had bungled the 113-day General Motors strike could keep its darling from his appointment with destiny.

A Planner of Victories

At three critical points in the union's history, Reuther plans saved the day, and boosted Reuther up the union ladder. He engineered the first big worker victory in the automobile industry. In 1936, as president of the struggling West Side Local 174, Reuther had a precarious toehold of 32 members out of 5,000 employees at the Kelsey-Hayes Wheel Co. In an overnight coup Reuther won 3,500 union members and substantial pay increases.

This is how he did it:

First, the 29-year-old Reuther carefully rehearsed a half-dozen ringleaders at his home in how to halt production by throwing plant switches. At the appointed time they did their job faultlessly. As the machines stopped they circulated among surprised workers and foremen, repeating "Strike, strike." When the indignant plant manager ordered the men back to work they advised him to call union headquarters. Reuther, waiting breathlessly for the call, hurried over and importantly entered gates which previously had been barred to him.

Inside, he launched into an organizing oration. To the plant manager's worried query, "When are you going to order them back to work?" Reuther asked innocently, "How can I order them to do anything until they're organized?" Three of every four of the plant's 5,000 workers signed union cards.

In the turbulent sit-down strikes of the next year Reuther pulled off such coups as seizing a pivotal motor factory after drawing its company guards away by a feint at another plant he didn't want. For this and other feats he was rewarded with the UAW's second most important post: directorship of the giant G.M. department with its 400,000-odd workers in 103 plants in 21 states.

When, in 1939, the UAW split into two unions (one A.F. of L., the other C.I.O.) and drifted toward extinction, strategist Reuther was again the man with a plan. The automobile producers refused to deal with either of the two squabbling unions. Reuther, in charge of the General Motors department, had no masses of workers to maneuver with so he pulled out a relative handful of skilled tool-and-die workers in the 12 shops which were preparing the tools and dies for the 1940 car. Faced with costly delay while competitors rushed for the market, G.M. gave union recognition to the UAW-C.I.O. in 42 of its plants. Dubbed by union historians as "the strategy strike," the conflict started the then moribund UAW toward its present power.

When Conventions Get Rough

But Reuther's victory through intellect was victory the hard way in a union as young, robust and rowdy as the UAW. At annual conventions, deliberations are tumultuous and horseplay is rugged. The lusty cry of "Timber!" sent wise pedestrians scurrying for cover last March at Atlantic City. It meant that exuberant UAW delegates were preparing to heave furniture and mattresses from hotel windows. The sport of peppering pedestrians below with bags of water so rattled Secretary-Treasurer Addes that he pleaded with conventioners: "This business of dropping bags of water on delegates or human beings has to stop."

Yet for all the roughhouse, and baiting of leaders, the auto workers have managed to build an economic, social and educational powerhouse whose influence reaches well beyond the assembly line.

Reuther, who helped chart this course for UAW, believes: "Among other things, the job of the unions is to develop political awareness among workers, to make their voices heard in society."

Toward this end the UAW yearly spends some $300,000 (about 3 cents of every dues dollar retained by the international after the local union takes its share) on an educational department which conducts seven summer schools, makes movie shorts, directs radio programs, publishes pamphlets ranging from assaults on state poll taxes and bigotry to advice on running a local union or fighting a chiseling landlord.

With a $30,000, 10-minute animated cartoon, Brotherhood of Man, prepared by Walt Disney employees (on their own time) the UAW taught dues payers and outsiders that all men, white, black and yellow, are essentially the same. So effective is the union's fight on intolerance that when white and black men fought in Detroit streets in the riots of 1943, UAW members of both races continued to work peaceably side by side.

Most important part of the union's educational work is the training of future labor leaders. In the hands of Brother Victor Reuther, this can be expected to indoctrinate young union career men with Walter Reuther's ideas and to breed a crop of leaders who will regard voters and consumers as much the province for leadership as members.

The UAW maintains a consumer division, based in Washington, which helps union members form consumer co-ops, and supplies ammunition for wage negotiations. Other departments issue newspapers, concern themselves with economic research, members' housing and health.

This plus wages for officers and a 400-man army of organizers eats up a big stack of dues dollars. In its last published annual financial report, the UAW disclosed that it took in $7,140,000 but

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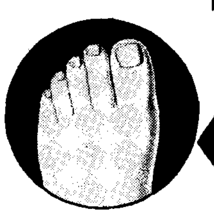

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NEVER wait! ACT at first sign of sore toes from tight shoes. Protect them with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. You'll have instant relief and stop corns *before* they can develop! But, if you have corns, callouses or bunions—these thin, soft, soothing, cushioning pads will instantly stop tormenting shoe friction and lift painful pressure.

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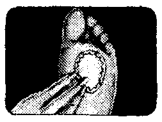
You'll marvel, too, how the separate *Medications* included speedily remove corns, callouses. No other method does all these things. Cost but a trifle. Insist on Dr. Scholl's.

CORNS, SORE TOES



CALLOUSES

BUNIONS

SOFT CORNS BETWEEN TOES

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

spent $200,000 more than that (drawing on its surplus funds). Rank-and-filers reluctantly upped monthly dues from $1 to $1.50 last spring averting certain financial disaster, but resolutely hooted down all attempts to boost officers' salaries—even 18½ cents an hour. Reuther's annual pay is $9,000—well below the salaries of all other international unions.

Although his executive board is split 15 to 7 against him, Reuther plans to take a firmer hand on the rocking UAW's helm. Financial problems are eased for the time: membership is rising with expanding production. When time has healed the wounds of convention electioneering, Reuther hopes to guide the UAW into an era of good feeling.

Auto Chiefs Oppose Intrusion

But can Reuther win an era of good feeling with employers and succeed in getting his finger in what management regards as its own part of the pie: prices, production and plant discipline? Of the great employers in America, the automobile manufacturers were among the last to accept unionism and are most sensitive to labor erosion of management responsibilities. They fear that Reuther's "kibitzing" will turn into actual playing of management's hand.

During the war Reuther kept his General Motors workers so well in line that Charles E. Wilson, president of G.M. could say the company had only one fourteenth of the labor stoppage suffered in the rest of the industry. General Motors and the UAW together pioneered (in mass production industries) in establishing arbitration under an impartial umpire. It worked so well that other car producers took it up, and last year's management-labor conference urged it for all industry.

G.M. and Reuther pioneered in other experiments toward stability such as a company-wide fund to equalize pay between plants. Yet the underlying distrust of each other's motives does not die. On occasion it has erupted in such querulous rancor that Dr. George W. Taylor, onetime G.M.-UAW impartial umpire and War Labor Board chairman, chided: "It's about time you fellows stopped showing such poor manners in public when your day-to-day relations are really excellent!"

What Dr. Taylor meant was Reuther's habit of twisting the G.M. corporate tail with such needlings as: "G.M. has no use for unions. They're opposed to unions as a permanent constructive force in the community. They don't consider unions either necessary or constructive. They think the world would be better off without unions."

About this kind of sentiment, Harry Coen, G.M.'s rawboned industrial relations chief, who carried a Railroad Locomotive Brotherhood card for years, says: "There are two kinds of Walter Reuther, the Reuther we deal with, and a second Reuther who's out throwing punches before the public."

During the G.M. strike, relations were made more difficult by Reuther's exploitation to the hilt of one of those chancy developments which sometimes enliven history: In 1945, an ex-OPA economist, Harold Wein, studied the automobile industry and concluded employers could boost wages without hiking prices. When the OPA failed to sponsor the study, Wein submitted it for publication to the Commerce Department's monthly publication, Survey of Current Business. Rejected there, the study was nevertheless sent out as an official Commerce Department release. Thus clothed with official status, its findings for higher wages influenced the President's fact-finding panel which recommended a wage boost of 19½ cents an hour. It wasn't *until* two days after the G.M. strike ended that Secretary Wallace disclosed that the Wein study was not a Commerce Department baby. But the die had been cast. The G.M. panel findings, scaled down a penny by President Truman in the proposal that settled the steel strike, set the pattern for the country.

During the UAW convention infighting for the union's presidency, R. J. Thomas wanted to know: "What did he (Reuther) win in the strike, I ask any American?"

In the eyes of rank-and-filers, as emotional congratulatory telegrams from the Chrysler, Ford and other locals showed, Reuther won the credit for boosting the nation's wage level.

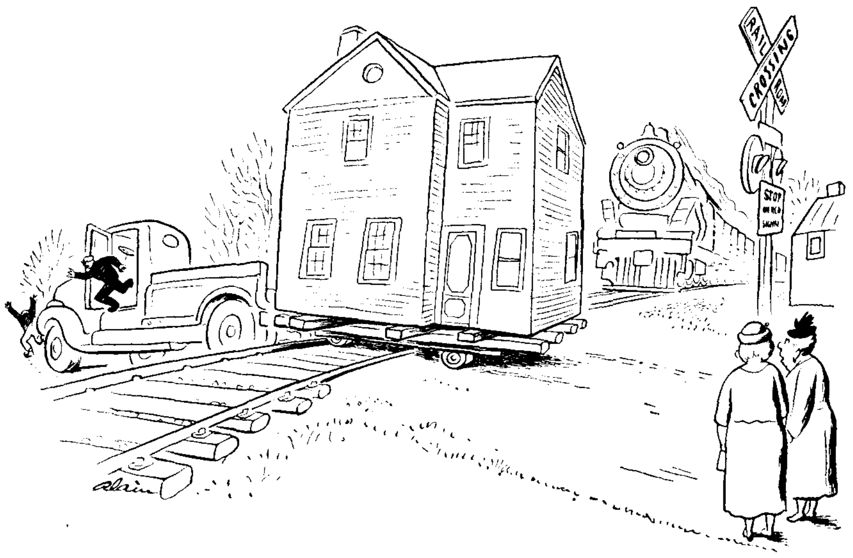
Suspicion That Lingers On

But the victory left scars. It further delayed the day when most automobile makers will accept Reuther and the UAW in the same spirit as the steelmakers, say, accept Phil Murray and the United Steel Workers. This doesn't daunt Reuther a bit. Despite raw feelings on both sides, he has bounced right back with proposals for industry-wide production conferences, which can come only when each side has the intimate confidence of the other.

"He is trying to marry the industry before he has really wooed it," one critical labor leader observed.

Walter Reuther was born in Wheeling, West Virginia, of an immigrant German father, Valentine, who at 23, headed the Ohio Valley Trades and Labor Assembly (A.F. of L.), and as a brewery worker preached a radical doctrine: industrial unionism (worker organization by plants and industries as in the C.I.O., not by skill as in the A.F. of L.).

For three meals a day young Reuther heard from his father that unionism



"The housing situation becomes worse every day" DANIEL ALAIN

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YOU'RE RIGHT! INSTANT BORDEN'S IS 100% PURE COFFEE —ALL COFFEE—AND TASTES GRAND ANY TIME!
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SURE, the whole family appreciates how *convenient* instant coffee is—particularly at breakfast when folks are in a hurry.

"*But*," you say, "just how *good* is this coffee? Show me an instant coffee that really *tastes* like my favorite ground coffee—and I'll buy it."

"Agreed!" says Borden. "Either Borden's has it, or you don't pay! It'll taste as good as your favorite ground coffee — for breakfast every day — or your money back!"*

You see, Borden's was *made* for breakfast — not just for occasional use. It's all coffee — 100% pure coffee — not just a half-and-half "café"-type mixture! And what coffee! Serve it by the cup or by the pot — to the whole family — every meal! If you don't find we're right, the treat's on us!

IMPORTANT:

Don't use too much Borden's. Remember, Borden's is 100% pure coffee. Use ½ to ¾ of a level teaspoonful.

Tastes as good as your favorite ground coffee—or money back!
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN
100% PURE COFFEE
Borden's INSTANT COFFEE

© THE BORDEN CO.

* Use at least half a jar of Borden's. Then, if you don't agree it tastes as good as your favorite ground coffee, send us the jar with the unused contents, and we'll cheerfully refund your money. The Borden Company, 350 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

What Sparkling Water makes drinks taste twice as good and costs half as much?
EVERVESS— Yes, Yes!

EVERVESS . . . Yes, Yes!

Yes . . . Evervess is Bonded for quality!

Bonded by a famous SURETY COMPANY to be as fine as *any* sparkling water at *any* price—or money back!

Yes . . . Evervess—a dime-size bottle for a nickel!

12 full Ounces—enough for 2 or 3 mixed drinks. Only 5 cents! Get a half dozen bottles in the handy Evervess carrier!

The New Sparkling Water!

MADE BY PEPSI-COLA CO.

"WE'RE PARTNERS...POP N' ME."

We got 'n agreement. He agrees to bring BEECH-NUT GUM home. I agree to deliver it to his easy chair. We agree to split it fifty-fifty.

BEECH-NUT BRAND CHEWING GUM
ALWAYS REFRESHING
PEPPERMINT FLAVORED
BEECH-NUT GUM

must fight for more than wages, must be a social force in the community. In a home where democracy was practiced to the point of polling the children on such matters as buying a house, Valentine divided his four sons into two debating teams, and in an upstairs bedroom of a winter's night argued prohibition, woman suffrage or whatever the current big issue was. Like Alice's Father William, the muscular strength this gave to young Walter's jaw has lasted all his life.

It helped him when, in 1940, he took off, astride his Reuther plans, toward national prominence, achieving intimacy with the mighty of the land and taking part in important counsels.

In Washington, during the war, he won the privilege of visiting Franklin D. Roosevelt during off hours and, arriving with other labor leaders for a White House conference, was once heartily greeted by F.D.R. with, "There's my engineer." He became a close friend of Eleanor Roosevelt, was a frequent visitor at Hyde Park and still receives businesslike two-paragraph notes signed in Mrs. Roosevelt's cramped hand. War Secretary Patterson became a stanch booster of some of the Reuther plans, as did Harold L. Ickes, who once tried to convince the Cabinet to accept a Reuther plan for raising the burned French liner, Normandie. C. E. Wilson, president of General Electric, tried to enlist Reuther as vice-chairman of the War Production Board.

Logical Successor to Murray

It is significant of Reuther that few speak of what he is, but more of where he's going. The presidency of the C.I.O.? That, as Reuther and everyone else in labor know, must wait until Phil Murray chooses to relinquish it. As head of the biggest C.I.O. union, Reuther is a logical successor to Murray, but in labor no less than in industry the UAW chief is an emotionally controversial figure.

Yet even in his present job as UAW president, Reuther is in a spot to impress his ideas on all labor and affect significantly the course of labor history in America. The automobile industry, thanks to Reuther, has now become the labor bellwether which the steel industry used to be. While steel wages once set the pace for the country, automobiles are doing it now. If rising prices spur another strike wave, it will again be spearheaded by the volatile UAW rank and file, whose willingness to take the offensive is exceeded only by Reuther's eagerness to lead it.

Beyond the passing price-wage issues are more basic and lasting problems. Reuther, to many observers, has already put his finger on the biggest labor relations problem of the next five years: How far should collective bargaining go?

Says Reuther: "The old-line trade unionists tried to protect a favored group of members in a scarcity economy by limiting the number of workers by high initiation fees and stretching work through feather-bedding. They were concerned only with wages, hours and working conditions.

"We must fight for continued high production. We've got to be a constructive social force working to advance the welfare of the whole community." Besides seeking such labor objectives as industry-wide bargaining, the guaranteed wage, Reuther is up to his neck in consumer movements, co-operative housing and—when occasion affords—politics.

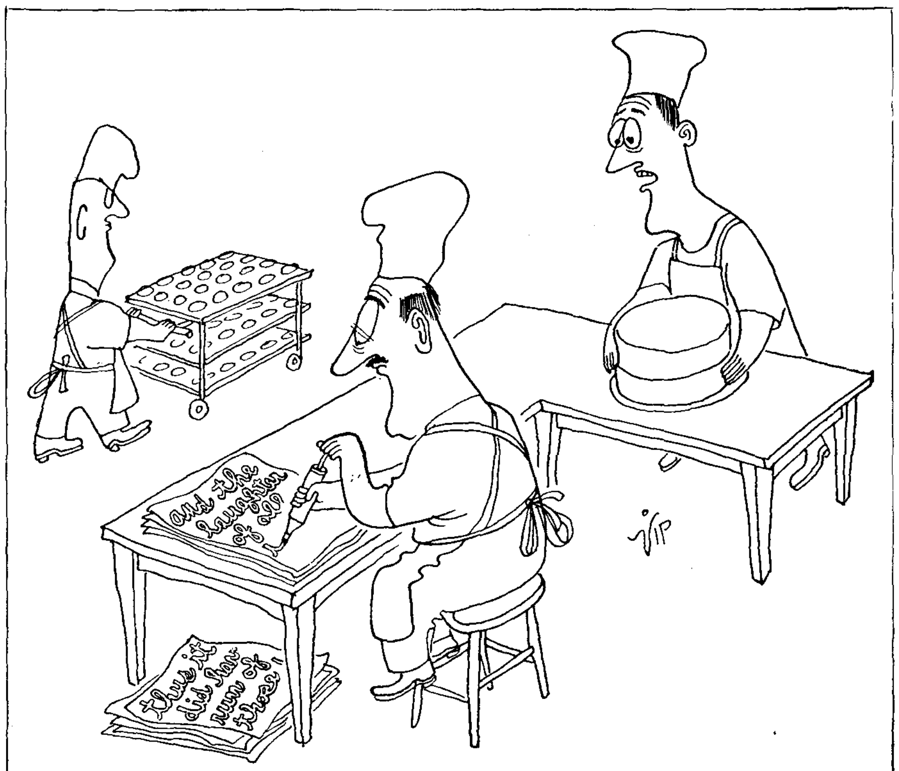
Among automobile producers one hears much of "Reuther's socialism." While he was a Socialist Party member in 1932, his position now seems somewhat left of Henry Wallace's full employment line. Allan G. Dash, a former impartial umpire at G.M., once heard Reuther make a "beautiful defense of the capitalist system," in a smoking-car discussion, arguing that it spawned business ideas and was of the greatest potential good to the worker.

Reuther puts it this way: "We can't have democracy without full employment. The Commies say, 'Let the government take over to achieve it.' The extreme socialists say the same. I'm for permitting private industry to assume as large responsibility as possible, but government must move in when employment falls."

Reuther has little faith that the Political Action Committee, C.I.O., can capture the Democratic Party and convert it into the party of labor. The answer, he feels, is a third party, but this will take time. First must come a truce between the warring A.F. of L. and C.I.O. Then a united front between labor, farmer and white-collar worker. In the coalescing of liberal forces toward a new labor or liberal party, Reuther is bound to be a central figure.

That, too, is a Reuther plan.

THE END


and the laughter of all
vip

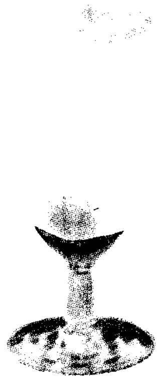
"Better let your book go a minute, Ed. Here's another birthday job"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

Kinsey
RECIPE
BOOK

What are little cocktails made of?

and ice . . . and other things nice!)



WHISKEY SOUR

Juice of ½ lemon . . . ½ teaspoon of powdered sugar or honey . . .

2 oz. superbly smooth Kinsey Whiskey. (The secret of Kinsey's incomparable flavor is blending "know-how"—54 years of it!)

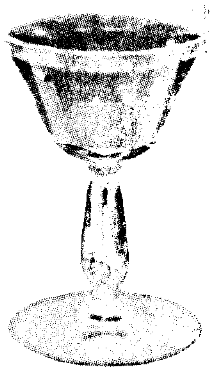
Add ice and shake, strain into glass. Pour in soda, decorate with half-slice of lemon and a cherry . . . *then settle back for the most delicious Whiskey Sour you've ever enjoyed!*

OLD FASHIONED

½ lump sugar . . . 2 dashes bitters . . . enough water to cover sugar. Muddle well . . .

Add 2 oz. mild and mellow Kinsey. (For Old Fashioneds at their best, you just *can't beat* Kinsey's matchless quality. People who *know* say they've never tasted a finer, more satisfying blend!)

Add ice cube, slice of orange, lemon, and a cherry . . . *and man, oh man, you're in for new pleasure in Old Fashioneds!*



MANHATTAN

2 parts light, rich Kinsey . . . 1 part sweet Vermouth . . . . dash bitters Add cracked ice, stir (don't shake) . . . strain into Manhattan glass . . . add cherry. *M-m-m, what a M-m-m-manhattan!*

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BLENDED WHISKEY

the unhurried whiskey
for unhurried moments

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BLEND PRODUCED IN STRICT ACCORDANCE WITH FORMULA AND METHOD DEVELOPED UNDER MY PERSONAL SUPERVISION FOR A HALF CENTURY
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WALLET: Slim and light in rich, finest quality leather. Other styles, for men and women.

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PIPE 'N POUCH: Separate compartments for pipe and tobacco in this smart leather kit.

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Rumpp Style Stitch
with NYLON
Visible Strength
Leather Lightness
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(pronounced REE-BO)

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Sold by better jewelers

Ribaux Watches
15 WEST 48th STREET
NEW YORK

"AMERICA APPRECIATES GOOD TIME"

WHAT A MAN WANTS

Continued from page 24

any woman ever willingly give up love and a home and a man to take care of her and think she was beautiful, for sixteen hours' work a day, sometimes, and never enough sleep, and never enough fun? Then what was she doing here? What was there to think out?

"You've been in the same rut so long that you don't know how to get out of it," Neil had said. "Go away and forget you're anything but a woman, loved and in love, and you'll soon see that's what you were meant for. You're all confused, my darling."

She looked at all her dresses. Which one, she thought, would a woman loved and in love wear to dinner at the main house? The green one? No, green was too obvious with her hair, Neil had once told her. The new gray that almost matched her eyes, with the wide black belt that emphasized her really good, slim waist. No glamor girl, maybe, but not bad—not at all bad. If you had time to select the right clothes, to take care of your hair and hands and face, you could look—well anyway, striking, a type.

THERE were not many people at the resort now. It was a little late in the season, almost closing time. After dinner, when she strolled out to the wide, old-fashioned veranda to see how the lake looked from there, she found that only one other guest had braved the mountain evening cold. He was walking up and down, as though he were on the deck of a ship; but he stopped when he saw her.

"It's too brisk out here," he said. "Let's go in by the fire."

She followed him, startled, and they sat in big, wide-armed Adirondack chairs in front of a huge fieldstone fireplace.

"This is better, isn't it?" He looked at her out of sharp, black eyes. "I suppose I seem very abrupt. The fact is, I saw you arrive yesterday and I've been thinking about you, and tonight I was waiting for you to come out after dinner, so it seemed natural just to speak this way." He gave a sudden brilliant smile. "I forgot that you had of course not been thinking about me or waiting for me."

He was younger than Neil, about her own age He was about her size, too. When they had stood facing each other on the veranda, their eyes had been almost exactly on a level. His whole face, like his eyes, was sharp and quick, and his hands were slim, narrow and strong. He looked clever, and yet not merely clever. She felt comfortable with him, as she never did with merely clever people.

"But I think I have been," she said. "I noticed you at once. The others are all so much older, and no one else is alone. It seemed inevitable that we should talk sooner or later."

He took out a cigarette and smiled down at it. "Not an altogether flattering observation." His smile shifted to her face. "I believe I knew you would be like this."

"Like what?"

"I can't say exactly. Simple, direct That's as close as I can come to it. How long are you staying?"

She did not answer. She did not hear the question. She was thinking of something Neil had told her. "Simplicity is refreshing in a young girl, but a woman should have a certain mystery about her, a certain indefinable allure. Try being a little less forthright, sweet."

She had never had time to cultivate mystery or allure She had been too busy learning and working, wanting to get at things as quickly and directly as possible. But now she had time Now she was just a woman loved and in love.

"I don't know exactly. What about you?"

"I don't know, either. I haven't been feeling up to par, and I want to stay until I do. I have a big assignment ahead of me—can't afford to be half sick. I'm a newspaper man," he said, and paused as though he were waiting.

She looked at his face in the firelight, examining it closely for the first time, and she saw that there was a slight flush along his sharp cheekbones, an exaggerated brightness in his eyes.

"You're running a temperature," she said.

He ignored this. "What do you do?" he asked her.

"Do?" she repeated, although she knew very well what he meant.

"Don't you—work at something? You look as though you did. You look—" He broke off, laughing a little. "Perhaps I'd better give you a chance to answer."

So the clothes and the hair-brushing and the regular meals and sleep were not enough, she thought. She still had the look of work about her, the strong, capable look.

"Isn't it all right just to be a woman?" she asked him, smiling, wondering if her voice held the right note of provocative lightness.

He said, "Of course," and looked back at his cigarette again and then smiled. "My name's John Halliday, by the way."

"Mine is—"

"I know yours. Mary Falk. I asked the clerk. It's *Miss* Falk, isn't it?"

She hesitated a second. Miss Falk. It was so long since she had heard that; it sounded so strange.

"Yes," she said, and then she saw that he had noticed her hesitation, that his sharp eyes were puzzled.

Neil would have approved. *A woman should have a certain mystery about her.* But she felt faintly uncomfortable, and she looked away from Halliday and stared into the fire. It would take some getting used to, she thought, some practice. You cannot become provocative and alluring and mysterious all at once.

"Aren't you sure?" he asked her.

"Sometimes," she said slowly, still watching the fire. "I'm not sure of anything."

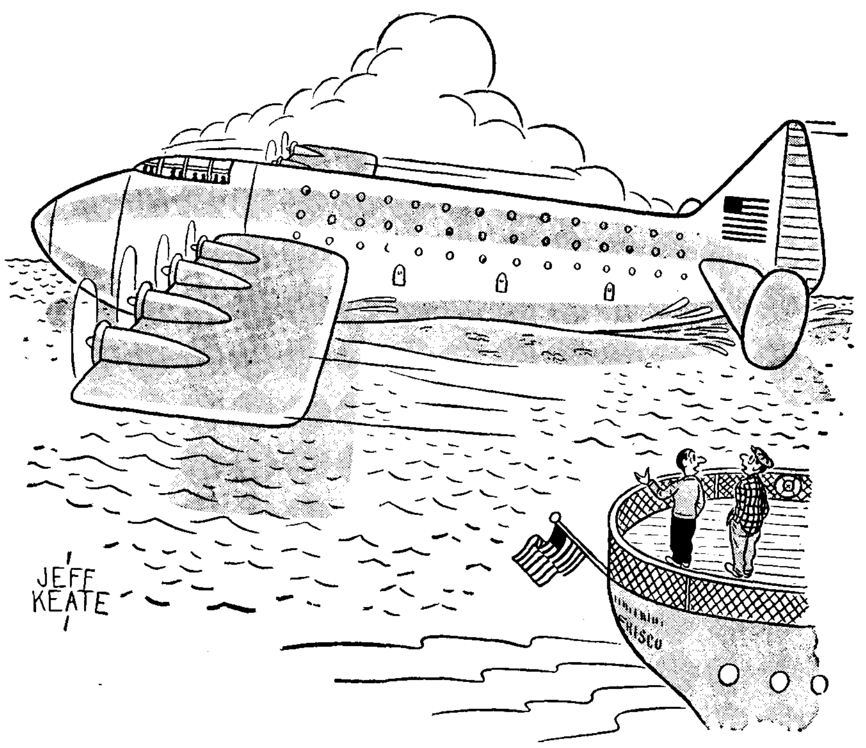
She did very well during the next few days. Neil would have been proud of her. She played her role for John Halliday, and she was sure he never guessed that it was a new one for her, this business of being a woman and nothing else. She was gay and lighthearted, as though she had never had a care in the world, as though nothing had ever depended upon her. He could not have dreamed that the tall, striking, perfectly groomed woman with whom he danced and walked and laughed so much had ever sweated over her work with strong, capable hands, her face shiny, her short hair plastered wetly against a forehead creased with concentration.

She tried to forget all that herself. Neil was right—it was no life for a woman. This was living, this walking in the fresh air and eating regular meals and sleeping long hours, this leisure for watching sunsets, listening to bird calls, laughing lazily into a man's eyes.

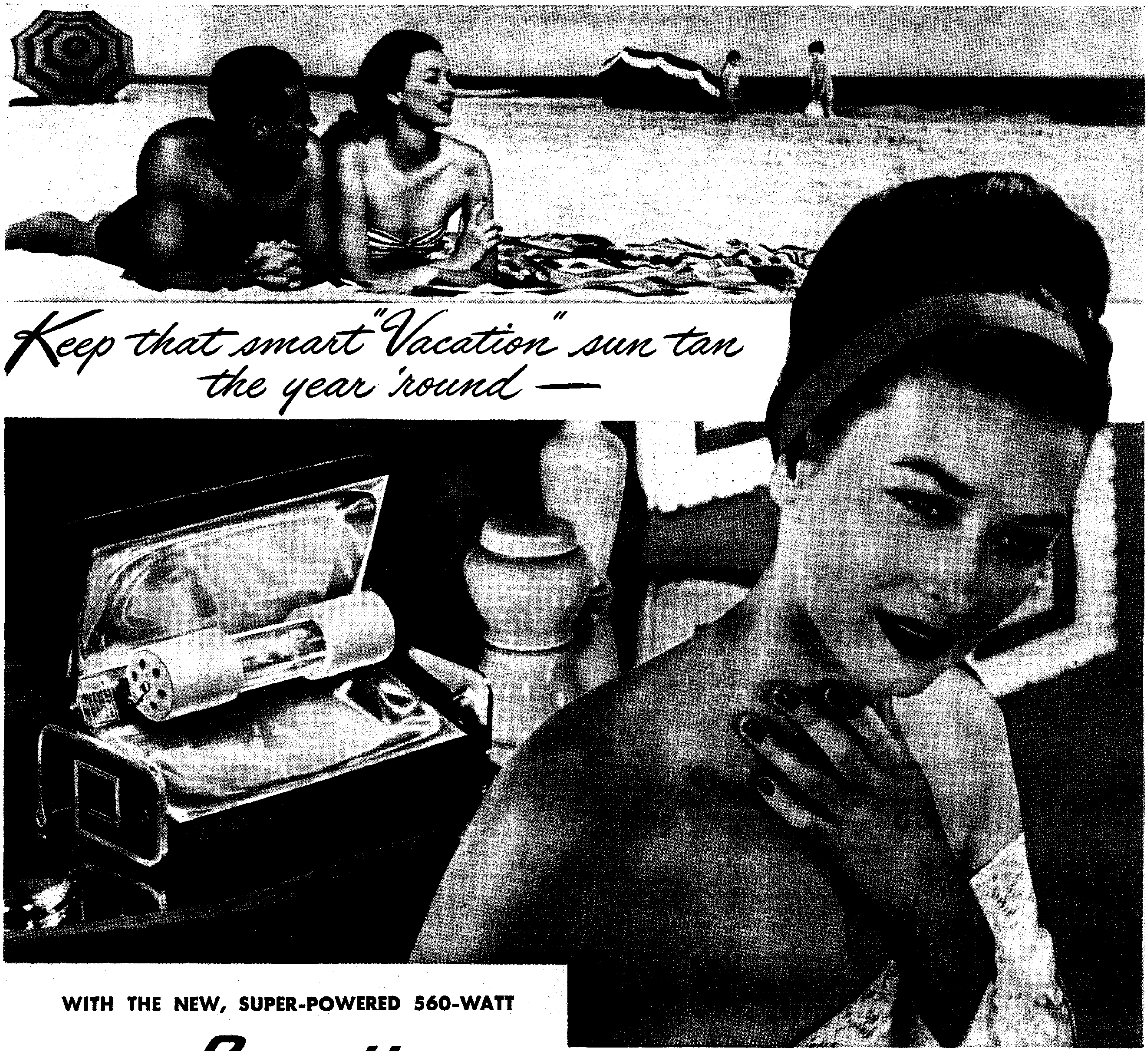
YET sometimes at night, alone in her cabin, she would have to get up after three or four hours, wide awake, and sit smoking a cigarette by the window. She would think of things, things Neil would have said a woman shouldn't think of—the sweat and the smells and the cries—and a terrible restlessness would come upon her, so that finally she would get up and walk back and forth, smoking one cigarette after another, until she was so exhausted that she had to sleep again.

Because of those nights, she knew she was not yet ready to go back to Neil. But in the daytime, with John, it was hard to believe that the nights existed. John was a good companion, quick-witted, lively. She had never known anyone with such a zest for life, such an interest in everything. He had a way of pouncing on some small discovery—a new song that the orchestra played, a very red apple, fallen from a tree—and listening or looking with all his attention for a moment, and then drawing his breath in between his teeth as though it were the most wonderful, the most exciting thing that had ever happened.

He was so unlike Neil, who was calm and sure and took his pleasures with sober enjoyment. Although John had



COLLIER'S "They could never get it to take off, but it's still the fastest ferry boat from California to Honolulu!" JEFF KEATE



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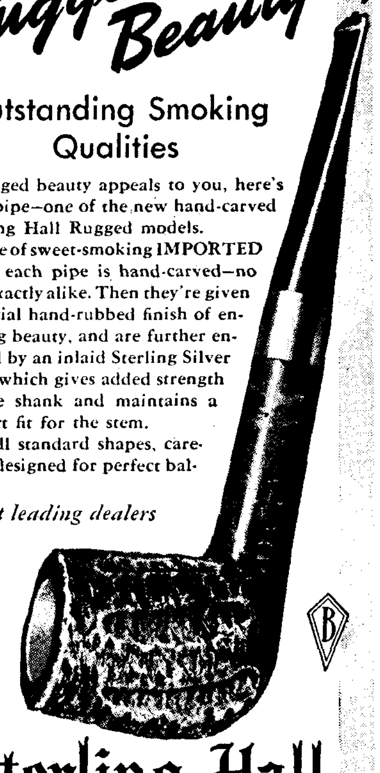

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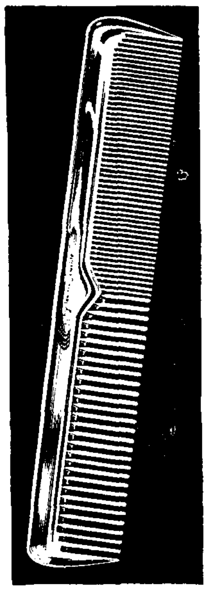

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been almost everywhere and done almost everything, he had a fresh enthusiasm that Mary found contagious. She would meet him, after one of her disturbed nights, in a preoccupied, unhappy mood, but soon he would have her laughing again, enjoying herself.

"I can't make you out, Mary," he said to her once. "There's something about you that I can't put my finger on—something elusive."

Elusive! she said to herself. Did you hear that, Neil?

"I've told you so much about myself," John said, "but I know almost nothing about you."

They had walked all morning along one of the trails that led from the lake and were sitting on an embankment now, looking down at a narrow waterfall that ribboned crookedly through a cleft in the rocks. It was beautiful here, Mary thought. You could almost forget, in a place like this, that there was any other world.

"I don't even know," John persisted, "whether there is a man in your life."

Yes, there is a man, John, she might have said. There is Neil, who can make me feel little and fragile and protected—Neil, for whom I am trying to be all woman, for whom I am trying to forget my work. He has never told me to forget it or asked me to choose; but to be what he wants me to be is a full-time job.

"Let's go on, John," she said. "I'd like to see the falls from the other side."

He stood up and helped her to her feet, but there was none of Neil's gentle solicitude in the gesture. He was matter-of-fact about it, and when she was up he let her go, not holding her as though to steady her, as though without him she might fall, the way Neil would have done. As they stood together, his quick black eyes looked directly into her gray ones and his shoulders were on a level with her own. When Neil held her, she could just see over the top of his shoulder.

"All right," John said. "If that's the way you want it." For a moment he looked angry. Then he gave her his sudden, brilliant smile. "We'll keep it strictly a shipboard romance, fun while it lasts and no questions asked."

SHE had an instant to think of the word he had used: Romance. But that was absurd. She had never had a romance in her life. She had been too busy, until Neil came along. Now there was only Neil, and there was room for no one else, nothing else, not even her work.

She had an instant to think of this, and then John took a step toward her and pulled her to him and kissed her, not the way Neil kissed her, not slowly and carefully, bending to her lips, but hard, almost roughly, his mouth meeting hers straight on. Then he turned away abruptly and climbed the embankment, moving with a quick, easy grace, not looking back.

Mary followed him. A sharp wind had come up suddenly, and she had to push against it at every step. John turned once and then, as though he were satisfied that she was making it all right, went on again. Neil would have come back. The path was narrow, and it was easier to walk it in single file, but Neil would have come back anyway to help her along when the wind blew up.

She would have to tell John about Neil now. She stood still at the thought, feeling a strong reluctance. With what ease she had slipped into the role of elusive, mysterious woman, so that now she did not want to abandon any part of it! That was it, wasn't it? But she would have to tell him. There must be no more nonsense about romance.

He was waiting for her at the top, shivering in his light jacket.

"You're cold," she said. She looked at him closely. "You have a temperature again. You're ill."

He shrugged. "It's nothing. As soon as I get warmed up I'll be all right."

For a moment she almost told him to get right back and go to bed. For a moment she almost turned brisk and capable and strong again. But then she remembered. She was through with all that. She was a different woman now.

"Well, let's hurry and get warm, then," she said, smiling. She hesitated, feeling she had to say something more, trying to put it the way any other woman might put it. "Maybe you have one of those grippy colds that keeps hanging on and flaring up," she tried finally. "Maybe you ought to stay in bed for a few days."

"No, I'm all right. I never stay in bed," he said impatiently. "Well now, you wanted to see the falls from here and you're not even looking at them."

SHE looked, obediently, but she kept thinking that he ought to be in bed, that she ought to make him go. "A man doesn't want to be taken care of," Neil had told her. "He wants to take care of the woman. He wants to be the strong one, the competent one."

"I think it's going to snow," she said. "I'd like to get back."

"It can't snow this early," he said, but he turned and started back, and they had gone only a few yards when the first flakes began to fall.

John stood still and held his hands out. "What do you know about that?" he exclaimed delightedly. "Snow in October. I wonder if it will stick. Think of all the kids waking up tomorrow and seeing snow on the ground in October!" He grinned at her. "You must have had advance information."

Neil would have been annoyed to be wrong about the snow when she was right. He believed that a really clever woman never let a man think that she knew more about anything than he did, that she always made him feel that she relied completely on his wisdom. Once she had thought that she could never learn all this—never become the kind of woman Neil wanted—but it was not really so very difficult. In less than two weeks of leisure, she had learned enough to make another man want to kiss her.

John had gone on again, along the narrow path, and she quickened her stride to catch up to him. She would have to tell him about Neil. She would have to explain that Neil was waiting for her, and that soon she was going back to him. She was going to have love and a home and a man to take care of her, a man to lean on, and she was going to enjoy life as she had never before had time to enjoy it. Soon there would be no more waking in the night, no more restless remembering, and she would go back.

"John—"

He turned, his face white in the fading light, his teeth chattering. He brushed some snow from his jacket and smiled wanly.

"I guess you were right," he said. "I guess I am sick. I feel awful."

She was beside him instantly, taking his arm, helping him up the path. He came along weakly, unresisting, his hand hot in hers. Presently he began to cough, deeply and steadily.

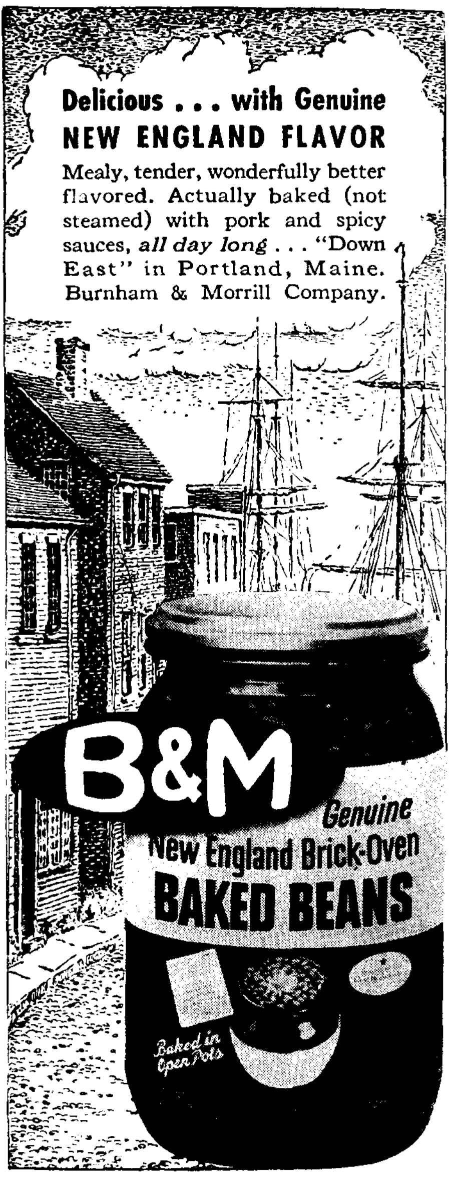
It's my fault, she thought. He's been sick from the beginning, and I knew it, but I kept closing my eyes to it, kept telling myself it was none of my business, and that he would be all right. None of my business!

"Here's my cabin, John. You'd better not go any further."

"I can make it to mine."

"But you're not going to try," she said firmly.

She got him into her bed, and then she went into the other room. She stood before the mirror a moment, a tall, lithe,



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What I need, Boss, is Sergeant's SURE SHOT Capsules. They'll slaughter the worms and have me feeling frisky as a pup in no time flat. They do a thorough job on big dogs like me, just as Sergeant's Puppy Capsules wipe out worms in small dogs and puppies.

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Sergeant's WORM MEDICINES

Worms deserve to die—Pete

striking woman in a beautifully cut dark green skirt and soft gray sweater, with a printed kerchief knotted around her neck, and her burnished red hair curling gently against her shoulders. Then she turned away and pinned her hair up rapidly into two neat braids around her head, and changed her clothes and scrubbed her hands and face.

She had just finished when there was a knock on the door. She opened it and a man came in, bending his head to avoid the lintel.

"Neil!"

He dropped his coat, wet with snow, and held out large, powerful hands. Her own were buried in them.

"Glad to see me, sweet I couldn't wait any longer. You haven't written, and I had to know. I had to see . . ." His voice trailed off and he stared at her, at her clothes and her hair and her scrubbed face. She might have told him that if he had come in only a moment ago he would have found the woman he was looking for. Instead she said:

"You promised to wait, Neil. I said I would write or come back when I was ready."

"But I've given you two weeks, Mary," he said gently. "Surely you've had time, in two weeks, to think it all out." He took a step nearer and looked down at her out of tender blue eyes. "You'd better come home with me now, Mary. I don't believe you've even tried it my way. You'd better come home and let me help you."

"I can't."

"Can't? Why not?"

Before she could answer him, a voice called weakly from the next room and she went in swiftly, with Neil behind her. John was up on one elbow, coughing, the perspiration standing out on his forehead.

"I thought you were asleep," she said.

"You'd better not come near me," he warned, as she crossed to the bed. "You may catch something." He leaned back against the pillow and peered up at Neil. "Is this the doctor?"

Mary went closer. She put a thermometer into his mouth and took his wrist between her fingers. "No," she said. "I'm the doctor."

His feverish black eyes widened a little, but even after she took the thermometer out of his mouth he did not speak. He only watched her, his expression unreadable, and for a moment she was conscious of his watching. Then she forgot it; she forgot everything but the work at hand.

"Who is this?" Neil inquired. "How did he get here, in your cabin?"

She ignored him. She did not even hear him. She was scribbling something on a pad, and she tore it off and thrust it at Neil. "Here, take this down to the village drugstore and have it filled right away."

"It's absolutely impossible to get a car down that road," Neil said. "When I came, they were talking about it. The hill is all iced over."

She had her coat on before he had finished. "This man needs sulfa," she said. "I'll get down."

"No, wait. If it's that urgent, I'll go, of course. I certainly won't let you go."

He was holding her by the arms, bending over her in his gentle, solicitous way. She shook him off. "I'd better go myself, Neil."

John spoke from the bed. "Please don't take any risks on my account, Mary," he said. "I'll be all right."

She answered him over her shoulder. "Listen," she said. "I'm a doctor. You don't tell a doctor not to take risks on your account. You don't—"

"But you're a woman, Mary," Neil broke in, "and I'm not going to let you drive down that hill. I'll go at once."

She said quietly, "No. I'm used to icy hills. I'm used to driving in all kinds of weather. When the roads are 'impossible,' you stay home, but I don't—I can't."

"Nevertheless," Neil said, "you're staying home this time, and I'm going."

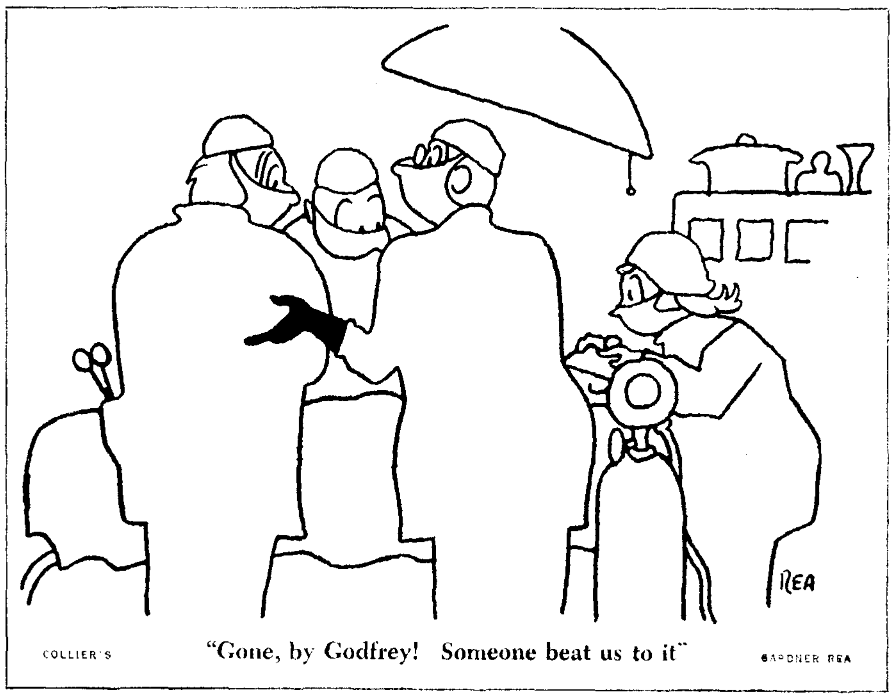
HE SWEPT her aside with one hand and plunged out of the door. In a moment she heard the motor start up and she went to the window, but she could see nothing through the swirling snow and darkness.

Well, she had done it now. For two weeks she had been the kind of woman Neil wanted, and now it was all wasted. Now, when he was here, she was everything he hated: the doctor in a white uniform with her hair pinned up and her face scrubbed; the strong, capable doctor, managing things, giving orders.

He came back with the drug in a little while. "Well, you see I made it," he said stiffly. He stood holding it out to her, looking down at her, and she got the feeling that if she could say just the right word—smile at him, perhaps, and cling to him a little and explain everything—his eyes would change to tenderness again and he would take her in his arms and make her feel loved once more, and beautiful, and protected.

But John called to her—not her name, but the one word, "Doctor!" and she went in and gave him the drug and worked over him, and she did not even know when Neil went away.

Doctor. That was her name too, really. That was part of her. She could not stop it, black it out as though it had never been. She should have known that. In the night, when she could not



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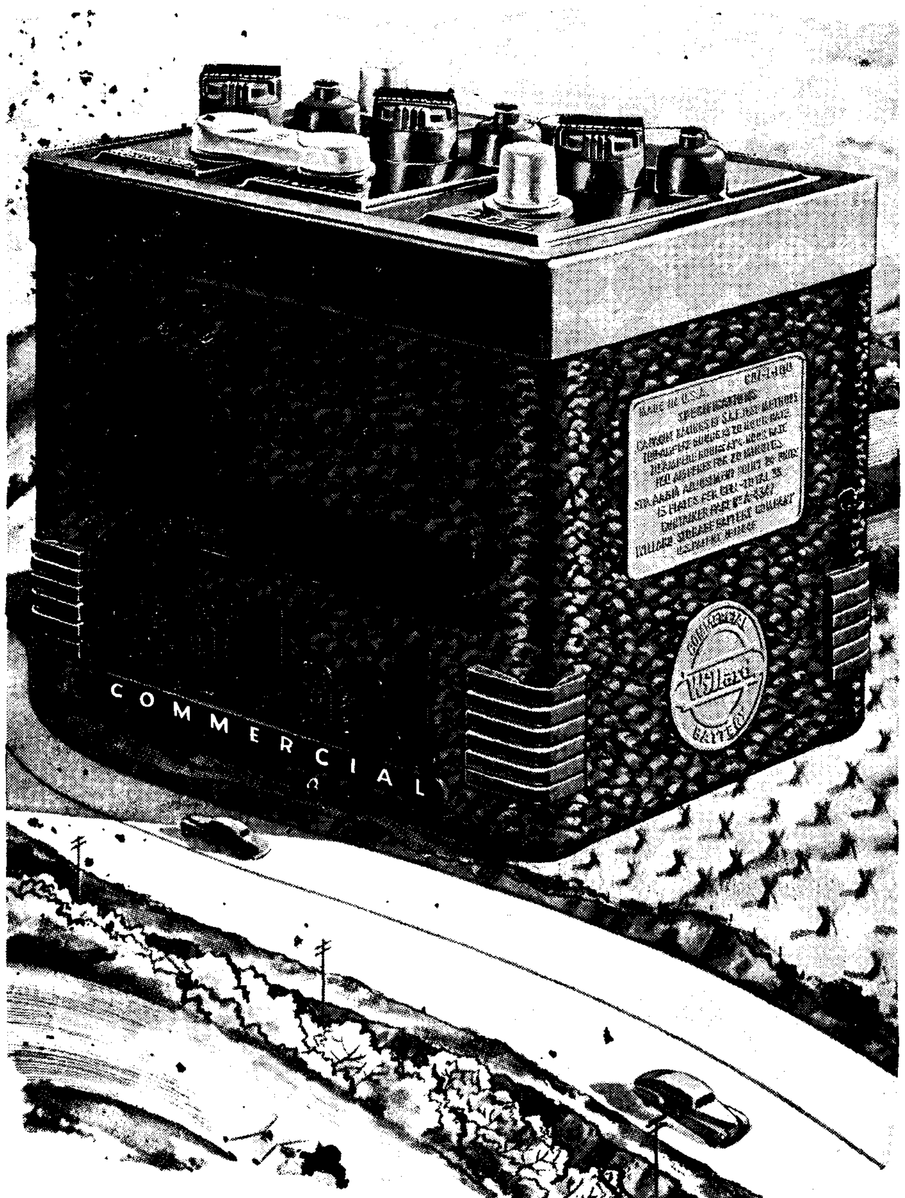

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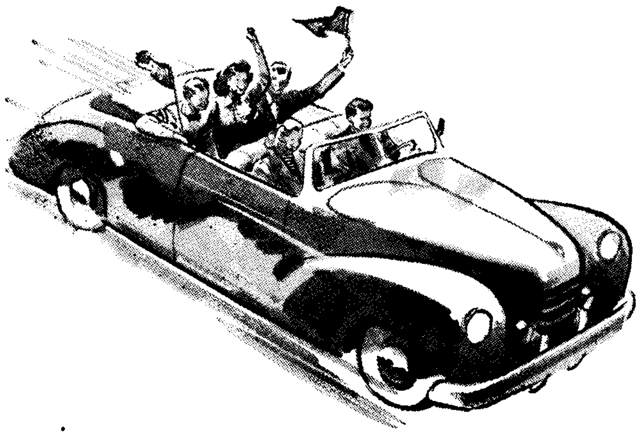

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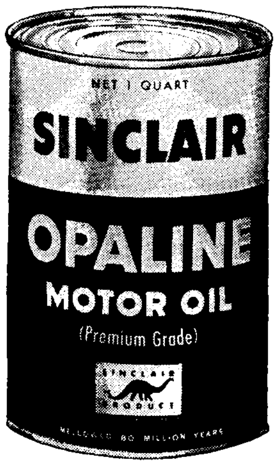
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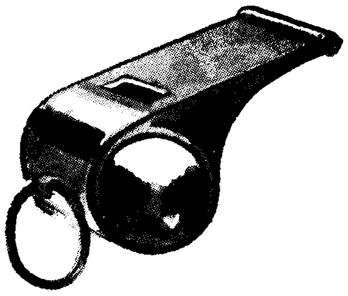

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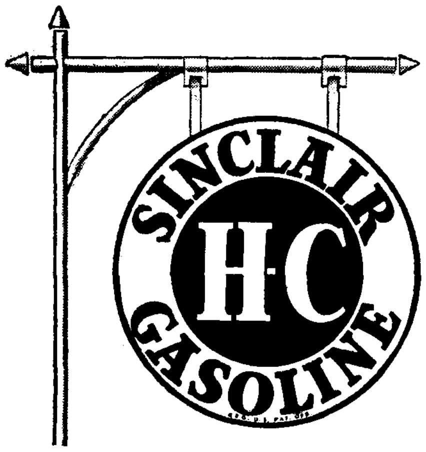
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sleep for remembering the cries of the sick, she should have known. There would always be something like this, a sudden illness, an accident—"Is there a doctor in the house?"—and she would have to answer, because that was her name—Doctor.

She stayed up with John all night, fighting pneumonia. Once a drop of perspiration dripped from her forehead and fell on her fingers, and when she wiped it off she saw that two of her long, beautifully tended nails were broken. She held them up and smiled a little at their jagged edges. That was the end of it, the last of the part she had been playing. "A woman loved and in love."

She was a doctor. She was strong and capable and skillful. She could drive a car better than most men; she could save a man's life. No man wanted a woman like that. No man wanted a woman who had saved his life.

"MY LEGS are still a little wobbly," John said, "but otherwise I feel wonderful, and I want to thank you for saving my life." He stood outside Mary's cabin, holding her arm, his black eyes looking straight into hers, and drew his breath in between his teeth. "It's very good to be alive."

A bird called from across the lake, and Mary turned toward the sound. Once she had walked along the shore with John and a bird had called like that and he had told her what it was. A kind of nostalgia gripped her, as for lost youth, she thought, or for a beloved place that could never be revisited. There was no such woman any more as the one who had walked there with John in a beautiful dress with her copper hair flowing, lighthearted, carefree, elusive, listening with flattering attention while he explained about the bird. There was only a doctor in a white uniform, her headdress neat and utilitarian, her nails cut short, supporting a recuperating patient with her strong arm.

"I didn't save your life," she said. "You weren't that sick."

He did not argue. He let her lead him to a bench and sit down with him and then he said, "Mary, what's troubling you? Are you thinking about—him?"

"Who?"

"Why, the man who was here the night I was taken sick. The big masterful guy. I heard him call you 'sweet.' Then he went away. Did you quarrel with him, Mary? Was he angry because I was in your cabin?"

Neil. It astounded her to realize that she had not thought of Neil for days. "No, I don't think he was really angry," she said. "Not the way you mean. He was just disappointed. You see, he thought I could learn to be the kind of woman a man wants. I thought so too, for a while, but it was no use. When I should have clung to him and looked up into his eyes, I was writing out a prescription and sending him to have it filled. He knew then that it would always be like that We both knew."

She looked out across the lake again, and there was a long silence, and then John began to speak, slowly and softly.

"I can see what you mean," he said. "What would a man want with a woman who could stand right beside him, shoulder to shoulder, you might say, and give as good as she gets? What would a man want with a woman who had a rich, full, colorful life of her own, so that when he couldn't be with her she'd be too busy ever to get petulant or bored, and when they were together they'd have a dozen stories and experiences to swap and share?"

He paused, and searched in his pockets for a cigarette. When he found one he just held it in his hand and smiled down at it, and she remembered how he had done that the first night, the night they had met, when he had commented on her simplicity and directness and been so sure she worked at something.

"Why, sure. When a man can have a woman for a decoration and a prop for his ego," he went on, "what would he want with a woman who could be his partner and companion and friend?"

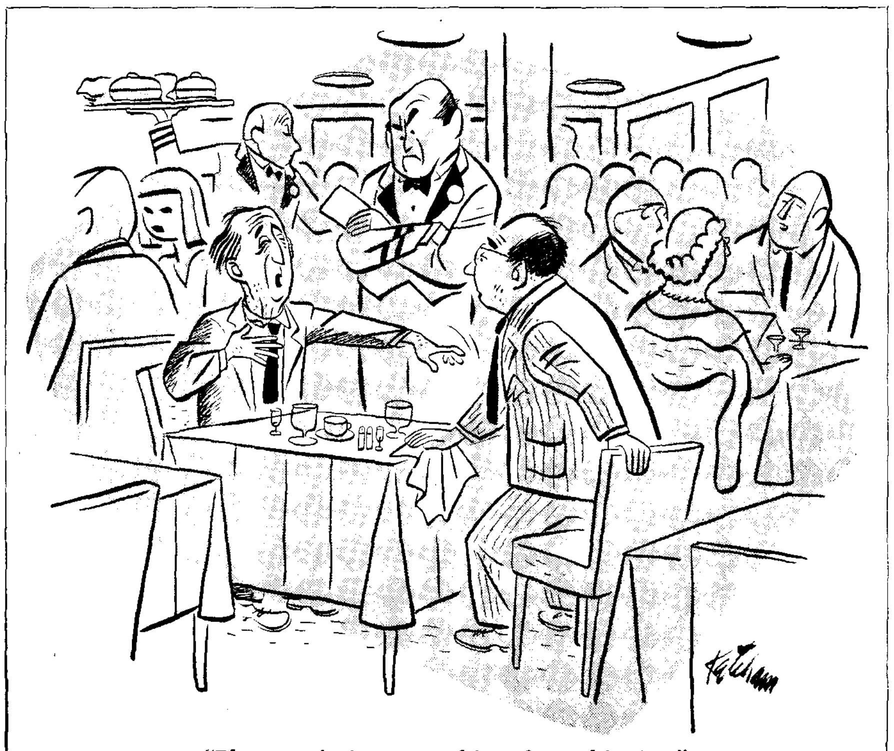
She felt his hands on her shoulders, and then he turned her to him with sudden strength. "Answer me that," he said, almost harshly. "Answer me that, Dr. Mary Falk." And the name on his lips was more of an endearment than any of Neil's "sweets" or "my darlings."

She started to speak, to answer him, but then instead she did something that she thought Neil had taught her. But it was not Neil. She had learned it from John the night she met him, the way any other woman learns such things as soon as she sees the first man she really wants.

She looked directly into his black eyes, which were on an exact level with her own gray ones, and smiled slowly, provocatively, and moved a little closer.

He kissed her then, holding her tightly in his arms, and there were no more questions.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Please, I insist on washing them this time" HANK KETCHAM

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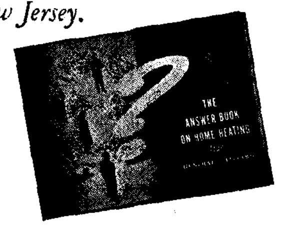

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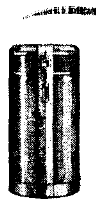

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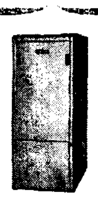

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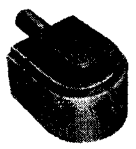

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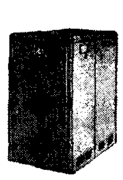

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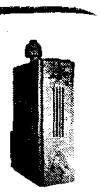

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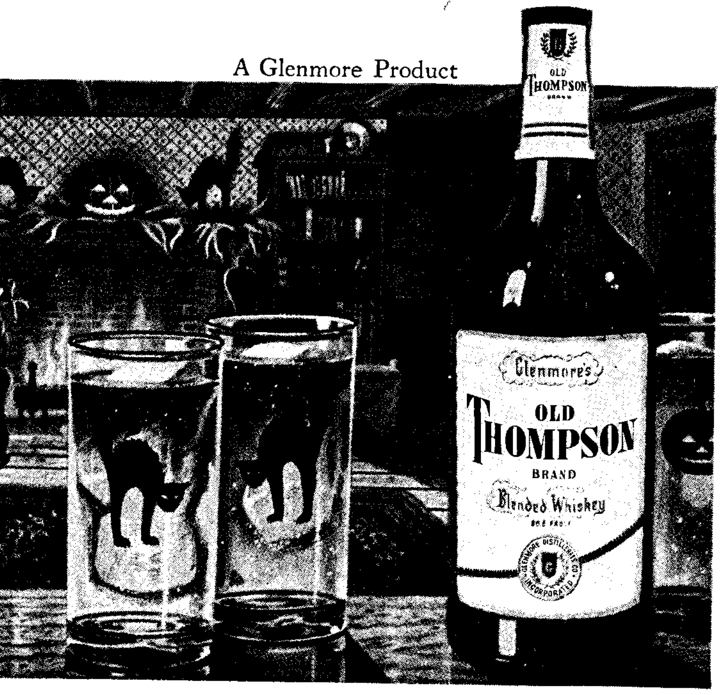

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A BETTER BLEND FOR BETTER DRINKS

A SENSE OF ECHELON

Continued from page 15

the heavy work, and for the girls in the Auxiliary Territorial Service, the British equivalent of the American WAC, who served as housemaids, cooks, secretaries, and office clerks for the staff. It was not a very exciting or dangerous segment of a global war, even though there had been two deaths and several nasty head wounds when a large corner of the supply depot and one of the enlisted men's houses had been knocked out by a V-1 three weeks after D-Day and even though most of the windows in the other houses had been shattered by the bombs that continued to land almost every day all over Murwash.

But there was no doubt about the importance of the job the station was doing and, after helping for so long to do it, Harmer had become attached to the station and the people on it. He was pleased, of course, with the instructions that had come through from SHAEF four days before, ordering him back to Washington; it would be nice to see his wife again and fun to be able to buy an ice-cream soda once more. But, as the taxi came up out of Maida Vale and turned into the Kilburn High Road, Harmer realized with a stab of regret that this was the last time he would be returning from London to the place he had come to think of as home. His instructions from ATC were to report to Croydon airdrome at eleven that night.

"Will this do you, sir?" the driver said.

"Yes, thanks," Harmer said. "This is fine."

HE STEPPED out to the sidewalk in front of the Gaumont Cinema and, as he pulled a ten-shilling note from his pocket, the all-clear sounded.

"Well, they didn't get us that time, did they, sir?" the driver said with a grin of relief. "It's those new ones, those V-2s, I'm worried about. Thank you, sir."

"Yes, they're a bad business," Harmer said, feeling again the tiny ache in his stomach that he knew was fear, the knot of pain that he was pretty certain everybody in London had been carrying around since the first buzz bomb came over, the ever-present terror that neither Harmer nor anybody else was willing to acknowledge. Then, with a quick wave of relief, Harmer realized that in five hours he would leave that unacknowledged fear behind at last. The relief gave way to shame. He would be out of it, all right, but this taxi driver and all Harmer's friends on the station and the millions of others in the great city, they would still be in it, very much in it. "Let's hope the war will be over before these V-2s can do much damage," Harmer said, and he pushed the change back. "You're welcome."

"Can't be over too soon for me," the driver said, putting the coins into his pocket. "You don't wear those things with American uniforms, do you?"

"This?" Harmer said, holding up the stiff, new Sam Browne belt. "No, we don't. I picked this up down in town for a British friend of mine."

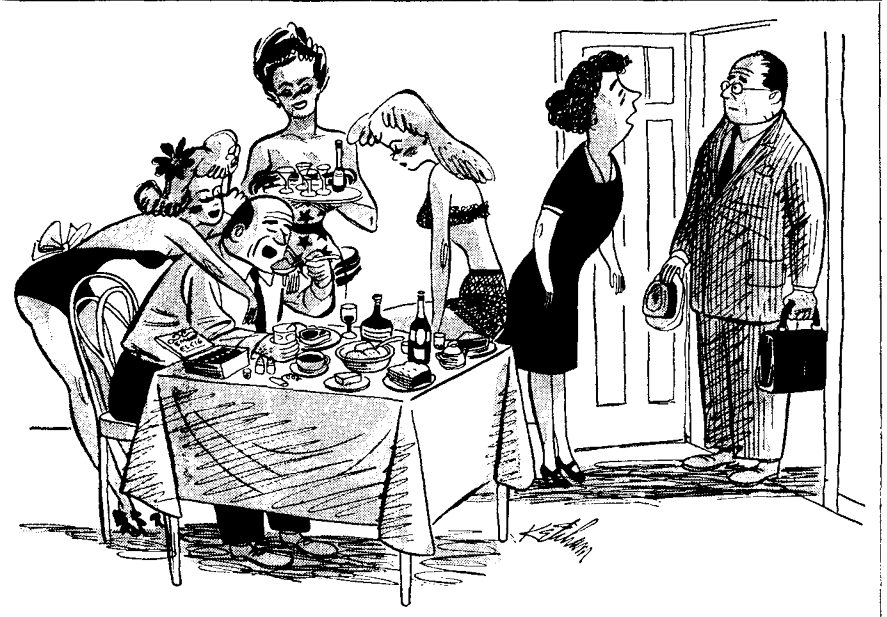
As he walked across to the station from Killburn High Road, hurrying a little because it was almost six o'clock and he had to finish packing before the party started at seven, Harmer wondered if Mr. William Chalmers Thorpe could be described with strict accuracy as a friend of his. Harmer's definition of a friend, which was probably hopelessly old-fashioned, called for complete knowledge of the person with whom you entered into the relationship. So far as facts were concerned, Harmer supposed he knew as much about Mr. Thorpe as he knew about the British officers with whom he worked and lived on the station. And yet, even though it seemed to Harmer that he should feel closer to Mr. Thorpe because they were both almost exactly the same age, he did not feel that Mr. Thorpe was as much his friend as the others were.

"Thank heaven you're back, sir," said Miss Grimes with a giggle as Harmer came in the front door of the officers' mess. Miss Grimes was a corporal in the ATS, and very proud of her rank, but Harmer found it difficult to remember this outlandish fact about the high-spirited, red-cheeked North Country girl with the golden hair who served as cook and downstairs maid for the officers who lived in the house. "Mr. Thorpe is in such a state, you wouldn't believe it, sir. He's been worried all during the raid that something had happened to you and you wouldn't get back with his Sam Browne in time for the party."

"You tell Mr. Thorpe to keep his shirt on," Harmer said. "Here it is, Corporal. Do you want to take it up to him?"

"I think perhaps you'd better, sir," Corporal Grimes said, blushing prettily. "You see, sir, Mr. Thorpe is dressing."

Harmer could understand how the prospect of breaking in on Mr. William Chalmers Thorpe in the process of getting dressed would strike Miss, or Corporal, Grimes as somewhat less than irresistible. Mr. Thorpe's status in the



"He says he's sure the world is coming to an end tomorrow"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

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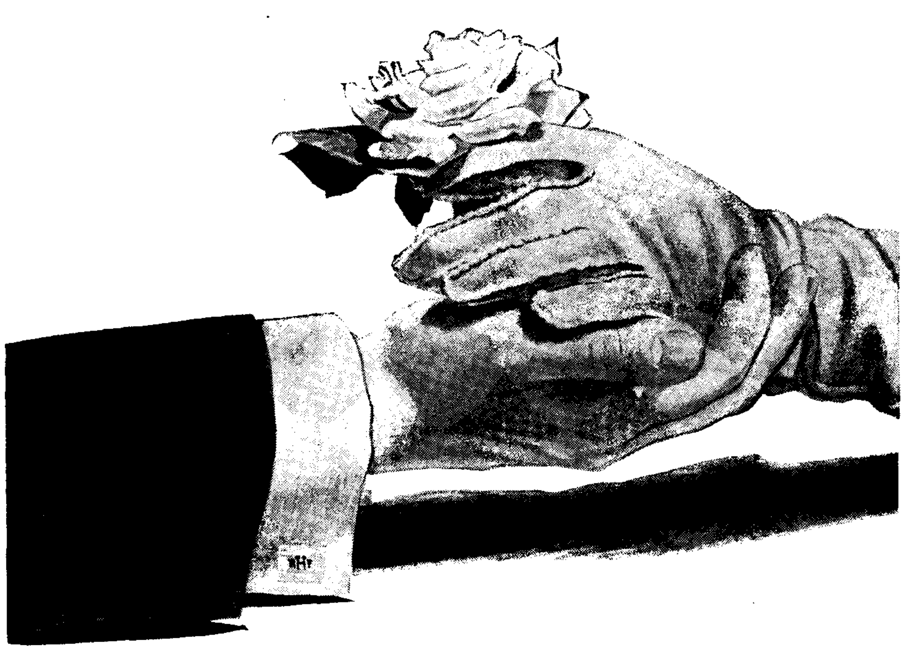

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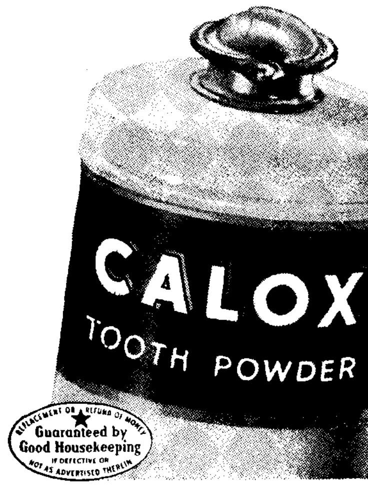
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house was unusual, and not only because he was the sole civilian employee in what was run as an aggressively military organization. Mr. Thorpe was a fifty-three-year-old produce merchant from Wales who had spent thirty years of his life on the Continent, buying cheese, bacon, butter, and eggs in job lots and selling them at a profit to English wholesalers. He had been visiting England on one of his regular selling trips when the war broke out and left him stranded. He couldn't get back to Berlin, where for ten years he had maintained his office and lived with his English wife and their two young daughters. His family was interned at once in Kaiserslautern, a German camp for enemy aliens and, while the money he had happened to have on him ran out, Mr. Thorpe tried to get a commission in the British Army.

The War Office turned him down because of his age, but Mr. Thorpe did not stop trying. The war had awakened all his patriotism and he worried as much about getting into uniform as he worried about the health and welfare of his wife and children. His persistent efforts brought him to the attention of Colonel Ransome, who was then setting up the Murwash Supply Station and needed a man with an intimate knowledge of Continental transportation facilities. Officers with such knowledge were rare or needed elsewhere, and when he learned about Mr. Thorpe, Colonel Ransome asked the War Office to hire him as a civilian. Mr. Thorpe accepted the job eagerly because he needed the money and because he felt it would bring him one step closer to the commission he wanted so desperately.

He was an odd figure in the officers' mess because he looked so very much what he was: a middle-aged produce merchant. Mr Thorpe was very fat and extremely bald and so short that he always seemed to be standing in a hole. No matter how often or recently he shaved, his jowly jaw appeared blue and his round face faintly greasy. His clothes looked as though they had been made by a tailor who had guessed at the measurements and they were invariably crumpled and spotted, as though the man wearing them had just stepped out of a warehouse refrigerator. Harmer could never get over the feeling that Mr. Thorpe, no matter what or how much he was wearing, was not completely dressed because it seemed inevitable that he should be enveloped in a large white apron.

MR. THORPE'S interests and personality were a depressing but perfect match for his appearance. Apparently he'd never read anything but produce lists and the stock-market pages of the newspapers. He was not interested in music or the theater. He knew nothing about politics or art. He did not play bridge or gin rummy. And his conversation consisted exclusively of tedious reminiscences about past business deals in butter and bacon, how much money he would be worth today if all his funds on deposit in Continental banks had not been confiscated by the Germans, quotations from his correspondence with his family interned in Germany, and the sluggish progress he was making with the War Office toward getting the commission he lusted for. Mr. William Chalmers Thorpe was a bore and a boor and a thoroughly unappetizing creature to look at. Nevertheless, he was the most popular member of the mess.

Colonel Ransome said often that Mr. Thorpe was a damned good man, even if he was a civilian, because he had an excellent sense of echelon. This was the colonel's highest accolade. Colonel Ransome, who had been Regular Army all of his stuffy life, deplored the laxity of his junior officers and frequently said, through his throaty chuckle, that Mr. Thorpe in his unpressed and frayed lounge suit was a better soldier than the lot of them. Harmer suspected that Colonel Ransome liked Mr. Thorpe because Mr. Thorpe's admiration for the colonel was so embarrassingly obvious. From his discussions with Major Harrup, Captain Mitchell, and Lieutenant Tetlow, his fellow officers, Harmer knew that their reasons for liking Mr. Thorpe were, like his own, far less personal and far more sensible. You couldn't help admiring the equanimity with which he refused to accept the rebuffs of the War Office and, after each refusal, ploddingly renewed his pathetic and somewhat comic efforts to get a commission. There was a touching quality in the devotion with which the gross, unimaginative man corresponded regularly, through the Red Cross, with his wife and children interned in Germany. And his almost inexhaustible knowledge of Continental transportation facilities, acquired during his three decades as a produce merchant, eased the burden of work considerably for everybody on the station.

"IF HE'S in the middle of dressing," Harmer said to Corporal Grimes as that young lady eyed the new belt, "I'd better take this up to him myself."

"Would you, sir?" Corporal Grimes said, her eyes dancing. "I'm just dying to see what he looks like in it."

It occurred to Harmer that the pretty little ATS corporal had described his own feelings with accuracy. Four days before, the day Harmer's Washington orders had come through, the unmovable British War Office, after almost five and a half years of prodding, had finally moved. Official notification had come, announcing that William Chalmers Thorpe had been commissioned at last a second lieutenant in a Welsh regiment.

Mr. Thorpe must have known that the great day was approaching, Harmer decided, or perhaps he had never shared the pessimism of the other members of the mess, because Harmer knew there was not a tailor in wartime London who could whip up on such short notice the uniform Mr. Thorpe promised to wear at the party, nor was there a supply shop that could make in four days the Sam Browne belt Harmer had picked up for Mr. Thorpe that afternoon. Harmer suspected that the uniform and the belt had been ordered months, perhaps years, before.

"If you could spare a moment, sir, would you care to step into the dining room?" Corporal Grimes said, and her cheerful face blushed red. "It looks ever so pretty, we think."

Harmer followed her trim little figure across the hall to the dining room and, as she opened the door and he looked in, a lump came up in Harmer's throat. The somber chamber, with walls that had not been painted since before the war and the ceiling that had been cracked by a blast from a V-1, had been decorated bravely with faded streamers The huge table was dotted with colorful little islands of iced cakes and bright candies and bowls of nuts and plates of jellies and platters of tiny sandwiches and dishes of homemade cookies, all neatly arranged and cleverly spaced on the enormous expanse of red tablecloth to conceal the pathetic fact that, though so surprisingly much had been gathered together, the accumulation was skimpy.

For more than a year Miss Grimes and the others ATS's on the station had talked jokingly about the parties they would give for Major Harmer when the war was over and he was ready to go back to America, and for Mr. Thorpe, when he got his commission. None of them had taken the talk seriously because the war had been going on so long that nobody believed it would really end, and nobody really thought Mr. Thorpe would ever get his commission.

Four days was pitifully short notice, and two parties were more than anybody

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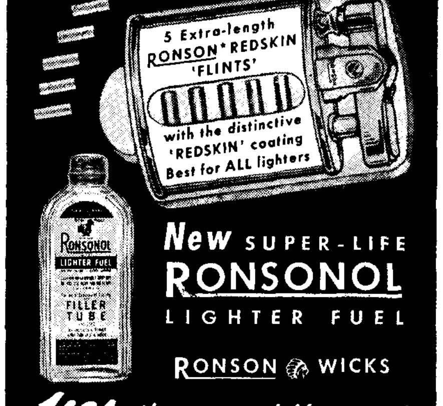

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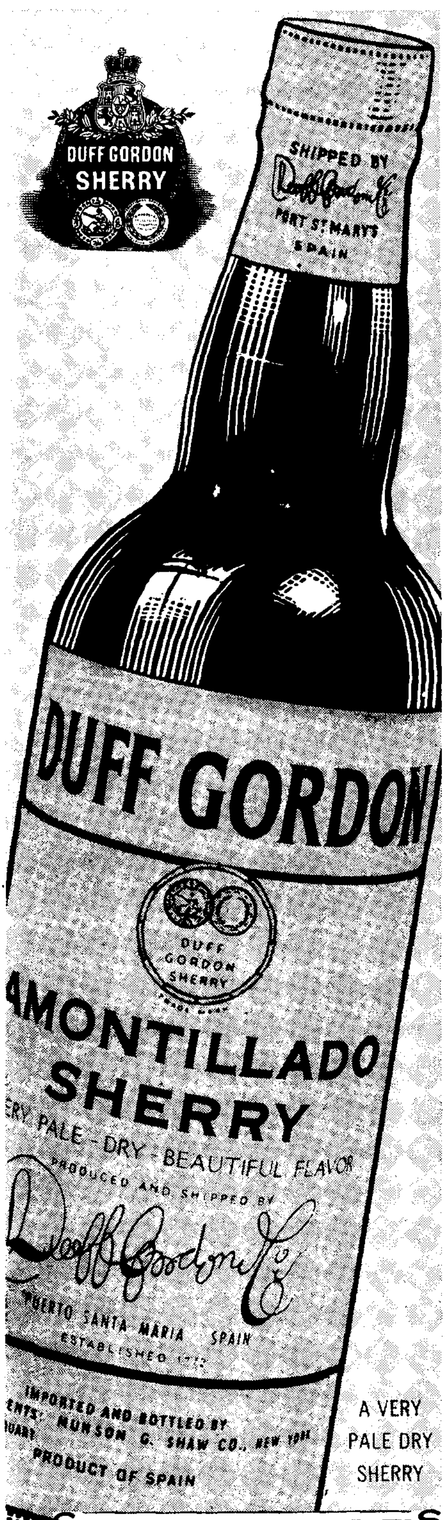

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in all of wartime England could manage, but the loyal little ATS's of Murwash Supply Station had risen to the occasion. Occupying the place of honor in the center of the table was a large white cake into which must have gone at least a month's sugar ration of every girl in the company. Around the sides of the cake, under the tiny crossed flags of England and America, in bright pink icing, was lettered: Hail Lieutenant Thorpe! Farewell Major Harmer! Godspeed You Both! Harmer swallowed hard and turned to Corporal Grimes.

"It's lovely," he said. "The most beautiful table I've ever seen, Corporal. How in the world did you manage?"

"Oh, we all pooled our rations, sir," Corporal Grimes said. "Please don't you go saying I told you so, sir," she said with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes, "but some of the girls made their boy friends toss in a coupon or two."

"Well," Harmer said. "I'd better get this belt up to Lieutenant Thorpe before the icing on that handsome cake melts."

He walked across the hall to the stairs.

"That you, Harmer, old boy?" Lieutenant Tetlow called.

"Yes," Harmer said. He stopped in the doorway of the officers' lounge.

THE youngest member of the Murwash Supply Station staff, Lieutenant Tetlow, had served in the desert with Auchinleck until a hip wound made him useless for active service and he was assigned to Colonel Ransome. He was not quite thirty, a fact that the other members of the mess found a trifle irritating. Lieutenant Tetlow was the gay blade of the mess. Harmer often wondered just how much truth there was in Lieutenant Tetlow's arch references to his relations with Corporal Grimes and the other pretty girls in the company of ATS. Now the lieutenant was listening to the B.B.C. six-o'clock news and marking the positions of the opposing armies on the large newspaper map he had pasted to the wall over the fireplace.

"Pop in here a moment, will you?" Lieutenant Tetlow said. "Want to show you something interesting." He snapped off the radio and put his finger on the map as Harmer came into the room and stood beside him. "See that?" His finger was pointing to a small black dot near the Bavarian border that was marked Kaiserslautern. "B.B.C. just read off the SHAEF communiqué. General Patton captured this place early this morning."

"Good for Patton," Harmer said. "Maybe I'll win that money after all." Harmer had chosen June 1, 1945, as his date for the end of the war in the pool Tetlow had organized.

"No fear," Lieutenant Tetlow said. "You haven't a prayer, old chap. I still say this bloody show is going on for another year. Doesn't this mean anything to you?"

Harmer's glance followed the lieutenant's pointing finger to the map once more.

"Aside from the fact that your fingernails need cleaning," Harmer said, "I don't see a thing. What's on your mind?"

"Kaiserslautern," Lieutenant Tetlow said and, after another pause, he grinned and explained: "Good show, what?"

"Damned good," Harmer said. "Does he know?"

"I shouldn't think so," Lieutenant Tetlow said. "It came through on the wireless just a moment ago."

"Do you mind if I tell him?" Harmer said. "I was just taking this belt up to him, anyway."

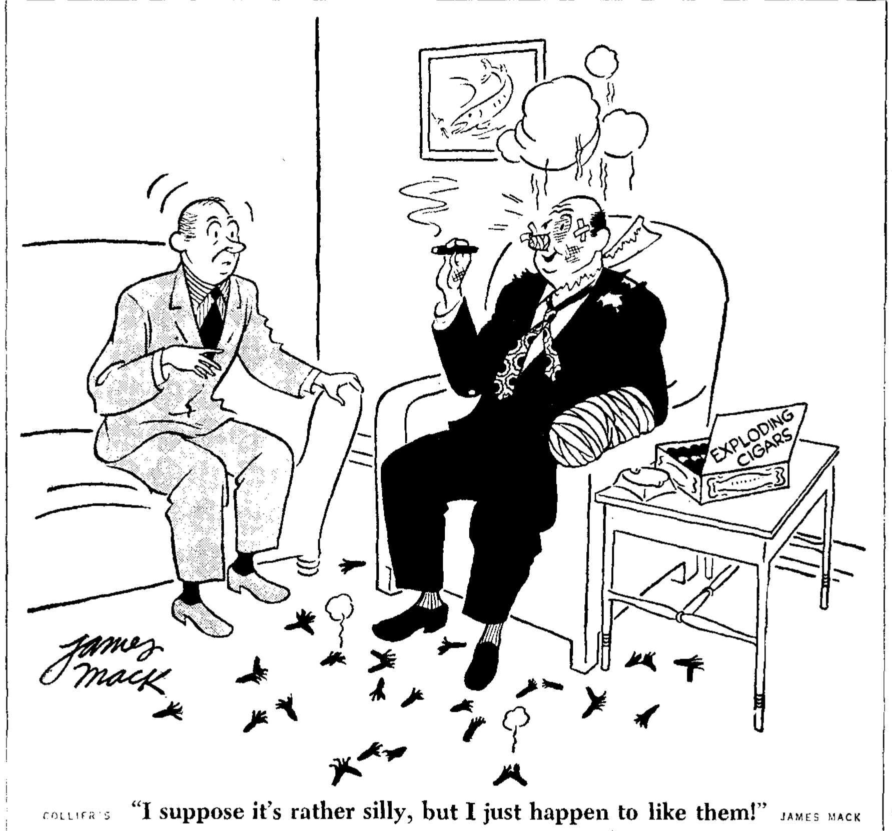
Harmer went out and up the stairs. He stopped in his own room just long enough to turn on the water in his tub. Then he hurried across the hall and knocked on Mr. Thorpe's door.

"Who is it?" Mr. Thorpe said. "I'm dressing."

"Harmer. I've got your Sam Browne."

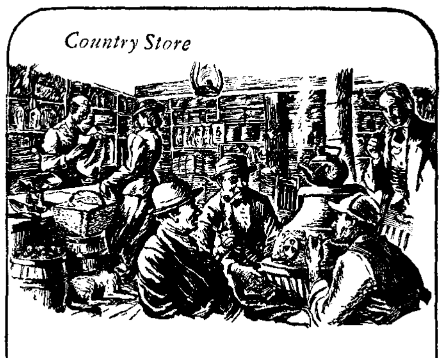
The door opened quickly and Harmer, swept by one of those moments of irrelevant observation that he found so annoyingly characteristic of himself, realized that perhaps it was just as well that he was leaving Murwash Supply Station so soon after Mr. Thorpe had received his commission: Harmer knew he would never be able to remember to call him lieutenant. The fat man in the doorway was wearing a beautifully pressed uniform. His starched shirt collar was immaculate. His khaki tie was neatly knotted. His freshly polished shoes gleamed brightly. And yet, for some curious reason that had nothing to do with his clothes, Harmer felt that Mr. Thorpe—no, Lieutenant Thorpe—had forgotten to put on his white apron. In the brand-new uniform and insignia of an officer in His Majesty's army, William Chalmers Thorpe still looked like a produce merchant.

"Here it is," Harmer said, handing



COLLIER'S "I suppose it's rather silly, but I just happen to like them!" JAMES MACK

Country Store



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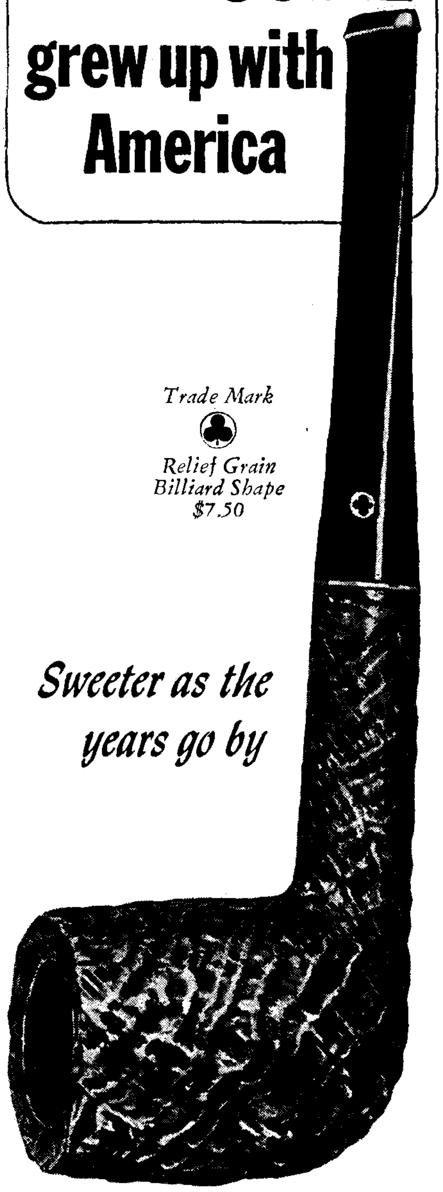

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over the belt. "I got caught on Regent Street during the alert and couldn't find a taxi. You look terrific, old man."

"Thanks awfully," Thorpe said, puffing as he tried to get the Sam Browne around his enormous waist. "Damned good of you to pick this up for me, old chap. Does the tunic really fit me, do you think?"

"Perfectly," Harmer said. "Can I give you a hand with that?"

"Would you, old chap?" Thorpe said across his shoulder. "Just shove the door to, do you mind? That's right. I've been sitting in here waiting for you. Didn't want anybody to see me until I was dressed properly. Sam Browne and all, you know. I think if you took this end—no, the hasp, that's it—and gave it a bit of a tug—There, that does it. Thank you, old chap. Very decent of you."

"Never mind the belt for a moment," Harmer said as Thorpe eyed himself critically in the cracked mirror over his dresser. "I've got some wonderful news for you. Tetlow just heard it on the B.B.C.'s broadcast of the six-o'clock communiqué." Harmer paused dramatically. "Patton's Third Army took Kaiserslautern this morning." Harmer paused again and, though he did not quite know how the stolid produce merchant would react to what the American assumed would be a stunning piece of information, Harmer was surprised by what seemed to be a complete absence of any reaction at all. Thorpe continued to eye himself in the mirror, his face expressionless. "I guess I didn't make that clear," Harmer said. "Patton's taken Kaiserslautern."

"Has he?" Thorpe said. "Good show."

"That's where your family has been interned," Harmer said, annoyed by the slight edge in his own voice. "Isn't it?"

"Yes," Thorpe said, smoothing away a tiny wrinkle of khaki cloth at the place where the Sam Browne belt went through his shoulder flap. "Kaiserslautern. Quite."

"That means you should be getting some word about them in a day or two," Harmer said. "The first thing they do when they take a place like that is go through the internment camps and wire relatives back home, don't they?"

"That's the customary procedure, yes," Thorpe said, and Harmer wondered if it was because he was watching with so much irritated concentration that he thought he saw the produce merchant's blue-jowled, impassive face crease for an instant. "That's what they usually do."

Harmer waited another moment and then, as his annoyance was replaced by the thought that, after three years of intimate association with various aspects of the British character, he still did not understand it, the American shrugged.

"Well, I'd better get going," he said. "I left the water running in my tub, and I've still got some packing to do."

The packing took longer than Harmer had estimated. When he came downstairs the party was thoroughly under way.

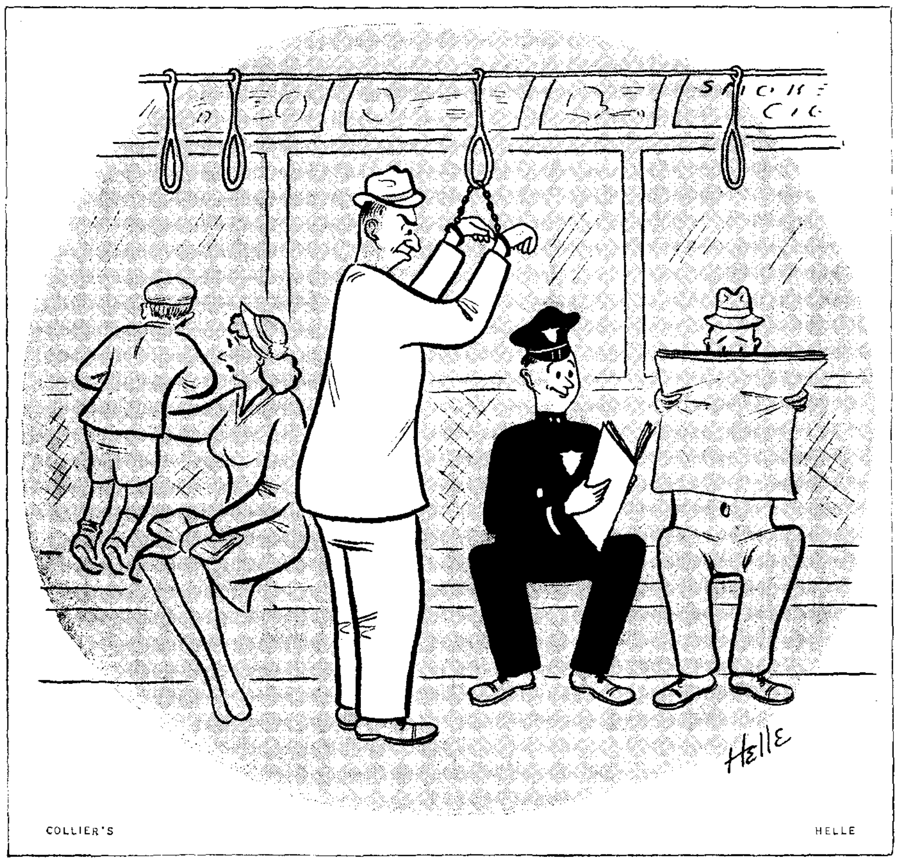
"Here he is, our American cousin!" shouted Major Harrup, who was ordinarily a soft-spoken, retiring officer who did his job with quiet efficiency and seldom raised his voice. "Let's have the song again, shall we?" Major Harrup cried as he shoved a glass into Harmer's hand. "Ready, chaps?"

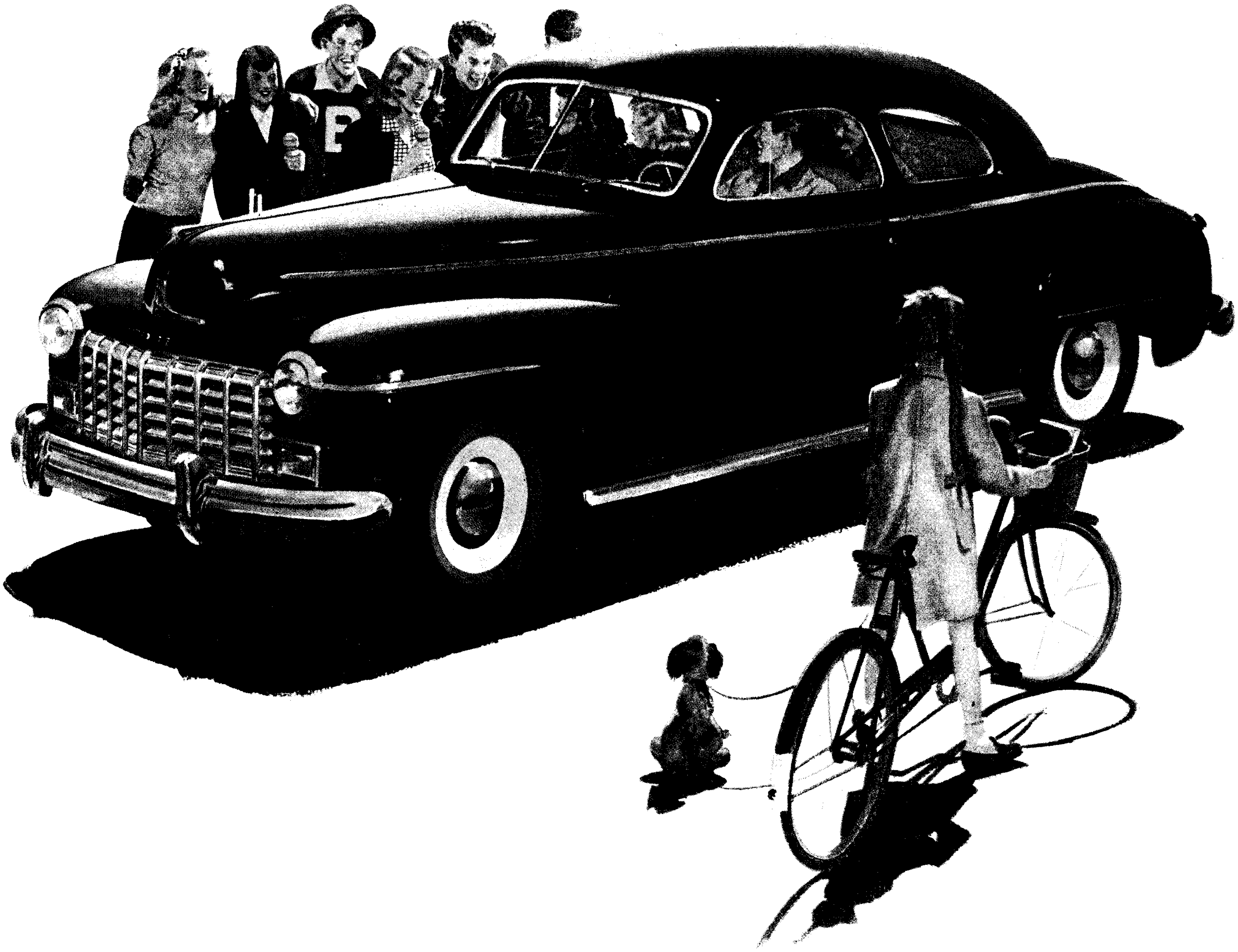
THE whole room broke into For He's a Jolly Good Fellow. Harmer, aware that he was blushing, smiled with embarrassment and pleasure as he glanced around. In addition to the station's own officers and ATS's, there were a dozen enlisted men, looking very brushed and stiff and uncomfortable in the presence of so much brass.

Even Colonel Ransome, standing between Corporal Grimes and Captain Mitchell, was singing lustily as he tugged at his white mustache and kept time by waving his glass.

"Now once more for our bright and shining new Lieutenant Thorpe!" Major Harrup yelled. "Ready?"

The group broke away from Harmer and surrounded the produce merchant, who scowled shyly into his glass and tugged at the buckle of his Sam Browne as the strains of For He's a Jolly Good Fellow swirled around his bald and faintly greasy head. Harmer took the first sip from his glass and knew, before he turned to look, that Lieutenant Tetlow was in charge of the bar. It was a Tetlow Tiger, half gin and half cider. After two of these concoctions Harmer lost a good deal of his embarrassment at being one of the two persons in whose honor the party was given and, by the time Corporal Grimes shepherded the noisy group into the dining room, Harmer was feeling so well that he registered only a few mild and very unconvincing objections to posing for a picture with Mr., now Lieutenant, Thorpe beside the large white cake that bore the touching inscription in pink





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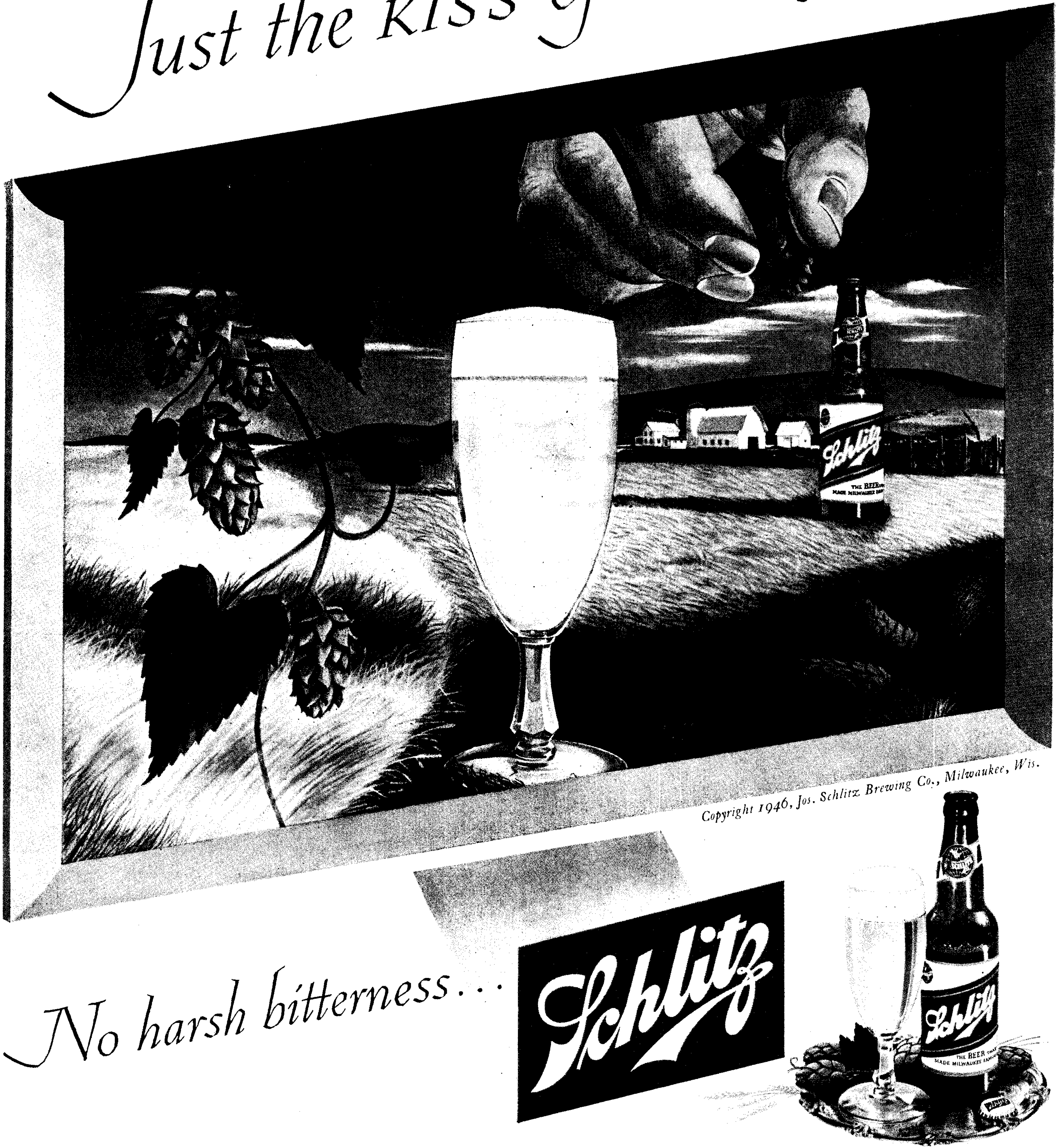
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No harsh bitterness . . .

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icing. Shortly after this a V-1 landed somewhere on the edge of Murwash and, as the plates rattled on the dining-room table and the few unbroken windows in the house shook noisily, the merrymakers became aware of the raid that had been going on for almost two hours and a number of them ran out into the street, carrying their sandwiches and Tetlow Tigers, to see what was happening.

Harmer seized on this lull in the festivities to take Captain Mitchell, in peacetime a poorly paid instructor in Romance languages at a respectable but not quite top-drawer public school in Surrey, up to his room to present him with the underwear and socks and pajamas that the American was leaving behind because there was no room for them in his luggage. Captain Mitchell was embarrassed but grateful because, like almost everybody else in England, he was running short on these essentials and was completely out of clothing coupons. He thanked Harmer effusively and carried his acquisitions happily away. Harmer left the room to return to the party downstairs and stopped short in the hallway. The sound of voices raised in a quarrel came through the closed door of Mr. Thorpe's room. Harmer hesitated, turned toward the stairs, and stopped again. One of the voices belonged to Corporal Grimes.

"I can't, darling," she said. "It won't look right. You're the one to ask him."

THE reply, made unmistakably by a man's voice, was so low that Harmer could neither identify it nor distinguish the words but, remembering suddenly his suspicions about Lieutenant Tetlow, he crossed to the door and pushed it open.

"Oh," Harmer said. "I beg your pardon." For a moment he didn't know whether he was more astonished by discovering Corporal Grimes alone with Thorpe in the latter's room or by the fact that he had just heard the pretty girl call the fat, middle-aged produce merchant darling. "I thought it was somebody else," Harmer said, backing out of the doorway. "I mean, I thought it was some sort of trouble. I didn't mean to intrude."

"Quite all right," Thorpe said. "As a matter of fact there is a bit of trouble."

"You ask him," Corporal Grimes said and, because she was taller than the man who always seemed to be standing in a hole, she looked down into Thorpe's face as she spoke. The tone of her voice and the quality of her glance left no doubt in Harmer's mind about what he had heard. "Please," she said pleadingly and she squeezed Thorpe's large, thick hand. "Please ask him, darling."

Then she turned quickly and hurried past Harmer, out of the room. She closed the door softly behind her. Thorpe scowled down at his hand so hard that his collar disappeared completely into his blue jowls, and he stepped over to the window where he made an unnecessary adjustment to the blackout curtains.

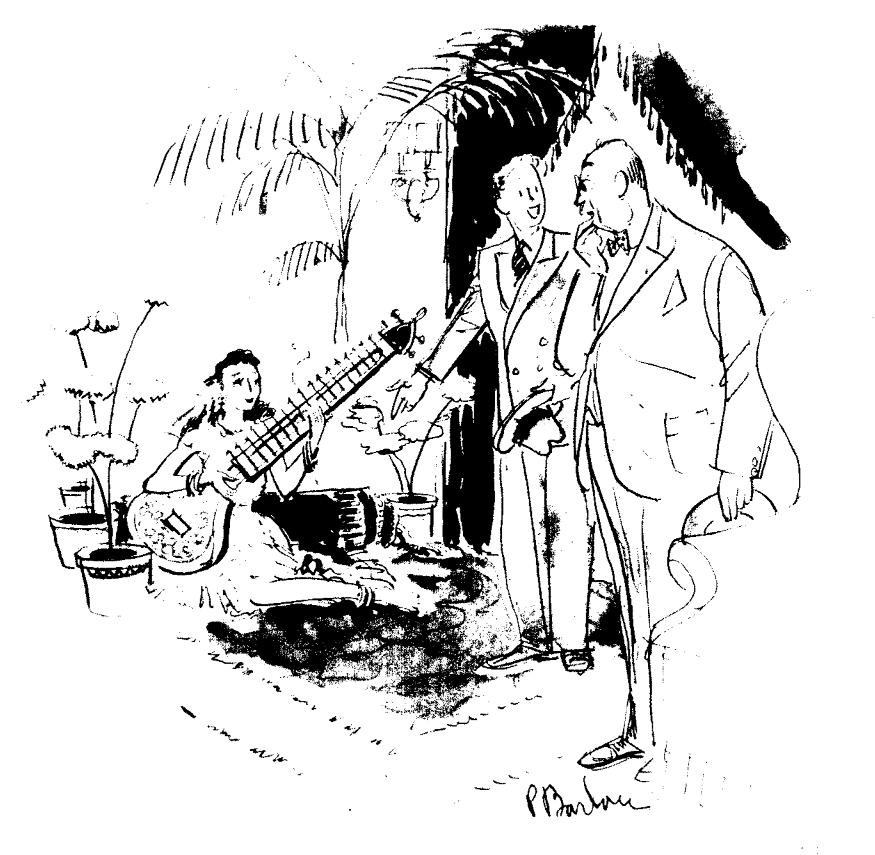
"Well," Harmer said, "I think I'd better run along."

"Please don't go," Thorpe said. "There's something I want to ask you."

"Something Corporal Grimes wants you to ask me?" Harmer said.

"Well, yes," Thorpe said without turning, and there was a long, silent pause. "We're faced with a bit of a problem," he said finally. "And she thinks you're the only one who can help us solve it."

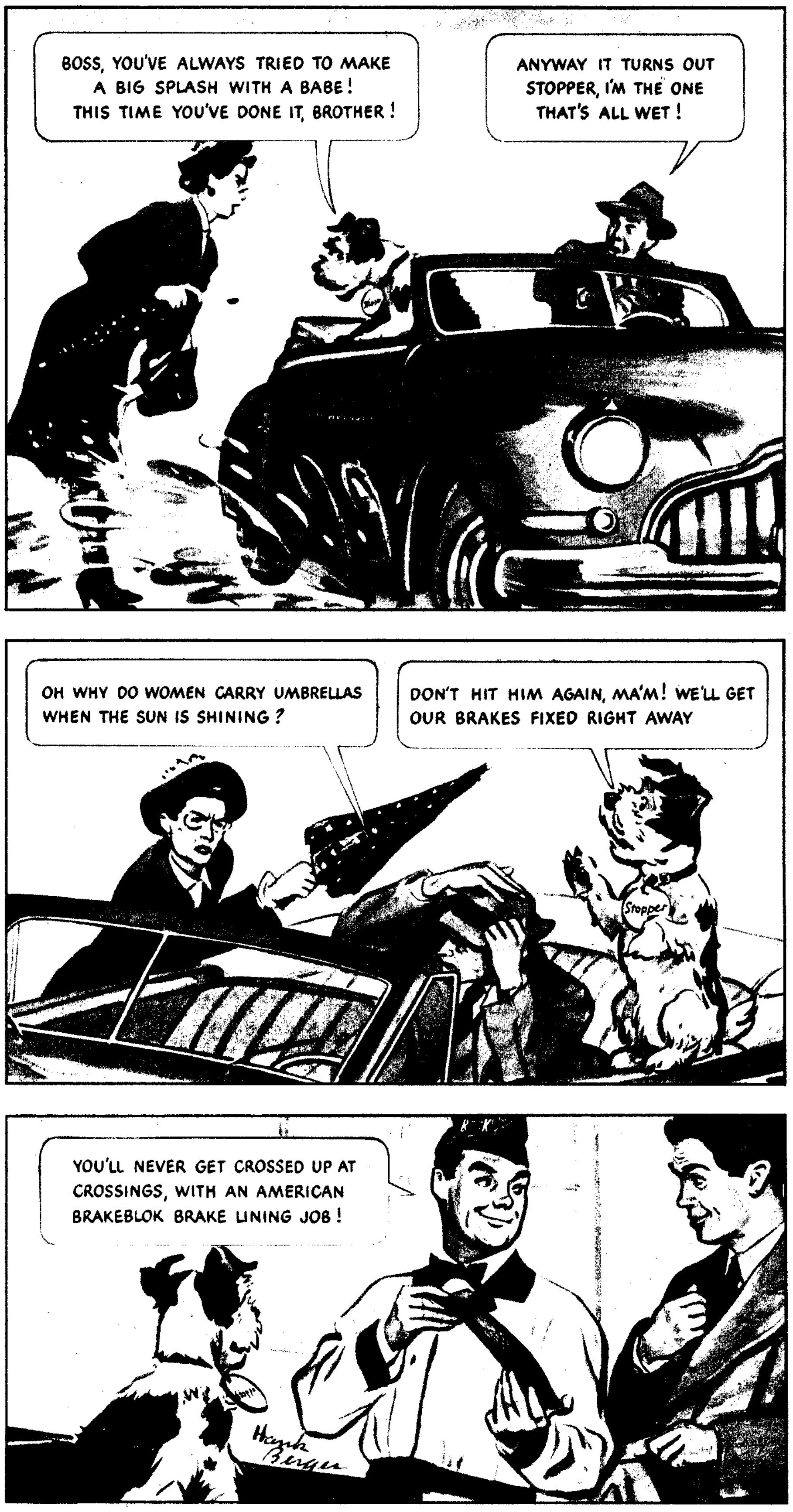
"I'll be delighted to do anything," Harmer said, trying hard to keep the surprise out of his voice. There might have been some perfectly reasonable explanation for finding the young girl and this elderly, uncouth man, thirty years her senior, alone in Thorpe's room, although Harmer wondered how Colonel Ransome's high opinion of Thorpe's sense of echelon would be affected by the explanation; there might even be some innocent explanation for her calling him darling; but there could be only one explanation for Thorpe's use of the word we, and for the way he used it. Harmer could understand the lonely, plodding middle-aged man being attracted to the fresh-cheeked, laughing North Country girl. He could even understand, although this was more difficult, that the young girl might, for a variety of reasons, respond, or pretend to respond, to the older man's advances. What Harmer found it almost impossible to understand was how the affair could have started and apparently gone on right under his nose without his suspecting it. Harmer had lived in the same house with these people for almost three years. He was a sen-



"There she is, Dad! I'll bet when I wrote I had married in Iran you imagined all sorts of queer things"

COLLIER'S PERRY BARLOW

Moral: *Never douse a dame!*


BOSS, YOU'VE ALWAYS TRIED TO MAKE A BIG SPLASH WITH A BABE! THIS TIME YOU'VE DONE IT, BROTHER!
ANYWAY IT TURNS OUT STOPPER, I'M THE ONE THAT'S ALL WET!
OH WHY DO WOMEN CARRY UMBRELLAS WHEN THE SUN IS SHINING?
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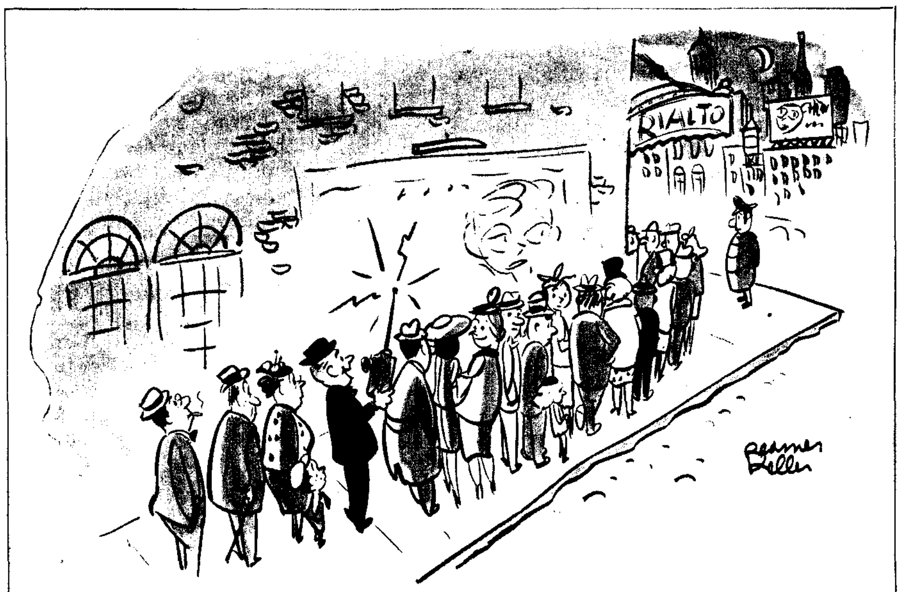


"You can leave the house, now, Helen—I'm getting close to the box office"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

sitive and perceptive man. But he had noticed nothing. The other members of the mess had also noticed nothing. If they had, there would have been gossip. Lieutenant Tetlow would have made sly jokes about it. Harmer's astonishment gave way to something not very far removed from resentment. He felt he had been tricked. "I mean I'll be delighted to do anything I can," Harmer said with some sharpness. He glanced at his wrist watch. It was almost nine-thirty. "I don't have much time. The car will be calling for me in less than an hour."

"I know it's a bit of a rush," Thorpe said. "But the problem has just come up, you see." He turned from the blackout curtain. "Do you think there's any chance of getting Corporal Grimes and myself over to the States?"

HARMER blinked slightly and, in a moment of revelation that was not nearly so irrelevant as was customary with him, the American understood what Thorpe had meant when he said the problem had just come up.

"That's a rather difficult thing to do in wartime," Harmer said. "Even in peacetime it's not easy because of the immigration quotas, you know." And he added dryly, "Especially on such short notice."

He felt slightly annoyed with Thorpe and Miss Grimes. At least one of them was old enough to have acted without the traditional thoughtlessness of young lovers. Even if the girl had been so swept away by her passion for this stodgy butter-and-bacon merchant that she had no time to think of practical consequences and considerations, Thorpe should have had sense enough not to put off those considerations until the last moment, until the inevitable news arrived that his interned wife and children were on the verge of being sent home.

"I realize it's not simple," Thorpe said. "But I wasn't thinking of immigration quotas. We could worry about that later, when the war is over. I was thinking in terms of getting us transferred officially, you know. To some mission in Washington or Canada, perhaps. Something like that. It shouldn't be too difficult, I imagine. Now that I'm no longer a civilian. Now that I'm in the army, too, I mean."

"Oh," Harmer said. Perhaps the produce merchant had not been so impractical and thoughtless, after all. "Well, I don't know," Harmer said more kindly. "I'm afraid I don't have that kind of drag. I'm just a major."

"That's what I thought," Thorpe said gruffly. "That's what I told her."

"But what are you going to do?" Harmer said. "I mean, when your wife and children—they'll probably be back in England soon, won't they?"

"I don't know," Thorpe said and, for the first time, his dull voice and his stupid face seemed to lose their dullness and stupidity. There was suddenly so much hopeless dejection in that shapeless, middle-aged body, that Harmer forgot his desire to laugh. "I haven't any idea," Thorpe said helplessly and, for a terrified instant, Harmer thought the produce merchant was going to cry. "Something will turn up, though," Thorpe said without conviction. "It always does," he said. "Everything will be all right."

"I hope so," Harmer said, and he was not even mildly surprised by the fact that he meant it. "I don't think there's much I can do, but I'll try."

"Thanks very much," Thorpe said. "Decent of you, old man. Damned decent."

He turned back to the blackout curtains, and Harmer, after another awkward pause, left the room. He went downstairs, where the party was going stronger than ever, and he drank two more Tetlow Tigers that were forced on him, but he did not enjoy them. At ten o'clock one of the ATS's came to tell him that the SHAEF car had arrived and, for a few minutes, there was a confused babble of *bon voyages,* and swapping of addresses, and pledges to write and visit when this bloody show was over, and manly handshakes from Colonel Ransome and Major Harrup and Captain Mitchell, and tearful goodbys from the ATS's, and bawdy advice from Lieutenant Tetlow about what to do if the plane should be forced down on the Atlantic, and then, somewhat shaken, Harmer was alone on the blacked-out street beside the SHAEF car and the G.I. driver was stowing his luggage in the rear.

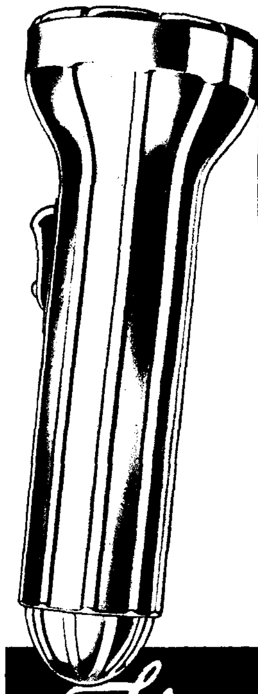
THE door of the house opened and closed and they both turned. Corporal Grimes came running down the cracked cement walk, her khaki skirt whipping around her trim legs, and the driver, after a quick glance at Harmer, slipped discreetly behind the wheel and slammed the front door of the car.

"Major Harmer, sir," Corporal Grimes said breathlessly. "Please, sir." Harmer stepped toward her and caught her elbows and turned her away from the car. "He's just told me what you said, sir," she said in a low voice, talking to the middle button on Harmer's blouse. "About how you'd promised to help us, sir. And I wanted to thank you and, oh, please, sir, please, Major Harmer, do try to help us. Please."

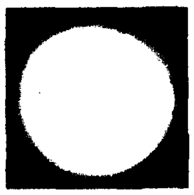
"I'll do my best," Harmer said. He was uncomfortable because he knew there was nothing he could do and worse than uncomfortable because he sensed that, even if he could, he would probably hesitate before doing it. The combination made him feel mean and puritanical,

THE CAVEMAN USED A TORCH

There is as much difference between Floodbeem and the ordinary flashlight as there is between the ordinary flashlight and the caveman's torch



Light produced by ordinary flashlight has dark spot in center.



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which he wasn't, and he said irritably, "Why don't you both just forget the whole thing?" After all, they'd had their fun, if a relationship between two such incredibly disparate people could be described as fun. "I mean: Why not be sensible?" Harmer said. "Why not end it now?"

Corporal Grimes raised her head quickly, so that he could see her face in the moonlight. She looked terrified.

"Oh, we couldn't do that, sir," she said. "You see, sir, we've been married for more than a year."

JUST then the driver hit the horn button, so it could have been the short blast of warning that made Harmer jump a little, and he released the girl's elbows.

"But that's impossible," he said angrily. "I mean, it's illegal. Didn't you know he has a wife and children interned in Germany? I mean: Didn't you know it before today?"

"Yes, sir," Corporal Grimes said, looking down at the cement walk, and then she seemed to shiver slightly. "But the war has been going on for so long, sir, and we thought—" She shivered again, more convulsively, as though to shake off whatever it was they had thought, and she raised her head to look at Harmer. "He's such a gentleman, sir, he didn't want to do anything that would be improper for me," she said, and her small, round, quite lovely face was utterly guileless in the moonlight. "You see, sir, he and I, we—" Her face and voice broke suddenly, the way Thorpe's face and voice had broken in the produce merchant's room less than a half-hour earlier. "You see, sir," she said helplessly, "I love him so, sir."

The change in the tempo of the clacking train wheels brought Harmer's mind back, from Murwash Supply Station, across the Atlantic and the two years that had gone by, to the Pullman in which he had been cheated of his solitude. All the fervent promises to write and visit when the bloody show was over had come to nothing. All the swapped addresses were still there, in his pocket notebook, unused and probably a little faded.

"Yes, he was an odd bird," he said. "What ever happened to him?"

"Old Thorpe?" Colonel Ransome said as he gave his white mustache a small tug and leaned forward. "Why, shortly after you left us, the war ended, you know, and he was among the first to be demobbed. Because of his age, you see. Then his wife and children returned to England and he went back into the produce business. Butter and eggs and bacon, that sort of thing. Not much of a business to be in these days, of course, but the last I heard he had offices somewhere in Tottenham Court Road and was doing jolly well. Poor chap, he didn't get to wear his uniform very long, five or six weeks at the outside, but he was a first-rate soldier all the same. Better than the whole lot of you, I always said," Colonel Ransome said through the throaty chuckle that had once been so irritating and, for an uncomfortable instant, made Harmer feel again the old knot of fear in his stomach that had been such a never-to-be-forgotten and never-to-be-admitted part of his life in London under the buzz bombs. "A first-rate soldier," Colonel Ransome said. "Had a damned good sense of echelon, you know. Always went through channels and did the proper thing. Conducted himself very well, very well indeed, especially when we got our packet."

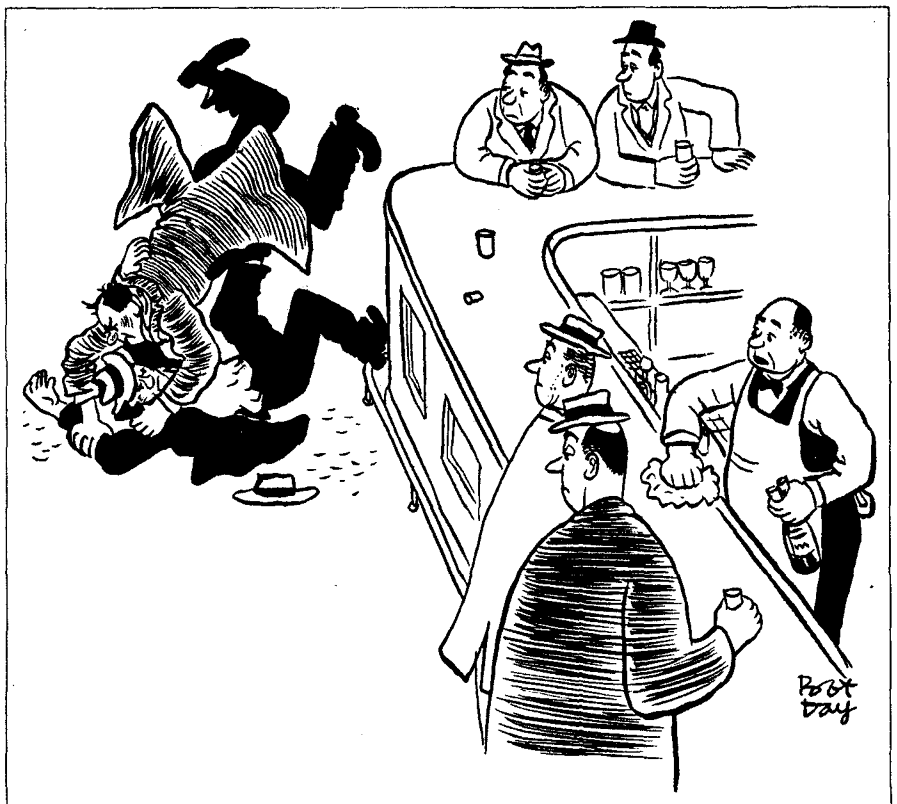
"What packet?" Harmer said.

"Hadn't you heard?" Colonel Ransome said. "The day after you left, one of those bloody V-2s hit us. Knocked out half the supply depot and a couple of the ATS houses. We lost one, that pretty little North Country girl who used to be our cook and downstairs maid at the mess, Corporal Grimes her name was, and half a dozen or more of the others had to be hospitalized. A bad business, that was. Very bad. I say, old boy, what station is this?"

The first red-and-gold platform sign flashed by as the air brakes began to take hold. Harmer leaned back in his chair.

"Trenton," he said and, unaware that a part of his body was moving, he put his hand into his coat pocket and held it there, waiting for the sudden ache of tiredness to ease away. He pulled his hand from his pocket and, for a long moment, Harmer stared at the nickel bar of candy he had purchased in Penn Station. His partner and his wife were right. Next month he would either let the younger man make the trip to their Washington office or, if that was impossible and Harmer had to go himself, he would fly. The plane was quicker. "Colonel Ransome," Harmer said, holding out the bar of candy, "would you care for a piece of this, sir?"

THE END



"This is something new. They usually flip a coin to see who pays"

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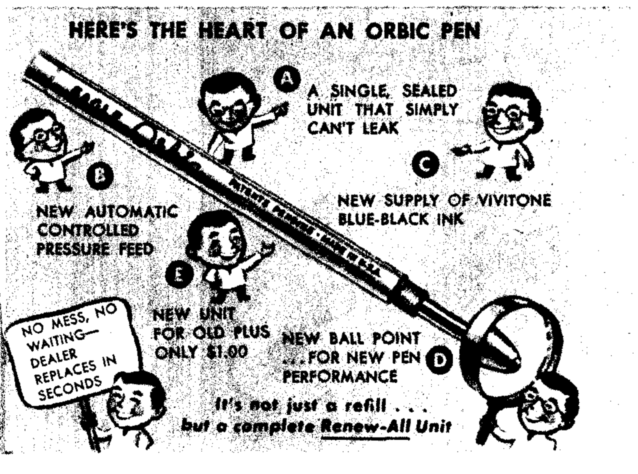
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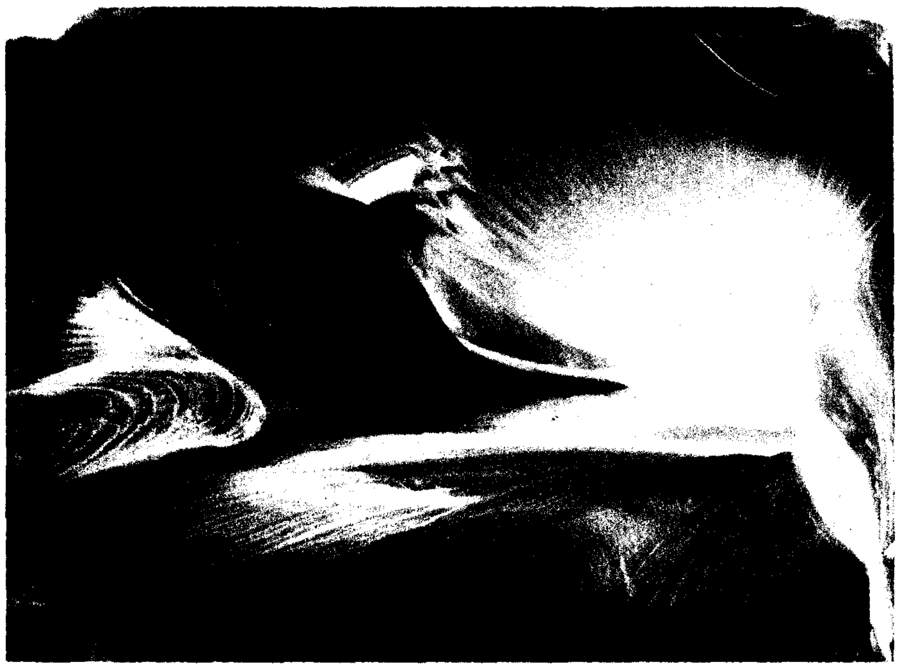


THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

DEAR EDITOR: The abstract finger painting by Faith Vilas (illustration for Ill Wind, a fiction story by Pat Frank, Sept. 14th, reproduced above) struck me with hurricane intensity. I knew what it was meant to represent before I even looked at the story title.

EMMA VAN SNUT MOORE
Millville, N. J.

DEAR EDITOR: Seldom have I seen a more moving painting.

SGT. RALPH P. BELSINGER
Fort Meade, Md.

DEAR EDITOR: Abstractness in writing and art is as out of place in Collier's as vinegar over peaches.

CLYDE W. ARCHER
Parkersburg, W. Va.

DEAR EDITOR: Ill Wind is top reading and seeing material.

E. ALMIRA SCHOLL
Franklin Square, N. Y.

DEAR EDITOR: It sort of stirs you up inside but you can't describe the feeling.

IVAN GRETTUM
Kalamazoo, Mich.

DEAR EDITOR: The abstraction is very good—except it doesn't suggest a hurricane. The use of red instead of blue and more turbulent line movement might have achieved the desired effect.

W. C. CLARK, JR.
(Art Student)
Ruston, La.

DEAR EDITOR: Two years ago in kindergarten my little girl made a finger painting which looked as much like a hurricane as Mrs. Vilas' did.

MRS. JOHN M. BITTER
Collingswood, N. J.

DEAR EDITOR: Isn't it time we told these "modernists" their so-called art is just an excuse for bad painting? If not, then my 3-year-old granddaughter is an "artist"—and I am just an old fozzle.

AUSTEN BOLAM, D.Sc.
Howells, N. Y.

DEAR EDITOR: I was very pleased with the fine color reproduction of my painting in your magazine. Incidentally, our local newsstands sold out.

FAITH VILAS
New Haven, Conn.

DEAR EDITOR: In his letter quoted in the editorial, One Continent, One Country? (August 17th issue), Mr. McIntyre is on the right track, but he stopped at the wrong junction.

Future peace depends not on unifying this continent but on unifying the world. It's either *one world* or *no world.* As someone has so aptly expressed it: "The atom bomb is here to stay—but are *we?*"

CATHERYNE W. CLOUSE
Nashville, Tenn.

Another case like that of Frankenstein and his monster?

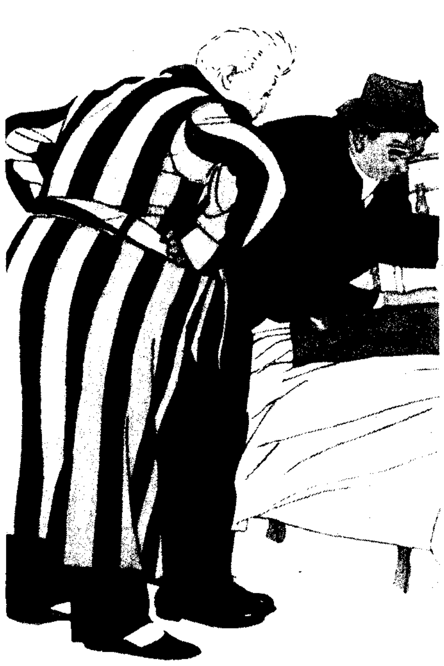
DEAR EDITOR: In the conclusion to the serial, The Senator Was Indiscreet (Sept. 7th), I discovered a slight mistake in the illustration by Harry Beckhoff. He pictured the Senator in a green and yellow dressing gown while the author has him wearing a mulberry-colored one.

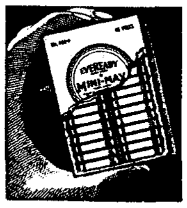
MRS. WALTER STEVING
Greeley, Colo.

DEAR EDITOR: What nursery is offering plants of Senator Ashton's new variety of yellow-and-green-striped mulberries? I should like to be the first in our locality to raise them. Think of the distinction, not to mention éclat, of a luscious pie in such a color scheme!

ALICE TOWNSEND BARLOW
Urbana, Ill.

Mr. Beckhoff's face is now a deep red; ours a violent purple. (See below.)





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Dear Editor: Ever since I read Just Swing the Club Head (August 24th) I have not only improved my game but have become the envy of my club members at the Mount Royal Club.

Morris Goodman
Montreal, Que.

Dear Editor: The article in Collier's of September 7th by General Gregory, Congress Caused the Surplus Muddle, is enlightening and true. The very regulations of the War Assets Administration are destroying the purpose for which it was created—to get scarce items to those needing them most.

Alfred C. Lehman
Charlotte, N. C.

Dear Editor: Squeal, Nazi, Squeal! (August 31st)—Any good doctor should know what caused Hitler's stomach pains, fits of depression, latent homosexuality, rages, premonitions, blushing, etc. Hitler had pinworms. I have spent a lifetime on cause and effect and should know. (Name withheld by request)

Dear Editor: Your August 31st cover is the image of my daughter who used the same expression when she cut her bangs. Her hair used to be down to her waist.

Mrs. J. A. Scholler
Glendora, Cal.

Dear Editor: Your cover drew much interest from air hostesses of Trans World Airline. One of our requirements is short, neatly curled hair. Many times I've seen the same tearful expression when they are reminded their hair is getting too long.

Mary Bullock
(Supt. of Hostesses)
Burbank, Cal.

Dear Editor: Is the girl being prepared for the electric chair?

Gordon Tully
Glen Ridge, N. J.

Dear Editor: Is the girl crying while receiving a haircut a French collaborator?

Doris Taft
Sunburst, Mont.

Dear Editor: About the only thing we can figure out is the girl is entering a convent. Please enlighten us. We can't sleep for racking our brains.

Three Stumped G.I.s, K.S.T.C.
Pittsburgh, Kan.

Cover Artist Jon Whitcomb explains: "The girl is hell-bent for short hair and bangs. Only a woman would understand why weeping sets in at this point because only a woman can feel deeply two ways at once. It's all part of an undeclared war now being fought on the fashion pages between the Flowing Mane and the Clipped Hedge. The glamor experts claim the latter is smarter."

Dear Editor: I was stopped short by the title Can You Coffeepot on Skates? by Lawrence Williams (Sept. 7th). I read it through and was amazed to find such a gem. Does Mr. Williams do this often?

(Mrs.) Lynn Baldwin
Long Beach, Cal.

Frequently. Some of his other stories in Collier's: Can You Make with Magic? and Let 'Em Eat Frosting.

Dear Editor: So Enid R. Blair (Week's Mail, Sept. 14th) fails to find humor in the Virgil Partch cartoons! Let's have a lot more of Partch. His refreshingly different style is the funniest and best of all cartoonists.

Glen I. Danforth
Wymore, Neb.

Dear Editor: Orchids to Collier's for printing one or more of those wonderful Partch cartoons every week.

Connie Alfers
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Editor: Virgil Partch's cartoons don't strike me as either clever or funny; in fact, they are repulsive.

Sydney King Russell
(Editor, The Poetry Chap-Book)
New York City.

Dear Editor: Partch is no Gainsborough but, with that sense of humor, who cares? Speaking for 100,000,000 Partch fans: Enid Blair, try a glass of vinegar every evening before retiring—it helps.

Gene Weighill
Kansas City, Mo.

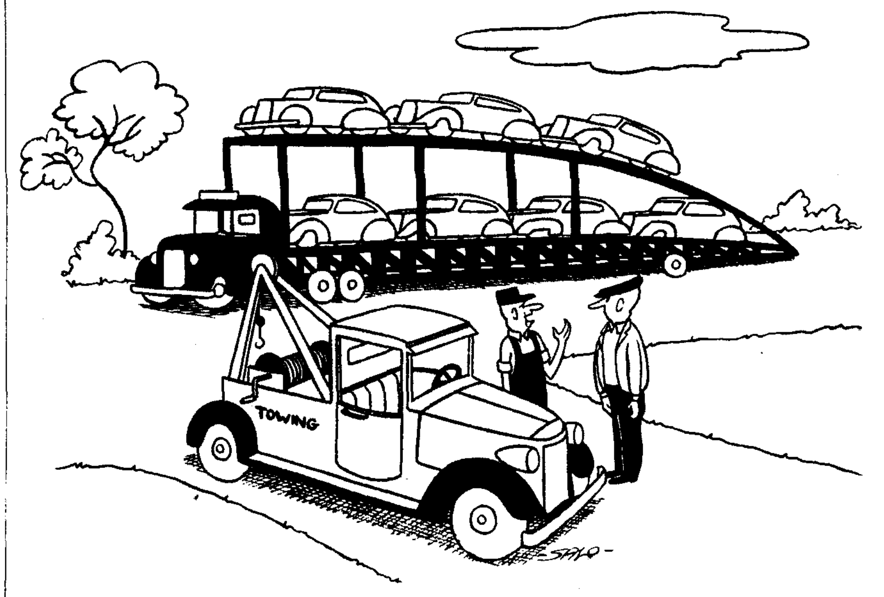
Dear Editor: Recently you took a crack at community property laws and the tax relief resulting therefrom. Community property laws are not a method of dodging taxes. They provide true financial equality with equal responsibility.

Gardner W. Carr
Ontario, Cal.

Dear Editor: The bodies of three persons, all shot to death, were recently found in a house here in Virginia. The floors of the house were blood-stained; there were bullet holes in the walls, and some of the curtains were powder-burned. The sheriff—a real Sherlock Holmes—inspected the house. Then he said, "There surely must have been a gun fight of some sort in the home!"

Reigh Peck
Danville, Va.

Elementary, Watson, elementary!



"I'll have to phone the boss. I've never run into a towing job like this before"

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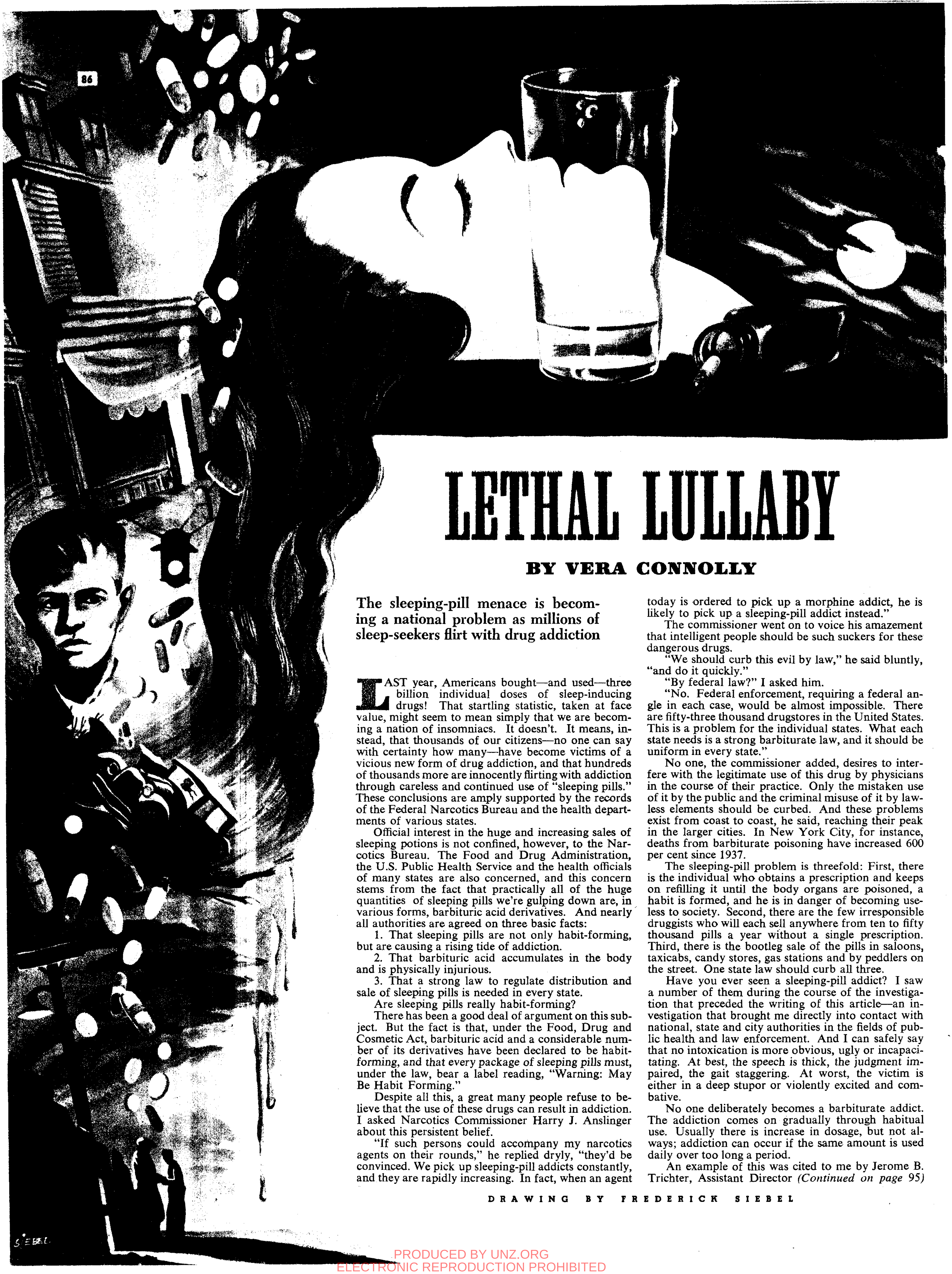


LETHAL LULLABY

BY VERA CONNOLLY

The sleeping-pill menace is becoming a national problem as millions of sleep-seekers flirt with drug addiction

LAST year, Americans bought—and used—three billion individual doses of sleep-inducing drugs! That startling statistic, taken at face value, might seem to mean simply that we are becoming a nation of insomniacs. It doesn't. It means, instead, that thousands of our citizens—no one can say with certainty how many—have become victims of a vicious new form of drug addiction, and that hundreds of thousands more are innocently flirting with addiction through careless and continued use of "sleeping pills." These conclusions are amply supported by the records of the Federal Narcotics Bureau and the health departments of various states.

Official interest in the huge and increasing sales of sleeping potions is not confined, however, to the Narcotics Bureau. The Food and Drug Administration, the U.S. Public Health Service and the health officials of many states are also concerned, and this concern stems from the fact that practically all of the huge quantities of sleeping pills we're gulping down are, in various forms, barbituric acid derivatives. And nearly all authorities are agreed on three basic facts:

1. That sleeping pills are not only habit-forming, but are causing a rising tide of addiction.
2. That barbituric acid accumulates in the body and is physically injurious.
3. That a strong law to regulate distribution and sale of sleeping pills is needed in every state.

Are sleeping pills really habit-forming?

There has been a good deal of argument on this subject. But the fact is that, under the Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act, barbituric acid and a considerable number of its derivatives have been declared to be habit-forming, and that every package of sleeping pills must, under the law, bear a label reading, "Warning: May Be Habit Forming."

Despite all this, a great many people refuse to believe that the use of these drugs can result in addiction. I asked Narcotics Commissioner Harry J. Anslinger about this persistent belief.

"If such persons could accompany my narcotics agents on their rounds," he replied dryly, "they'd be convinced. We pick up sleeping-pill addicts constantly, and they are rapidly increasing. In fact, when an agent today is ordered to pick up a morphine addict, he is likely to pick up a sleeping-pill addict instead."

The commissioner went on to voice his amazement that intelligent people should be such suckers for these dangerous drugs.

"We should curb this evil by law," he said bluntly, "and do it quickly."

"By federal law?" I asked him.

"No. Federal enforcement, requiring a federal angle in each case, would be almost impossible. There are fifty-three thousand drugstores in the United States. This is a problem for the individual states. What each state needs is a strong barbiturate law, and it should be uniform in every state."

No one, the commissioner added, desires to interfere with the legitimate use of this drug by physicians in the course of their practice. Only the mistaken use of it by the public and the criminal misuse of it by lawless elements should be curbed. And these problems exist from coast to coast, he said, reaching their peak in the larger cities. In New York City, for instance, deaths from barbiturate poisoning have increased 600 per cent since 1937.

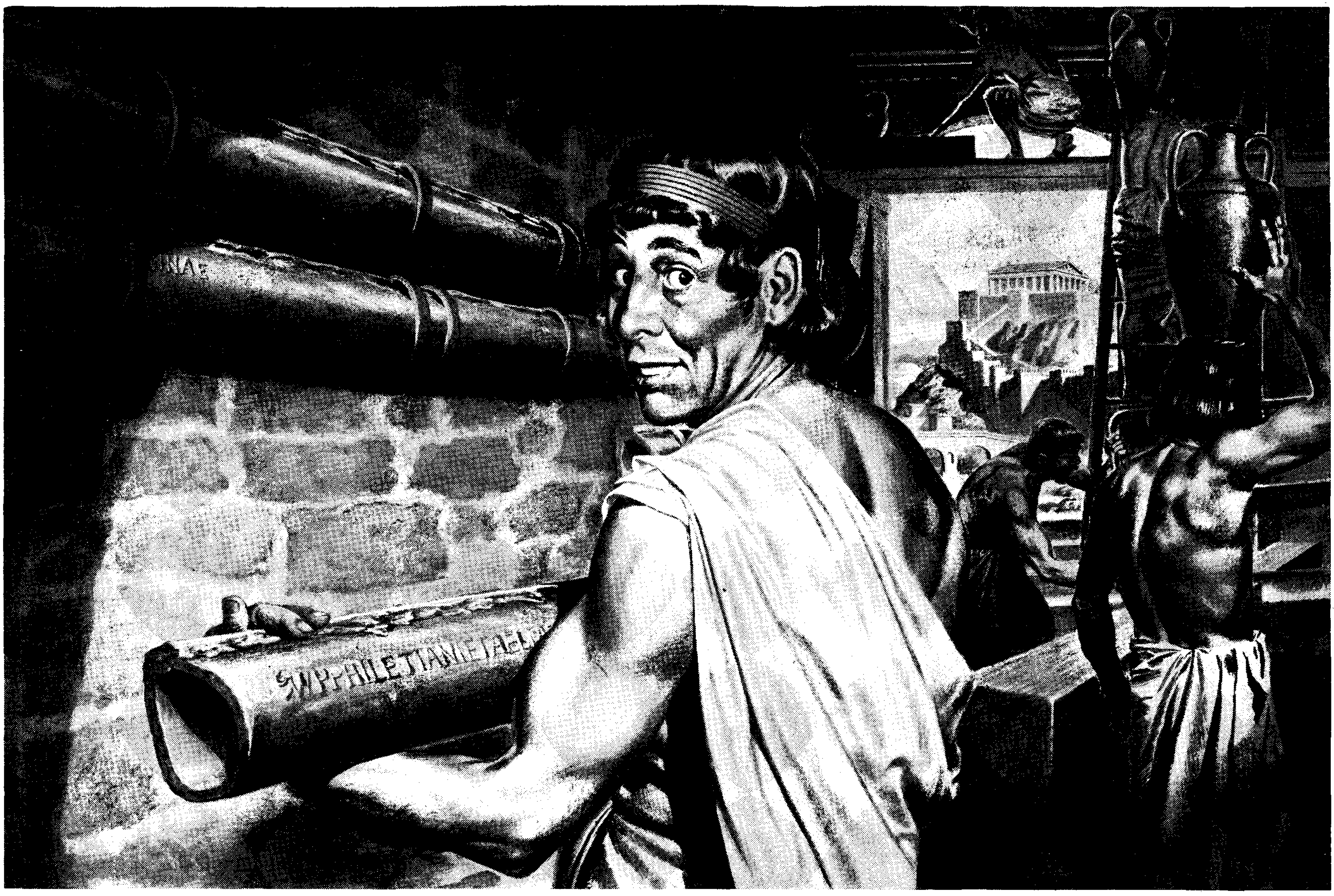
The sleeping-pill problem is threefold: First, there is the individual who obtains a prescription and keeps on refilling it until the body organs are poisoned, a habit is formed, and he is in danger of becoming useless to society. Second, there are the few irresponsible druggists who will each sell anywhere from ten to fifty thousand pills a year without a single prescription. Third, there is the bootleg sale of the pills in saloons, taxicabs, candy stores, gas stations and by peddlers on the street. One state law should curb all three.

Have you ever seen a sleeping-pill addict? I saw a number of them during the course of the investigation that preceded the writing of this article—an investigation that brought me directly into contact with national, state and city authorities in the fields of public health and law enforcement. And I can safely say that no intoxication is more obvious, ugly or incapacitating. At best, the speech is thick, the judgment impaired, the gait staggering. At worst, the victim is either in a deep stupor or violently excited and combative.

No one deliberately becomes a barbiturate addict. The addiction comes on gradually through habitual use. Usually there is increase in dosage, but not always; addiction can occur if the same amount is used daily over too long a period.

An example of this was cited to me by Jerome B. Trichter, Assistant Director *(Continued on page 95)*

DRAWING BY FREDERICK SIEBEL



A piece of lead pipe, similar to that shown above, is in the Olcott Collection at Columbia University. It bears the inscription of the Roman plumbing firm, Aurelius Philetianus and Ælia Marciana, the latter a woman.

"A *Plumber?* Who . . . me?"

Yes . . . even the Romans had plumbers.

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Centuries after the decline and fall of Rome, relics of the plumber's craft clung tenaciously to life. Lead pipe, laid more than 1800 years ago, has been excavated from the ruins of Rome and Pompeii.

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One reason, of course, is the long life that people have learned to expect of lead pipe. Another is that lead pipe is easy to bend and install without frequent joints. Nor will it rust-clog or cause rust stains on fixtures. And, because it can expand, it is less likely to burst from the pressure of freezing water. It also adjusts itself to settling of the building or ground.

* * *

And, in industry, lead pipe does tougher jobs. Here it is used to carry *acids!* And it has an enviable record of standing up...and making acids toe the line...even when their corrosive fangs are sharpened by elevated temperatures and vibration of equipment.

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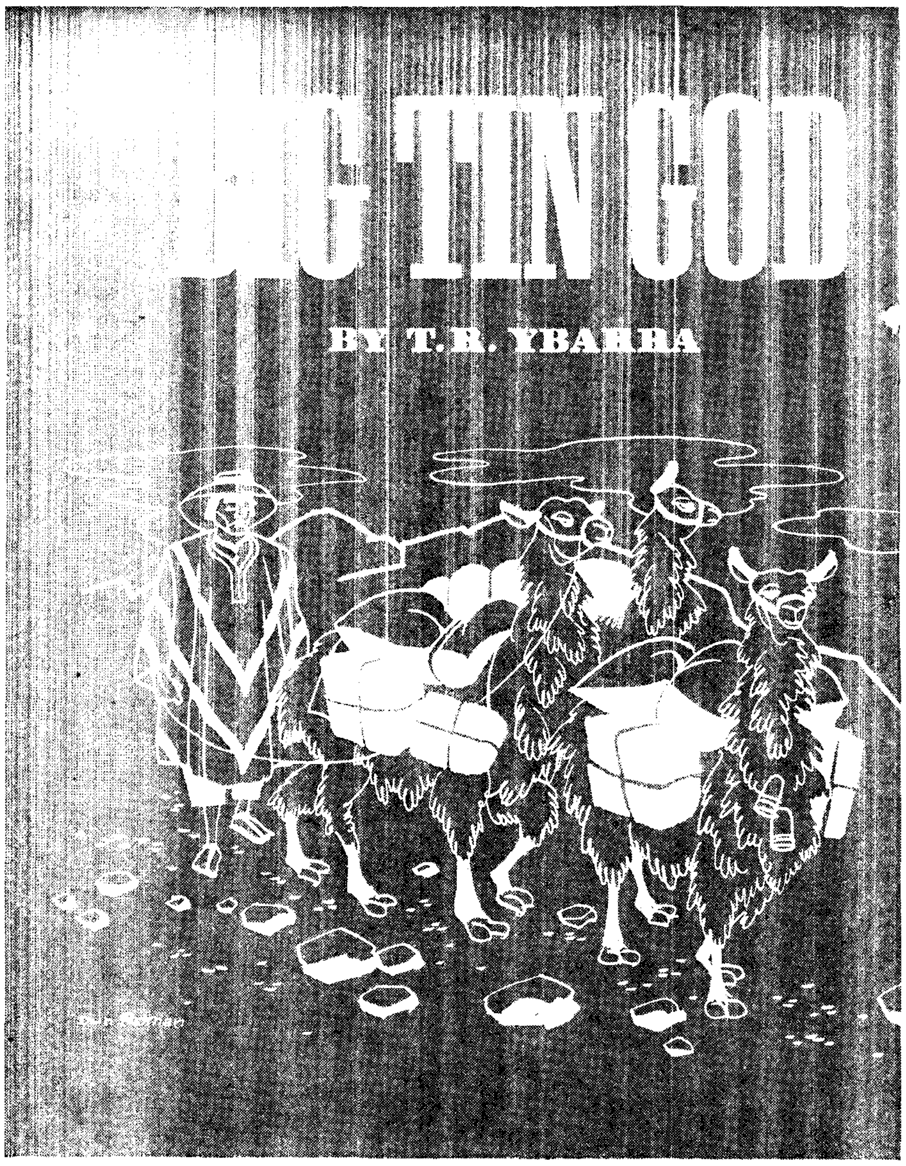
Great ENTERTAINMENT

BIG TIN GOD

BY T. R. YBARRA



The rags-to-riches story of one of the world's wealthiest men, Simón Patiño, who transmuted a few acres of worthless Bolivian land into an empire of tin—and gold

N THE most luxurious suite in the most luxurious hotel in one of the most luxurious of cities sits a very old and very rich man.

He is one of the richest men now living. *He is one of the richest men* who ever lived. He wields vast power commensurate with his vast wealth. His life story has been one of dazzling success. Yet his name is known to scarcely one person in a thousand.

Other men have paid millions to get into the limelight; he has paid millions to keep out of it. Last summer, when bloody doings in his native land gave it sensational front-page notoriety in newspapers all over the world, his name, by far the most important in that land, was hardly mentioned. All his life he has detested publicity. All his life he has avoided it. He has become more a legend than a man.

How much is he worth? Half a billion dollars? Perhaps. Nobody seems to know. Say, at least three hundred millions.

How old is he? Eighty-three? Eighty-five? Possibly. Again nobody seems to know exactly. Say, at least eighty.

I walk toward him. He has the typical features of a South American Indian. He is short, square, squat. He wears an obviously expensive, pin-striped blue sack suit, like that of a prosperous North American businessman. Over his eyes is a film, the film of old age, the herald of an end that cannot be far away. From where he is seated, on a gilded couch, he leans forward courteously.

I grasp his hand. This hand was once rough and dirty, when it held the pick that dug for its owner, a manual laborer, his first lump of tin ore. I bow to his wife, all silk and ease and luxury, from whom life has withheld nothing that millions can buy. I shake her manicured hand. This hand was once grimy and neglected, when its owner, also a manual laborer, was the only helper *of this man who is now the employer* of thousands of men and women—this man who is now Patiño the Tin King, Simón Patiño, Tin King of Bolivia, Simón I. Patiño, Tin King of the World.

Antenor Patiño, the Tin King's son, who has brought me to that luxurious suite in the Hotel Plaza in Buenos Aires, to meet his father and mother, looks at me anxiously. I know that he is thinking of the promise I have made to him.

I sit down beside a gilded table. Don Simón—as the Tin King is called alike by those who revere him and those who hate him—leaves his gilded couch to take a seat nearer mine.

We talk. We mention Paris, where he has a grand mansion on the aristocratic Avenue Foch, close to the Bois de Boulogne. We turn to New York, where, when he visits the United States, he lives in a splendid suite at the Waldorf-Astoria. We touch on Bolivia. "You must see my mines," says Don Simón. His wife, Doña Albina, nods assent.

His son eyes me nervously.

At the end of a few more minutes, I rise. For I have promised the Tin King's son not to tire his father—whom the doctors have forbidden to go out of doors—even to receive visitors. Again I grasp Don Simón's hand. "You must see my mines," he repeats. His wife again nods vigorous assent. Again I shake her hand.

Don Antenor, their son, accompanies me to the door of the suite. He quietly closes it behind him. We walk over the soft bright carpets of the

DRAWING BY DUN ROMAN

[illegible] the elevator. Its gate [illegible] my sight. Don Simón [illegible] longer reality. Legend [illegible]

[illegible] later I stand on a bleak, [illegible] swept hilltop. In front of me lie the richest tin mines in Bolivia. They are a part of the best of the immense and far-flung properties of Simón Patiño the Tin King. They are intricately woven into the biggest of the Patiño tin-mining enterprises, which is incorporated under the laws of the State of Delaware and largely directed and operated by Americans. This seems fair enough, since the United States, though it produces no tin at all, consumes in normal times about 100,000 tons annually, more than all the rest of the world put together—the main item in that huge consumption being the tin needed for the manufacture in this country, during every normal year, of more than *twelve billion* tin cans.

I gaze on barren slopes furrowed and gashed and torn by Simón Patiño's armies of workers and their armies of machines. I gaze on villages peopled entirely by his miners and their families, on the huts that house them and the stores that feed them and the excellently equipped hospital that ministers to them when they are prostrated by illness or maimed by accidents. I gaze on somber, cruel mountains from which thousands of diggers have dug for the Tin King tens of thousands of tons of tin which he has turned into hundreds of millions of dollars. I gaze on Llallagua and Siglo Veinte and Uncía, names that connote boundless wealth and limitless power to all who know about tin. And I gaze on Catavi, which also connotes those things and something else besides.

I turn around. Now I gaze on an old, bare one-story dwelling, weather-battered and obviously no longer inhabited, close to an equally weather-stained, dilapidated tunnel entrance, obviously long ago sunk into disuse, since it has been covered over by a wall of adobe bricks. That empty house and walled-up tunnel instantly bring to my mind a story of something that happened more than fifty years ago, a story still told all over Bolivia and everywhere else where men mine and market tin, a story that has come down to the present day in a number of versions, of which my favorite is this:

At a store in Cochabamba, Bolivia, a young man was working at a minor job; he was little more than an office boy. But there was something about him. Older people had begun to notice him. He had become the subject of little anecdotes, for instance, of the one circulated by his schoolteacher, who, having asked him in school how big a certain Bolivian coin ought to be and how much it ought to weigh, got this answer, snapped out in a tone of exasperated impatience:

"Why should I know its size? Why should I know its weight? All I want to know about it is how many potatoes it will buy!"

Did this sort of thing, asked the grown-ups of Cochabamba, mean hidden business ability in that youth? His employer decided to find out. So, one day he told his young clerk to go on an arduous journey into the interior of Bolivia, in order to collect for him a long-overdue debt. After covering many weary miles, mostly on muleback, the youth tracked down the debtor.

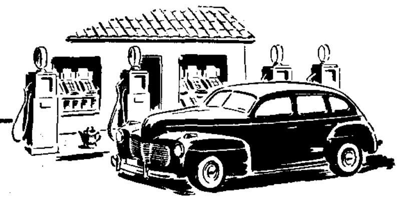
"Listen," said the latter. "I'll make you a proposition. If your boss will let me off my debt I'll turn over to him some land I own. There's tin underneath it."

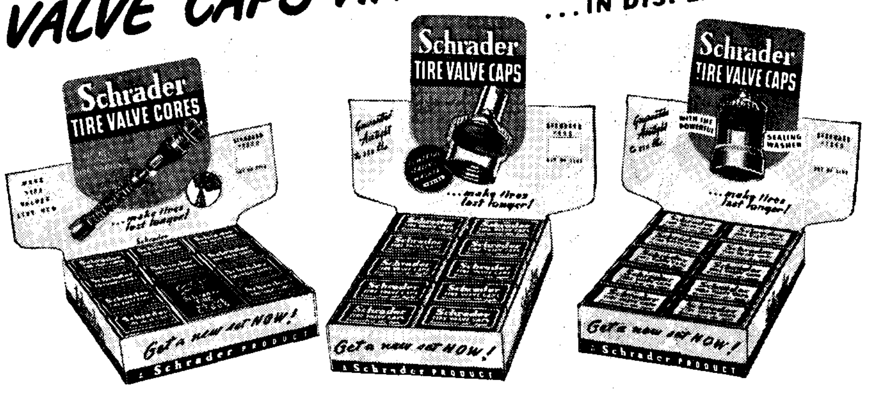
The young man accepted the offer on behalf of his employer. He returned to Cochabamba and made his report. His boss was furious.

"A fine way to collect a debt!" he stormed. "Keep that land—and the tin you say is under it—for yourself. I make you a present of it. Simón Patiño, you young idiot—you're fired!"

Broke and out of a job, young

DANA ANDREWS
TERESA WRIGHT
IN THE Goldwyn MANNER!





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SIGNET OF QUALITY IN PIPES

Patiño returned to the faraway interior of Bolivia. He found that there *was* tin under his land. With nobody to help him but his young wife, he began to work his property. It was a bleak, wind-swept hilltop, jutting up over the miserable, tumble-down villages of Llallagua and Uncía and Catavi.

Every bit of food and drink needed by the young couple to keep themselves alive had to be hauled to the top of the hill on the backs of llamas. Every bit of tin laboriously extracted by them from the ore dug out of the hillside had to be crushed with their own hands under a big stone at the entrance of their rough tunnel. And every particle of that tin had also to be loaded on the backs of llamas and sent to the buyers of metals in Oruro, many miles away.

The two toiled around the clock. Their hands were soon dirt-caked and blood-encrusted and lacerated. Beside their rude tunnel, they built a cheap single-story shack, with the profits of the sale in Oruro of their first llamaloads of tin.

Setbacks, Hardships and Babies

At first profits were pitifully meager. Most of the ore dug from the insides of the hill was worthless; only here and there tin glistened from it—tin for which the traders in Oruro would pay the money needed by the two young diggers to defray the cost of the bags of food and casks of water brought up the mountain trails to feed them and their children—for two babies had been born to Simón Patiño and Albina his wife on that wind-swept hilltop. Disappointments dogged them—bills from the Oruro storekeepers piled up but they gritted their teeth and dug and dug and dug.

As they tunneled deeper and deeper the ore they brought out got better. It showed a constantly higher percentage of tin content. Finally, one day, they dug up some stuff that proved to be richer in tin than any ever found in those parts.

Young Patiño and his wife had struck it rich. He branched out. Quietly, little by little, he acquired other properties in the region. He hired Indian workers—a dozen, scores, hundreds. For them, on the slopes below his bleak hilltop, he built rough dwellings, to which droves of llamas, steadily growing in numbers, hauled bags of cornmeal and beans, bundles of coca leaves and barrels of fiery *chicha,* since—unless they chew the one and drink the other—Bolivian workers refuse to do any work.

Stories of Patiño's luck spread over the countryside. One day he suddenly got an offer of one million dollars for his holdings. *One million dollars!*

He consulted his wife. "Refuse the offer," she said.

He took her advice. Soon his tin properties were worth millions of dollars more—and Simón Patiño was launched on one of the most spectacular financial careers ever known.

After a while his bank account got so swollen that he and his wife and children moved away from the hilltop which had so magically turned tin into gold for them. They settled in a big house at Oruro. But, on the very summit of that hilltop, Simón Patiño built a little chapel. To that chapel, to this day, by the Tin King's order, a priest toils up once every year from the valley far below, and says Mass.

At one time, in his march toward unlimited wealth, a Chilean mining company, tunneling into the other side of the hill on which Patiño had lived, was getting steadily nearer to the veins being worked by his men. Between Patiño and the Chileans there was ugly rivalry. In the courts they brought suit against one another, alleging infractions and infringements; and, in village grocery shops and *chicherías,* his workers and those of the Chilean concern drank and brawled and stabbed.

After a while Patiño got tired of the constant arguing and bickering. Quietly, with only a word to his wife, he disappeared from Oruro. He went to Chile. Back home, in Bolivia, his miners and those of the Chilean company continued to insult and attack each other, and wonder where he was.

Suddenly he turned up again—not on his side of the hill but on the other, where the Chileans were at work.

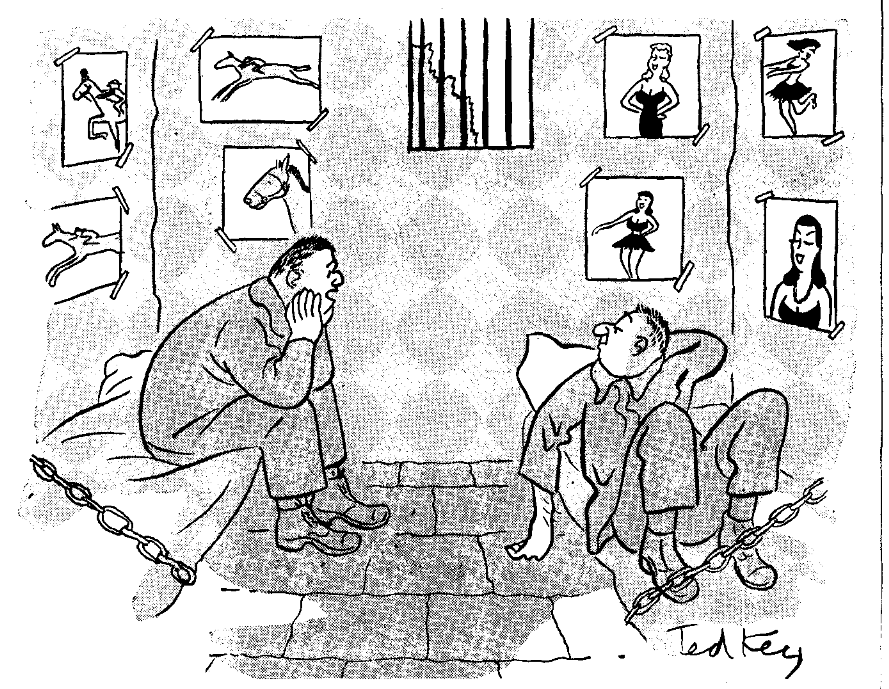
"The nerve of you!" snarled one of them. "What right have you to come snooping around these diggings?"

"Why shouldn't I?" replied Patiño calmly. "I own them."

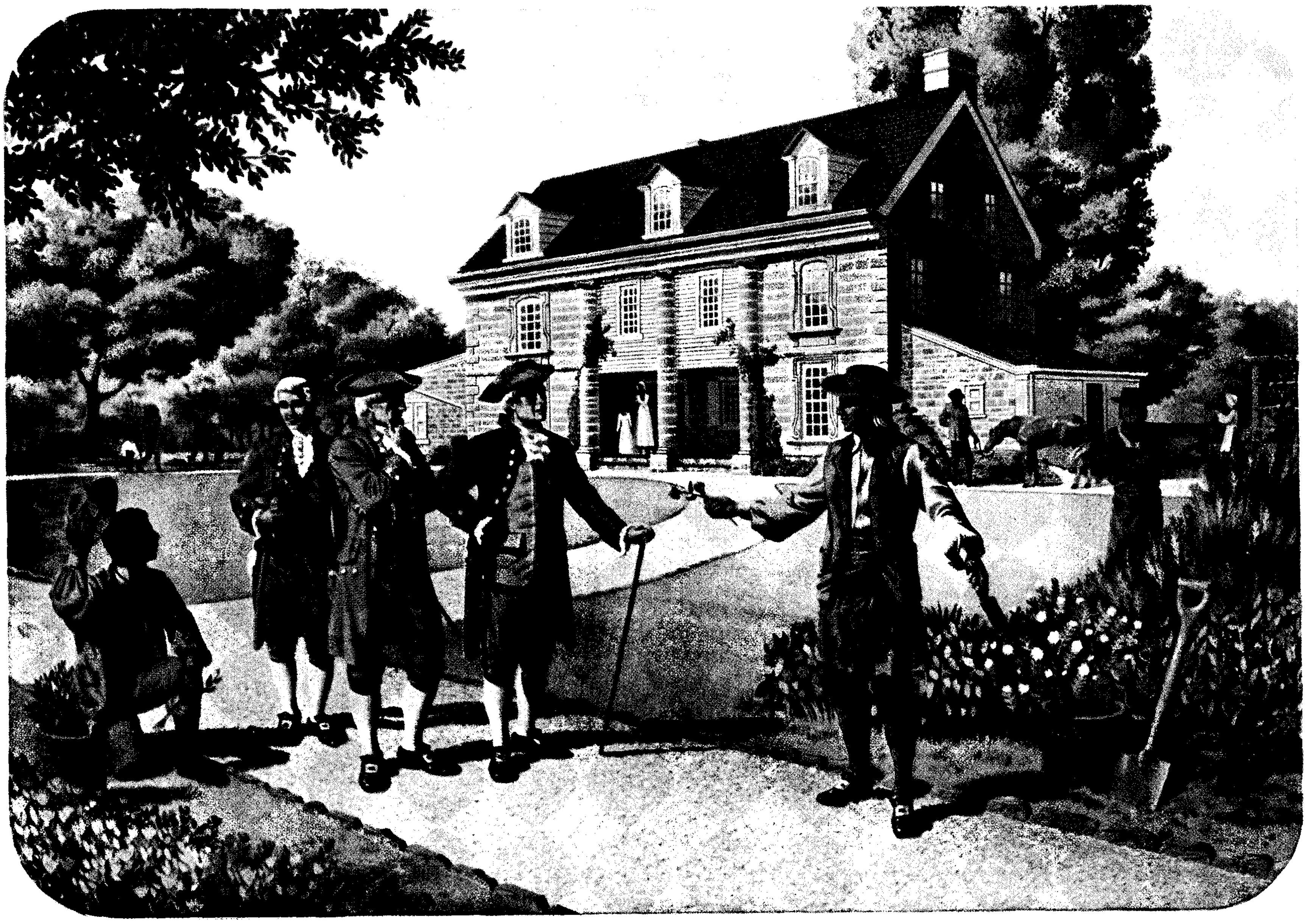
Year after year Patiño grew richer. His business deals got steadily more ambitious, his profits steadily greater. Money poured in on him in a golden stream.

He became acquainted with Paris. He did business with the biggest tin men in London. He journeyed to New York, where he closed huge deals with opulent and powerful American magnates in Wall Street, and entertained them at the Waldorf-Astoria, in a fine suite of the most expensive rooms available.

He married his son to a princess of the royal house of Bourbon, a niece of King Alfonso XIII of Spain. He married a daughter to a Bolivian big businessman;



COLLIER'S "And your trouble?" TED KEY



JOHN BARTRAM IN HIS BOTANICAL GARDENS, WITH DE CREVECOEUR, FRENCH MAN-OF-LETTERS—PHILADELPHIA 1769*

A HERITAGE TO REMEMBER

"Read this kind epistle which the good Queen of Sweden, Ulrica, sent me a few years ago. Good woman! that she should think in her palace at Stockholm of John Bartram on the banks of the Schuylkill . . ."

—IN "LETTERS FROM AN AMERICAN FARMER" (1782)

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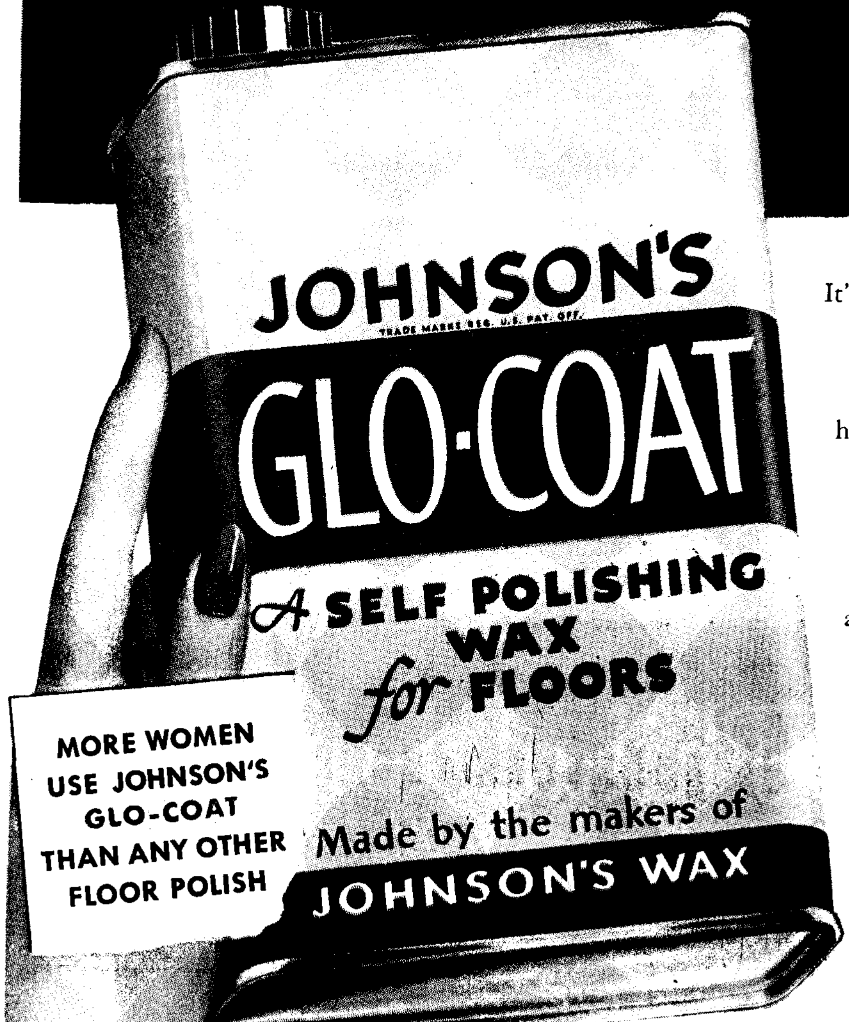
"Pinch me, I said, I must be *dreaming!*"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and another to a French nobleman; and a third to a grandee of Spain, of such grandeur that he could keep his hat on when he talked to Alfonso.

And always Don Simón remained absolute ruler of his vast tin-mining interests.

"We want to stop digging at So-and-so," his experts in Bolivia said to him, naming a mine from which scarcely any tin had come for some time.

"Keep on digging," ordered Don Simón.

"But it's a waste of money," they said.

"Keep on digging."

They shrugged their shoulders, as if to say: "Poor old man. He's losing his grip." But they dug, exactly as he had told them.

Soon tin reappeared in the veins indicated by the Tin King—in growing quantities. More millions for canny Don Simón! The experts stopped shrugging their shoulders.

One day a visiting card was sent in to Don Simón. It was that of the man who had been his boss in Cochabamba, in the days when Patiño hadn't a cent. "Show him in," ordered Don Simón. The man was ushered into the Tin King's presence.

"It isn't right," he complained, "that you should have millions and I should be broke!"

Patiño thought that over for a while. "No," he agreed finally, "it isn't right." From that day until the day of his death the man who had fired Simón Patiño received a generous salary from the man whom he had fired.

Reaching Out for Domination

Long before World War I he was one of the wealthiest men in the world. And World War I consolidated his already immensely strong position. The steady growth of his fortune and power was due primarily to his uncanny ability, which—always apparent—now began to take on the attributes of sheer business genius. Simón Patiño resolved not only to stay in the tin game but to dominate it.

In that game, he realized, Bolivia could have nothing better than second place; those who set the tune must always be British Malaya and the Dutch East Indies, which produce together about three fourths of the world's tin. Bolivia produces only about fifteen per cent. Moreover, the tin from the Far East, derived from alluvial deposits washed down by rivers, can be put on the market at low cost. Bolivia's tin, on the other hand, must be blasted out of granite mountains, at extremely high cost.

These two things practically placed Bolivia at the mercy of her formidable competitors, whose power was centered in London and Holland. It was they who fixed tin prices and tin quotas; at any moment, Simón Patiño feared, they might "get tough" and completely crush Bolivian competition.

He decided to put an end to this situation. Quietly, as he had branched out years before from his Bolivian hilltop, he began elbowing his way into the Far Eastern tin game. Little by little, he dug deeper and deeper into the complicated ramifications of the great tin concerns in London and Penang and Amsterdam.

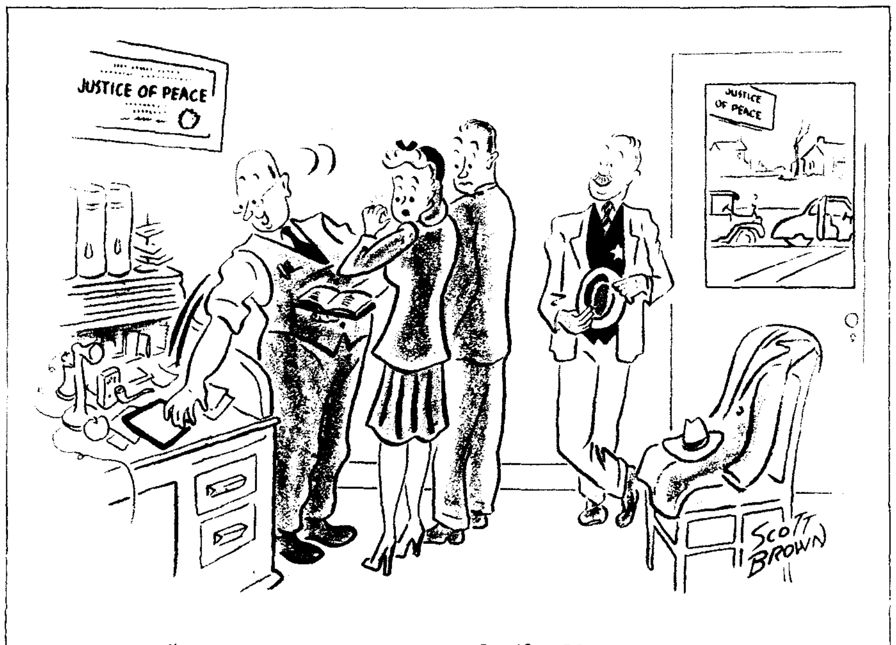
Soon the Britons and Dutchmen who controlled—or thought they controlled—the world's tin, awoke to these astounding and (to them) unpalatable facts:

There was a new owner of the powerful General Tin Investments Corporation, Limited, of Great Britain, which owns 35 per cent of the British Tin Investment Corporation, Limited, and controls 30 tin-mining concerns in Malaya and also the Consolidated Tin Smelters, Limited, a combination of big British tin interests. His name was Simón Patiño. There was also a new owner of the Arnhem Smelting Company of Holland—of British-American Tin Mines, Limited—of the Thailand Tin Mines, Limited, with headquarters in London. His name was Simón Patiño. Either he or his son Antenor was comfortably established on the boards of directors of all these companies.

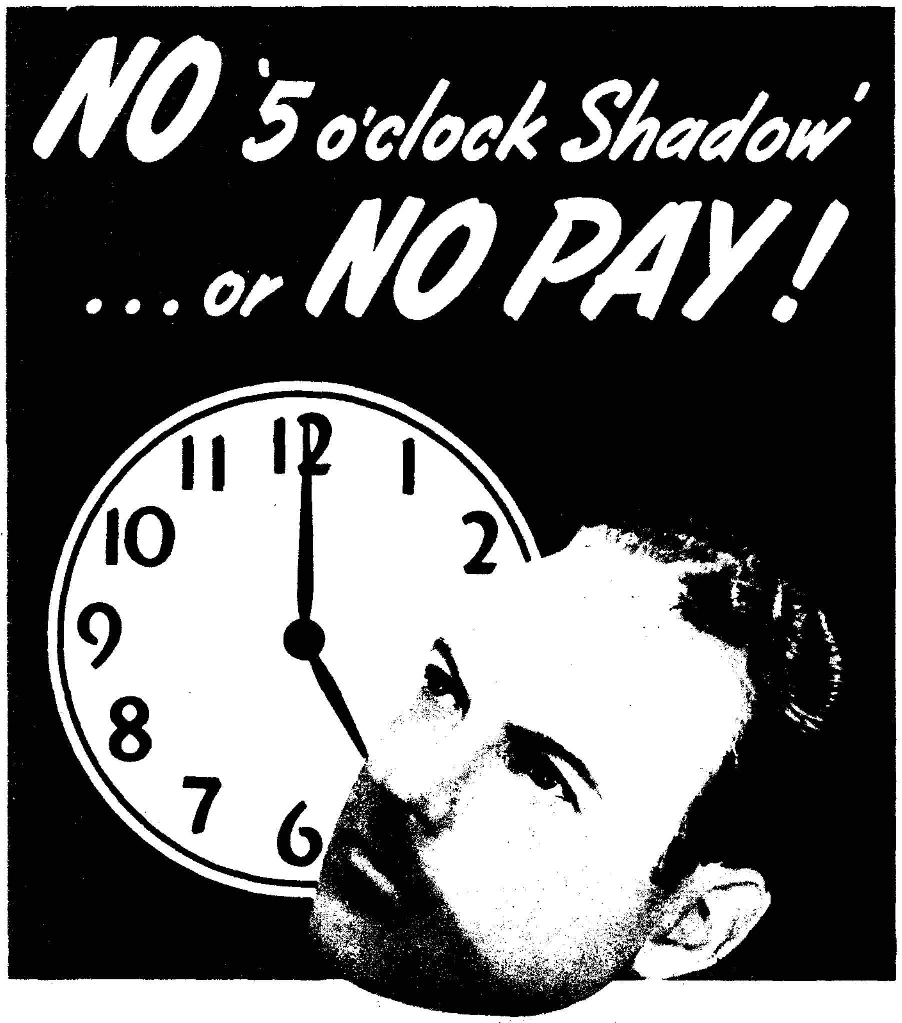
Soon Britons and Hollanders made public acknowledgment of the new state of affairs in the tin game. For some years there had been in existence a tin cartel. Its object was to prevent undue fluctuations in the price of tin by regulating the amounts of that metal flowing into the world's tin market. Always, heretofore, that cartel had been headed by one of the great British or Dutch tin men. Now, however, when the post of president of the tin cartel became vacant, the world of tin was amazed to hear that it had been offered to a non-Briton, a non-Netherlander, a Bolivian—Simón Patiño. He accepted. Now he stood forth definitely as no longer merely Tin King of Bolivia but Tin King of the World.

In 1933, a French writer, with a taste for statistics, classed Patiño as eighth on a list of the seventeen wealthiest men in the universe. The Patiño fortune, according to this writer, was surpassed only by the fortunes of Edsel Ford, Henry Ford, Edouard de Rothschild, the Duke of Westminster, ex-Kaiser Wilhelm Hohenzollern, the Gaekwar of Baroda and Sir Basil Zaharoff, monarch of munitions.

World War II gave a rude jolt to some multimillionaires, including big tin gods. Japanese occupation of British Malaya



COLLIER'S ". . . pronounce you man and wife. Now we come to the speeding charge brought in by the constable" SCOTT BROWN



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and the Dutch East Indies cut off the world's principal supplies of tin. There was danger of a tin famine.

And here the uncanny astuteness of Simón Patiño emerged in its full stature. Bolivia now stood forth as the world's main supply of tin. From all directions—especially from the United States—Bolivian tin producers were urged frantically to jack up their production to the last possible notch. Of that production, one half was in the hands of Patiño. Of the enormous additional profits which now went to Bolivia, as the result of the unwelcome presence of the Japanese in the tin-producing districts of the Far East, the lion's share went to Patiño. His British and Dutch colleagues had no Bolivian profits with which to offset the crushing effects of Japanese occupation of Malaya and the Dutch East Indies.

At the end of World War II, Simón Patiño was on the pinnacle. He still is.

A Builder of Splendid Abodes

What does he do with his hundreds of millions of dollars? What has he done with them in the past? Well, for one thing he indulges a costly hobby of building. In Bolivia, it has manifested itself in his emergence as a sort of South American super-maharaja. It has caused him to decree from afar the creation of three stately abodes of splendor which are things to make Bolivians think they are seeing mirages.

The first is Pairumani, about fifteen miles from his native Cochabamba, a lordly domain of over 5,000 acres of cornfields and orchards and pastures and groves and flower beds, with a model farm and a model dairy, and a model cattle-breeding establishment and a spacious and graceful Spanish-South American country mansion. In front of the latter Don Simón has placed the big stone which half a century ago crushed the first chunks of tin ore.

At Pairumani, Don Simón feeds his corn to his prize cows and turns it into pasteurized milk, in the hope that the Indians around Cochabamba will learn that this is a better use for corn than turning it into health-shattering *chicha.* And he offers his prize bulls to anybody desiring them at ridiculously low prices, in the hope that he will be able thus to improve the breed of Bolivian cattle. And he has built near his Pairumani mansion a magnificent marble mausoleum, where he has ordered that his body and those of his wife and children are to be interred.

Don Simón's second creation is Portales, a grandiose palace just outside Cochabamba, set in the midst of grounds like a city park, surmounted by a roof of solid copper that cost hundreds of thousands of dollars. At Portales, beautiful Gobelin tapestries arouse memories of the best museums in Europe; and a noble stairway causes visitors to think themselves in one of the grandest ducal mansions in England; and the breath-taking magnificence of multicolored walls and ornate ceilings transports them in imagination to the Vatican in Rome.

His third creation is an apartment in the heart of Cochabamba—next door to a bank owned and operated by him. This apartment shows an astonishing blend of styles—French and Turkish and Moorish and Chinese—all subtly blended into surprising harmony—and it includes an Oriental billiard room enshrining a billiard table of ivory and precious stones, intricately carved and arabesqued, with inlaid cues worthy of a match between Aladdin and Harun-al-Rashid.

From the Avenue Foch in Paris, or the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, or the Plaza in Buenos Aires, Don Simón has superintended every step, every move, every detail, in the creation of these three dream palaces in distant Bolivia. And when everything was ready: "I want all three kept up as if I were to move in at any moment." And so it is that they have always been kept up by obedient subordinates. Distance detracts nothing from the Tin King's quiet assertion of despotic authority. "That big tree in the grounds is directly in the path of the stone wall you have ordered built around the estate," those who were creating Pairumani wrote to him. "Therefore, it must be cut down."

"Never!" he wrote back.

"Well, what shall we do?

"Have the wall make a detour around the tree."

And so it was that the wall was built. I have seen it.

On the road before Pairumani dusty Indians drive flocks of llamas, turning dull eyes for a moment on Don Simón's wrought-iron gates, shaded avenues and terraced gardens. On the lane skirting Portales, other Indians, ignoring the Tin King's roof of burnished copper flashing in the sunlight, plod toward a near-by dramshop, to drink *chicha* and try to forget misery. On the street outside his Cochabamba apartment, Indian women, in sandals stained with dirt, shuffle wearily on their way, unconscious of the fact that only a few inches of brick and masonry separate them from the Arabian Nights.

The three Bolivian creations of Don Simón's old age are said to have cost him thirty million dollars. Yet he has never stayed overnight at one of them. *He has never even seen them.*

Gathering Shadows of Menace

For twenty-two years Don Simón has not visited Bolivia. Doctor's orders. And there are other reasons. Shadows are creeping around the great Bolivian mines—the shadows of coming troubles. The shadows of rising costs of production. The shadow of Catavi—where, a few years ago, Bolivian soldiers, called in by a Patiño mine manager to quell a strike, fired into a crowd of miners and their women and children, killing, some say, hundreds.

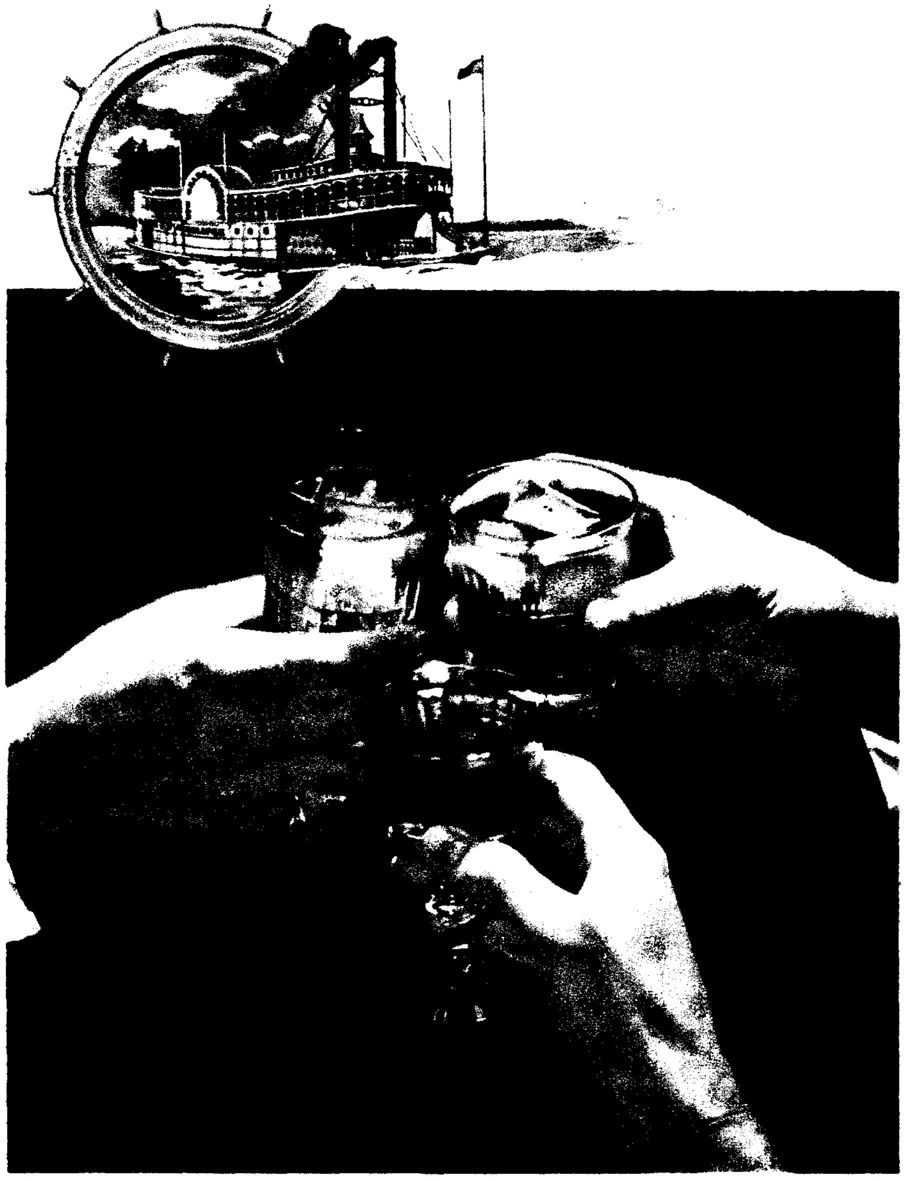
The Catavi massacre has sown bitterness and hate—it epitomizes all the rest of the shadows darkening Don Simón's last years: increasingly ugly labor troubles in Bolivia, decreasing profits, decreasing chances that the Patiño interests can maintain their importance in a future tin cartel, with the Tin King old and ailing, with that film closing over his eyes, with London and Holland girding themselves to resume—and possibly surpass—their former supremacy in the world of tin. Dark shadows.

And there is still another: the attitude of the new Bolivian government, which came into power last summer after the assassination at La Paz of the head of the government that went before it. Will it be friendly to the huge, scattered, diversified Patiño interests? Or will it be hostile?

But—why should these things bother Don Simón? Are they not rather the concern of his daughter and her spouse, the Spanish grandee, and of his other daughter and her noble French husband? Are they not rather the concern of Antenor, his son, who sits on the board of directors of a dozen Patiño companies? Are they not the concern of the Bolivian subordinates who, under Don Simón's masterful orders, have long woven the intricate Patiño tapestry of big business—of the American officials of the biggest Patiño enterprise of all, as they frown and deliberate and scheme in its New York offices, just around the corner from Wall Street?

Why should Don Simón worry any longer about these multiplying shadows and their ominous implications? After all, he is worth at least three hundred million dollars. And he is at least eighty years old.

THE END



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LETHAL LULLABY

Continued from page 86

of the Food and Drugs Bureau of New York City's Health Department. A woman, a fine cultured person, worrying about her soldier sons, found herself lying awake. A doctor gave her a prescription for sleeping tablets, and she, without consulting him, had this prescription refilled repeatedly until she had taken 4,640 tablets. She ended up in a hospital, a barbiturate addict. She had lost 40 pounds, and couldn't recognize friends or relatives. She has not recovered. The warning in this case, Mr. Trichter said, is that she became an addict innocently, by taking a few tablets a night because she wanted to sleep.

Usually, however, Mr. Trichter said, there is a steady increase in dosage. And this tendency to take larger and larger doses accounts for a number of so-called "sleeping-pill suicides" which were really accidental deaths.

Dr. Robert Hanna Felix, Assistant Surgeon General of the U.S. Public Health Service, corroborated this.

"These pills are habit-forming," he said. "That is, people who use them usually develop such a 'tolerance' that one or two pills soon fail to create the desired effect and the individual must take three, then four or five, and so on. At this stage a few of the capsules taken before retiring may dull judgment and memory but not bring the longed-for sleep. In a stupor the individual, forgetting he has taken any, may swallow a mouthful."

Few intoxicants accumulate dangerously in the body. Barbiturates do, Dr. Felix said. It may take as long as eight days for the body completely to eliminate one dose. If meantime the dose is increased, the poison accumulates progressively.

In Pennsylvania recently Dr. John H. Remig, medical examiner of the state's Narcotic Division, stressed the danger of the country-wide barbiturate peril and the urgent need to enact a stiff barbiturate law in all states that do not already have such legislation. Pennsylvania at the 1945 session of the legislature amended her "Dangerous Drug Act," giving it the strength to control the dispensing of barbiturates. Dr. Remig told me: "The contention of some manufacturing chemists that there is no danger of addiction from the use of barbiturates is not founded on clinical experience."

The Journal of the American Medical Association, in an editorial, warned that these barbiturates are not only habit-forming but produce toxic, cumulative action in the body, that their improper use has been a factor in "many" motor accidents and some criminal assaults.

Some states have no barbiturate law. Others have weak ones. So the self-dosers continue, and the bootleggers flourish.

Let us consider the self-dosers for a moment, those who slip into this habit without realizing it. How does it start? I found the answer in police and hospital records. It starts usually with temporary insomnia due to worry; unwillingness to face the problems and the sleeplessness; and placing an exaggerated emphasis on sleep as a necessity. Case history after case history bears this out.

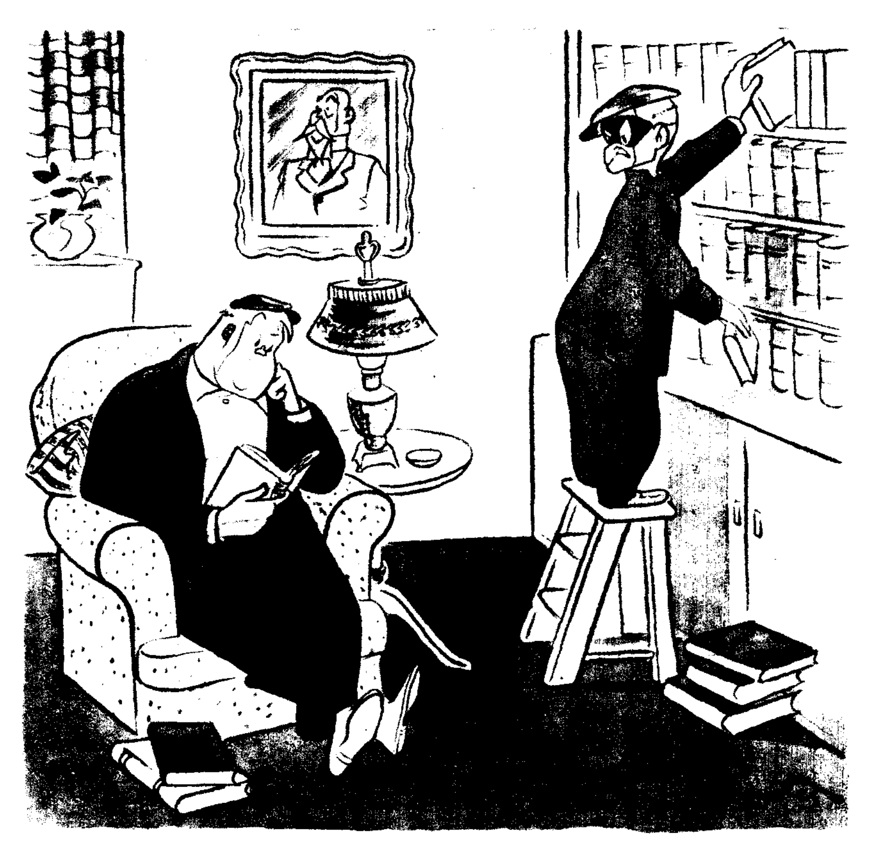
A Line of Least Resistance

Insomnia is usually only temporary. If it is chronic there is behind it some deep-rooted physical or mental ill that should be diagnosed and corrected. But it seems "easier" to reach for a sleeping pill than go to the doctor. And sometimes it is "convenient" for a rushed, overworked physician to prescribe these pills as a carry-over until a diagnosis can be made. Often the patient never contacts the doctor again. Soothed by the pills, he keeps on refilling the prescription until he becomes a burden to his family or the public.

Over and over again, as I interviewed eminent medical men and health officials in our large cities, I was told that we place an absurd emphasis on sleep.

Dr. Morris Herman, assistant director of the Psychiatric Division of Belle-

BUTCH by **LARRY REYNOLDS**



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vue Hospital in New York City, voiced his concern over the idea that a person must have 8 or 9 hours sleep every night to be healthy and efficient. This is ridiculous, he pointed out. Some people require much less sleep than others; and as people grow older they do not require nearly as much sleep as when young.

"The barbiturate fad would be comical," commented Dr. Herman, "if sleeping pills weren't such dangerous tools to play with. There's nothing funny about barbiturate addiction. Used in excess, this drug stultifies some persons, excites others. Both types of these addicts are brought here to Bellevue. We find that one person was taking the pills for their 'sedative' effect; the other type was taking them for their 'stimulation.'"

To end the ignorant misuse of sleeping pills, health authorities recommend that all prescriptions be limited to a few pills and made nonrefillable. This would necessitate the doctor's authorization for a new prescription. This measure would end much of the calamitous self-dosing. It would halt thousands of habitual users in time, prevent others from acquiring the habit.

What of the sales without prescription by unethical druggists? These outlaw druggists, let it be said, are by no means representative of American pharmacists. But the renegade druggists, though few in number, are terrible in moral destructiveness.

One such was H. Otis Fadal of Waco, Texas. He was recently convicted for selling dangerous drugs (sleeping tablets) without a prescription. He had sold in 18 months 45,604 barbiturate tablets, which brought him a revenue of about $1,600. He was fined $600 and given a six-month jail sentence, part of which he served. The judge suspended the rest and put him on a two-year probation. In the community were 60 barbiturate addicts he had supplied. These were spending over half their time in jail, costing the county taxpayers $10,000 a year. Fadal's drugstore was the only one selling sleeping tablets without a prescription; and when he was stopped through the efforts of the U.S. Food and Drug Administration, only one addict was picked up in three months. The racket was over.

A pitiful incident of this Waco campaign was the discovery that two kindergarten children, always falling asleep in class, were sleeping-pill addicts—made so by their addict father. The mother worked in a mill and was away from home all day.

Members of the Texas legislature are now at work framing a bill to regulate strictly the distribution and sale of all barbitals.

Yellow Jackets for Teen Agers

Other states are alerted, too. In California, druggists who sell without prescription are being brought to justice one by one. In Los Angeles a few months ago a druggist, Victor A. Brac, was found selling "yellow jackets" (a barbital derivative in yellow capsules) without a prescription to minors, including one teen-age boy who in turn was selling them to other boys. The boys used the pills regularly to get a "thrill jag." The druggist was convicted by a jury after only a few minutes' deliberation.

In some communities, 80 per cent of all drugs sold are barbiturates.

In Georgia, leading physicians and pharmacists are working for strong state legislation to protect the public from addiction.

In New York City, New Orleans, and Jackson, Ohio, druggists have been convicted for selling 12,000 to 50,000 sleeping tablets without prescriptions. Large numbers of addicts were receiving their regular supply from these druggists.

When an unscrupulous druggist sells sleeping pills in plain envelopes, which do not warn the purchaser that the drug may be habit-forming, he can be prosecuted by the Food and Drug Administration. But this overloaded, understaffed federal bureau can intervene but seldom. The sleeping-pill problem is one for each state to solve, Dr. Paul Dunbar, U.S. Commissioner of Food and Drugs, told me. The solution, he said, is the passage and enforcement of a stiff barbiturate law in each state.

This law, in the opinion of most experts, should require records of everyone, from manufacturer to physician and druggist, of receipts and distribution of all barbiturates, thus making public an unethical druggist's purchase of excessive amounts. It should also provide that only a registered pharmacist may sell these barbituric pills and liquids; that he may not make copies of a doctor's prescription or fill any telephone orders; and that only the patient to whom the prescription was given may use it, and use it once.

Shady Peddlers of Dreams

One of the worst phases of the sleeping-pill evil is the underworld racket, the peddling of pills in saloons, rooming houses, taxicabs, cheap candy stores, "coffeepots," at depots, gas stations, skating rinks, on street corners, in hotel lobbies. Recently, at one of the country's most fashionable hotels, a bell captain was doing a flourishing business in barbiturates. His supply came from a renegade druggist who bought in enormous quantities from unethical jobbers. This druggist regularly supplied several hundred morphine addicts (who find the pills temporarily satisfying when morphine is unobtainable) as well as sleeping-pill addicts, underworld peddlers and reckless teen-agers who use the pills with beer to get a "thrill jag."

The youth angle of this racket is worrying officers of the law in most American cities. Joseph Bell of Seattle, district supervisor of the Federal Narcotics Bureau, says that many serious crimes have been committed in that area by persons under the influence of barbiturates. Auto accidents as well as juvenile delinquencies have been traced to misuse of sleeping pills. The drug, Mr. Bell says, so affects some individuals that they cannot tell where they have been or what they have been doing for as much as a week.

This memory-dulling effect of the drug was illustrated in a large Southern city where teen-age barbital addicts have become a serious problem. There a law-enforcement officer let me study his records and accompany his men. I was startled at the number of these addicts who were high-school students, white, and from good families. Druggists, taxi drivers and small candy stores were supplying them regularly. With the tablets they took a little liquor, and the combination drove them wild. They'd run amuck, commit serious offenses.

"We thought it was marijuana at first," the officer told me. "But we find it's these sleeping pills."

"Who reports the cases to you?" I asked him.

"Sometimes parents phone us that their children have come home wildly excited. Outsiders phone, too, when these goofed-up kids smash a window, break into a store or beat up someone on the street. Or a policeman will call up saying, 'There's a morphine addict here—just a kid.' We'll find another sleeping-pill addict—perhaps all battered from a fight. They can't recall anything that happened after taking the sleeping pills. I asked one little fellow why he'd attacked another boy, knocking him unconscious. He didn't know he had. He couldn't recall anything that had occurred for two days."

This whole bootleg traffic can be stopped if each state will pass a barbitu-

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rate law so strong, with such severe penalties, that the racket no longer pays. The states banished the paregoric evil this way. Nothing was ever more vicious than the paregoric addiction and traffic; today it has been brought virtually to an end in all but a few states. As the illegal traffic died out, the addiction did, too.

A similar law can stop barbiturate addiction if it specifies how barbiturates may be distributed, sold, possessed, and makes violation a felony.

In some states with weak laws, the larger cities have had to set up local ordinances to combat sleeping-pill addiction. For over two years New York City has been battling toward this. In 1943, the New York City Board of Health tried to bring sleeping pills under strict control. The measure was defeated—largely by the opposition of the Academy of Medicine which made in part the following astonishing statement: "The subcommittee doubts whether physicians would be willing, or, in fact, should be asked to antagonize patients by writing 'nonrefillable' on their prescriptions." The Academy insisted, and no doubt sincerely believed *then* that nothing was needed but a campaign of education. The Board of Health did not agree; but it bowed to this judgment. Since then, barbiturate addiction and deaths in New York City have risen alarmingly and are continuing to rise.

State Senator Thomas C. Desmond of New York has just drawn up a very stiff law and he will fight to get it through this session of the legislature. His bill would plug every dangerous loophole in the state's present ineffectual law.

"New York State had better wake up," he told me. "So had most of the other states. Very few states are as yet on the job."

California and Minnesota, he said, have passed laws prohibiting the refilling of prescriptions without the physician's sanction. Last March a similar bill was introduced in the legislature of Florida. A law was passed in Connecticut last July which prohibits refilling except upon written order by the physician. But most states are still inactive.

"This addiction is country-wide," Senator Desmond added. "It is a very serious thing. Yet the states can stop it if they will. Think what the uniform State Narcotic Law has accomplished! A uniform barbiturate law would prevent untold suffering—save thousands of lives and minds. Surely we Americans will see this, before it is too late."

What provisions should such a law include? This was the question I put to state senators, federal, state and city law-enforcement officers, heads of psychiatric departments in hospitals, private physicians, and attorneys in public health departments. There was not complete agreement, but I was impressed by the intensity of interest shown, the diversity of "model" bills proposed.

In the office of one such official—a man who is in close, daily contact with this addiction—I found a model for a uniform state barbiturate law which seemed adequate, watertight, and an embodiment of most of the provisions the others had proposed. The office was that of Garland H. Williams, New York District Supervisor of the Federal Narcotics Bureau.

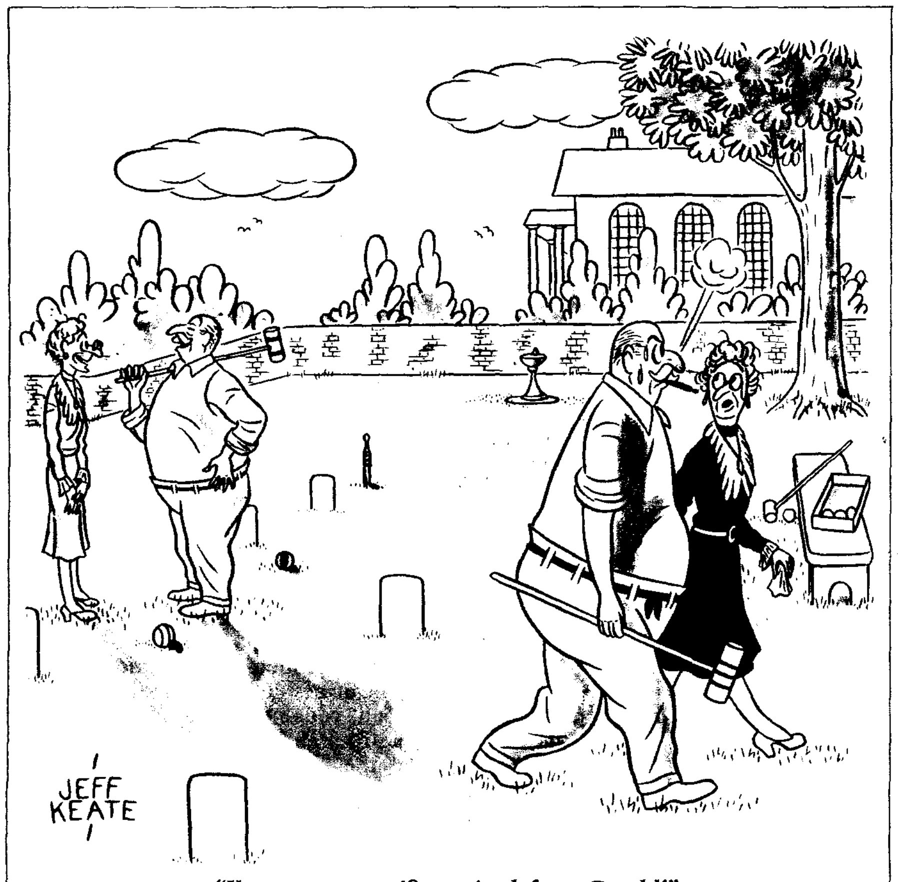
Suggestions For a Workable Law

Mr. Williams' model state law was not written down, but something he worked out, talked out, as I queried him. Obviously he had given the subject much study; and he knows the sleeping-pill problem as few do. These are his most important suggestions:

1. Everyone from the manufacturer to the doctor must keep records of receipts and distribution of all barbiturates.
2. Except for scientific use—the drug must be distributed only on a physician's prescription, by a registered pharmacist.
3. Excessive quantities may not be prescribed; only the small amounts based on good medical practice.
4. A prescription may not be refilled. Copies may not be made by the pharmacist. Telephone orders may not be filled.
5. It shall be unlawful for any person to receive, give away, sell or even possess barbiturates except in the manner prescribed by law.
6. It shall be a felony, punishable by imprisonment, to violate this law.

This would be a patent law. If adopted by all states and enforced, it would end the sleeping-pill evil in the United States.

THE END



COLLIER'S "You were magnificent in defeat, Gerald!" JEFF KEATE

"You'll soon meet a tall, dark and handsome man..."

ME A BLOND! . . . and that fortune-teller had the nerve to tell my wife that a tall, dark and handsome man would soon brighten her future. Sue got a great kick out of it, and she didn't let me forget it all the way home.

Not that I believe in fortune-telling, but just the same, it started me thinking. I'd done well by Sue as far as the present was concerned . . . a home . . . a car . . . and plenty of other comforts. But I'll admit I hadn't thought too much about the future. While Sue was kidding me, I realized that no fortune-teller could see into our future . . . but I could! And I wasn't exactly pleased with what I saw. Because that future was far from bright!

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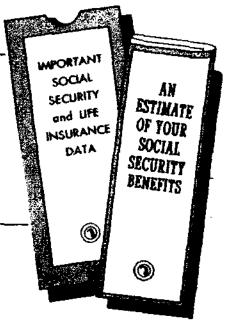
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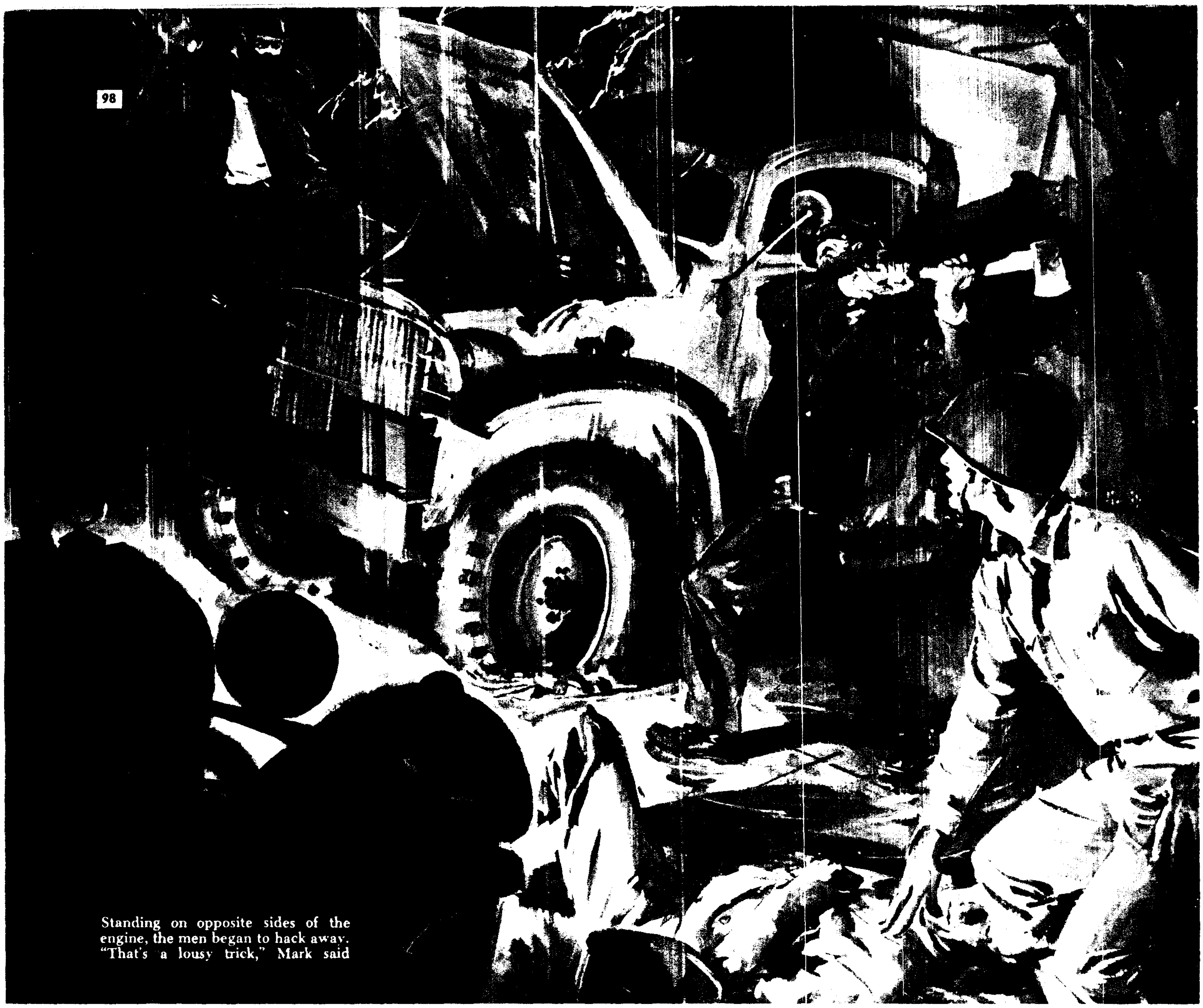


Standing on opposite sides of the engine, the men began to hack away. "That's a lousy trick," Mark said

TROUBLE ON THE AUTOBAHN

It was peacetime, so they said, and Harry wanted to go home. . . .
One rainy night on a German highway he caught his Stateside ticket

BY A. E. HOTCHNER

THE red tail reflector of the bicycle danced and glittered in the strong white light of the truck.

"Hey, Harry, take a look," said the man at the wheel. "A Heinie on the road at this hour of the morning."

Harry stepped the speed up a little. "How do you like that?" he said. "I thought there was supposed to be a ten-thirty curfew." The truck sped past the bicycle.

"It's a Jerry all right," Harry said and he settled back against the seat cushion and tried to make himself comfortable. "They're getting away with murder," he said. "Two-thirty in the morning and here this guy is, big as life, out on the *Autobahn*. Don't you think so, Mark?"

"Don't I think what?"

"Well, that something ought to be done about it."

"Sure." Mark swung the big truck into the left lane to avoid the debris of a bridge. "I guess you heard they fired into Shorty Millar's truck last night."

Harry sat up, faced Mark. "No, I didn't hear nothing about it. Shorty get hit?"

"Almost," Mark said. "Couple of inches low."

"Did they catch the Heinies that did it?"

"How can they catch 'em? Who's around? If somebody took a pot shot at you right now and knocked you off, who's there to chase him?"

Harry's lips pulled tight. "This is a fine business. We got to sit out here on this *Autobahn* like ducks in a shooting gallery and let the Heinies knock us off. And why? What am I doing here? My brother-in-law needs me in the business and here I am hauling powdered eggs to the Heinies in Berlin. And getting shot up doing it. I'm bringing 'em food and they're pumping lead at me." He lowered the window and spat out. "You get a Purple Heart for getting slugged, even with no war?"

A heavy flash of lightning cut across the sky. The thunder roar vibrated the cab of the truck. Harry jumped.

"A Heinie got you, fall dead," said Mark and he got a big laugh out of it.

The cloud-heavy sky was again illuminated and rain began to splash against the windshield.

"You hear something?" Harry asked.

"Yeah, thunder," Mark said.

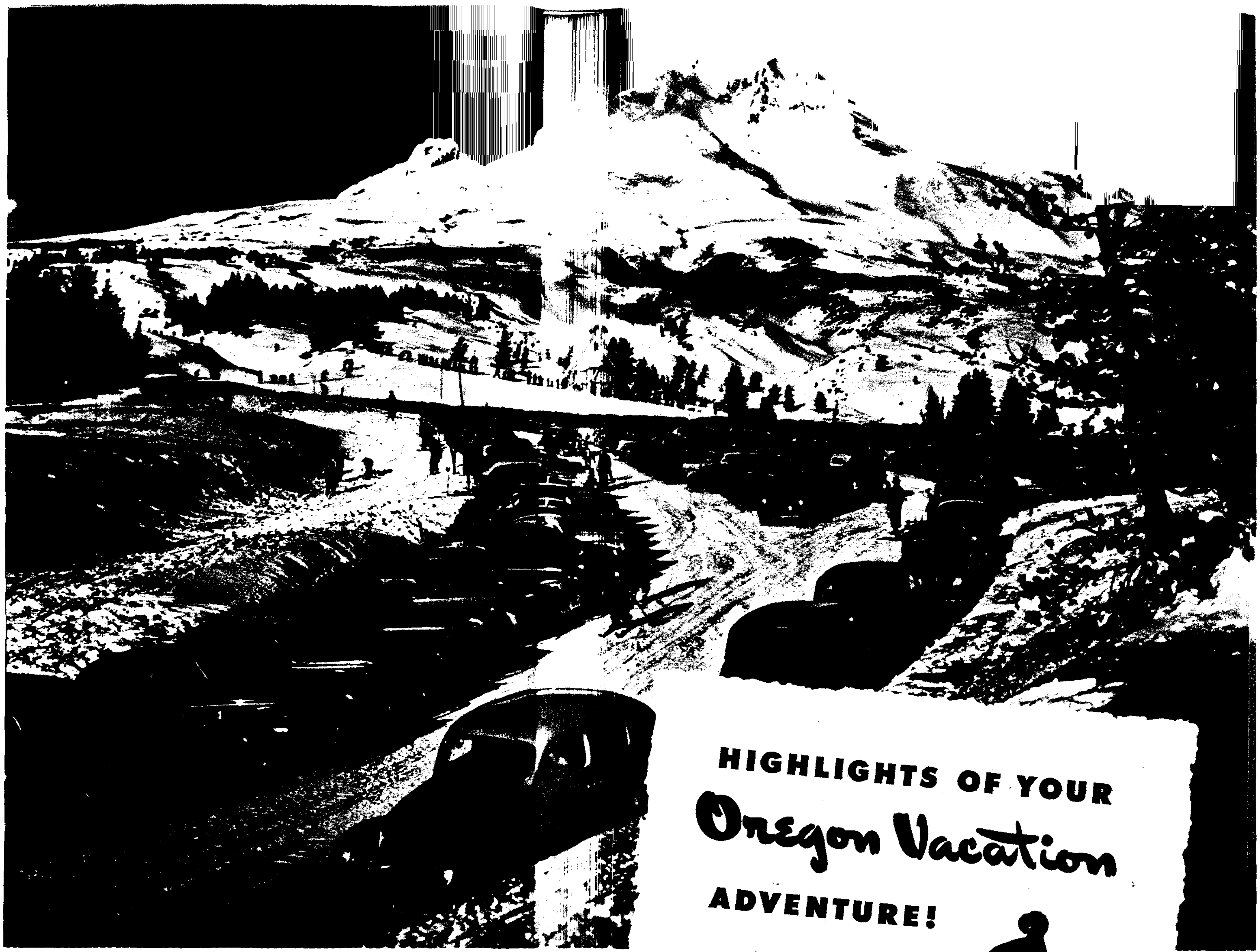
"I mean besides the thunder?"

"Yeah, your nerves jumping."

"No fooling, listen." Both men sat quiet, the rain peppering the windshield, the tires whining along the wet concrete. "Like an engine," Harry said. They both listened again.

"You're nuts," Mark said.

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER



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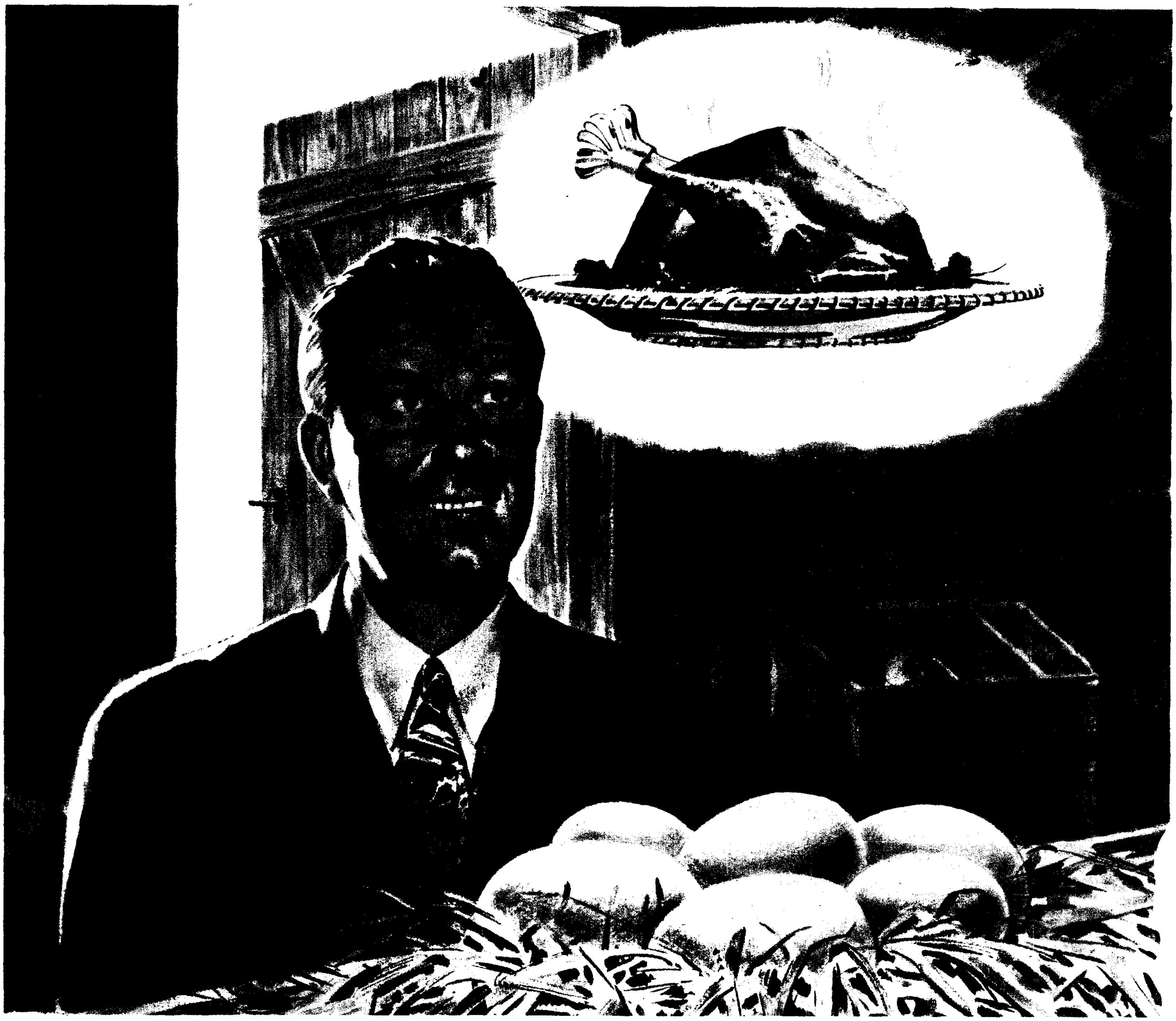

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SAVE THE EASY WAY... BUY YOUR BONDS THROUGH PAYROLL SAVINGS

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"Maybe," Harry admitted. He turned and looked through the rear window of the cab. "I forgot we had a load," he said when he saw that boxes were piled against the window. He listened again. "I don't hear it now."

"You're nuts I told you."

"That's what my aunt keeps telling me. She says, 'Here it is everybody else is out of the Army and making their pile and you got to be over there driving trucks of food for the Nazis. Why can't they drive their own trucks?' she wants to know. That's what I want to know. My brother-in-law ain't going to wait for me forever."

It was raining hard and Mark hunched forward a little to get a better view of the highway. The *Autobahn* was tricky; without warning the remnants of a concrete by-pass bridge or viaduct would loom up and the big truck had to be veered into the opposite lane. Mark held the speed at fifty. Harry slid down on the seat until the back of his neck fitted against the curve of the seat backing. He propped one foot against the dashboard, closed his eyes. The windshield wipers pumped in unison and the thunder, more faint now, was incessant.

"In the last letter he writes me," Harry said, "my brother-in-law tells me: 'Nobody back here knows there's an Army any more. You don't see a uniform anywhere. Get yourself on a ship and get back in a hurry or none of your friends'll recognize you.' As far as I'm concerned that's very good advice. Only how do you get on a ship? The Germans got to eat, I am a truck driver extraordinary, so—no ship."

"Everybody gets a ship, sooner or later," Mark said.

"In the Navy, maybe, but not in the Army truck business." The windshield wipers went *yump-yump, yump-yump* as they fought the rain splashes. "How about you, Mark, don't you want to get home?"

"I dunno. My brother-in-law ain't like yours. He keeps telling me, 'The way things are going over here, you're better off where you are.' "

"He's nuts."

"Maybe. But I'm stuck here for a while and I'll make the best—"

Suddenly the truck lurched to the left, skidded precariously while Mark bore down on the steering wheel, his foot jammed against the brake. The big truck rocked under its heavy load as it skidded diagonally across the *Autobahn*, its front wheels finally stopping its motion as they mired in the soft mud at the side of the highway. Mark immediately slipped the gears into reverse and pulled the front wheels back onto the concrete.

"At least we're not stuck," he said. "*Some* night to be changing tires," Harry said as he opened the door and stepped to the pavement.

Both men walked to the front of the truck and Harry kicked twice at the flat tire which was on the left wheel.

"Well, let's get with it," Mark said.

"It couldn't have been one of the double ones on the back wheels," said Harry as he pulled the jack and a couple of wrenches out of the tool box. "Oh, no, it's got to be right up front so we *got* to change it. And look at this lousy rain."

"You can tell the chaplain all about it when we get back," Mark said.

The two men busied themselves with fitting the jack under the left front axle and, slowly, the heavily loaded truck raised as the men pumped the jack handle. It was laborious work because the jack was rusted and operated badly. "Is she off the ground?" Harry asked.

"A couple more'll do it," Mark said.

HARRY leaned on the jack handle and it clicked sharply as the metal protrusion at the top of the jack was extended another notch. Harry bore down on the handle again but there was a metallic snap and the jack handle broke in two.

"Now we're in a fine fix," Mark said.

"Can't we get her off, as is?" Harry asked.

"Not a chance," Mark said.

For a while the men stood in the rain, looking down at the tire, trying to figure out some way of changing it.

"There's no way out," Mark said. "Let's go back in the truck."

"What's that down there?" Harry asked.

"Down where?"

"Down there—on the *Autobahn*—coming this way. Ain't that headlights?"

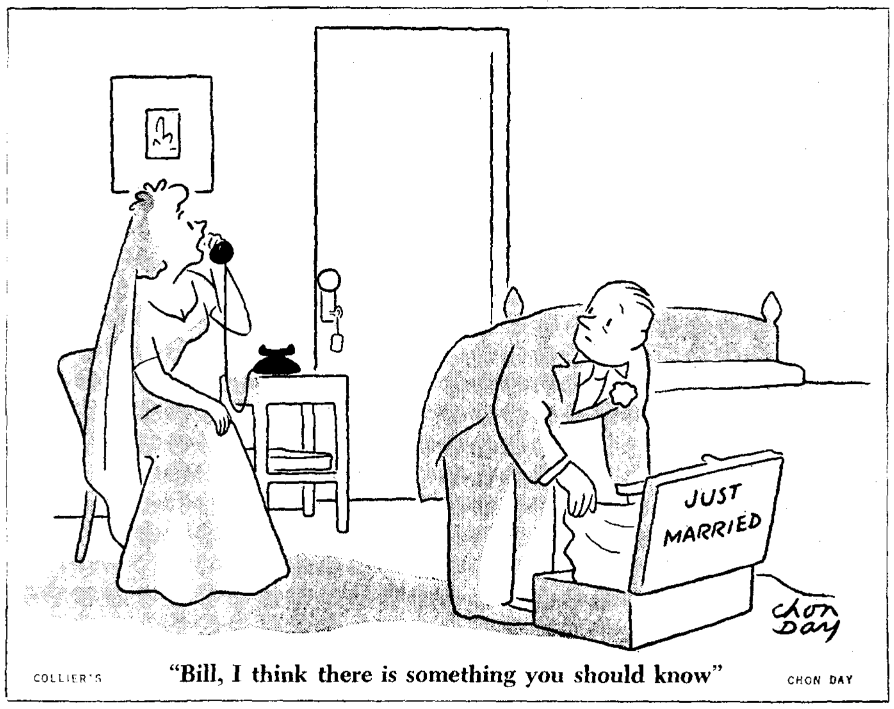
Mark stepped out to the center of the highway and looked intently. "It's headlights all right."

The lights came on fast, indicating that the automobile was traveling at a high rate of speed.

"You're sure they'll see us?" Harry asked. "Maybe I ought to go out and flag 'em down."

"Calm down," Mark said, "they can't miss us."

The lights were close now. As the automobile came abreast the truck, its doors swung open and before it had come to a complete stop, four men jumped out. They were wearing handkerchiefs across their faces. Each carried a submachine gun, American make. One of them said, in almost perfect English, "You two, stand over here in front of the lights. Don't try some monkeyshines and nothing will happen to you." Then he spoke to the others in German and



COLLIER'S "Bill, I think there is something you should know" CHON DAY

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they ran around to the back of the truck and climbed inside.

"Get a load of these guys," Harry said, "get a *load* of these guys."

"Over here in the light," the German said.

"Who'd believe it?" Harry said. "Getting stuck up by lousy Heinies!"

"We'd better go on over," Mark said. He took Harry by the arm and walked him in front of the lights of the automobile. "Calm down," Mark said, "there's nothing we can do about it."

"I don't like getting pushed around by a Heinie," Harry said, angrily, "and I especially don't like having a Heinie point an American gun at me."

"I think your friend gave you good advice," the German said. "There's nothing you could do about it, so calm down." He shouted instructions in German to the men in the truck and they started to carry boxes from the truck to the automobile.

"After all, what difference does it make?" the German said. "This food is for the Germans, isn't it? We'll see that they get it."

"Sure, through the black market," Harry said. "I'd like to see your face. I bet it looks like a pig."

THE German backed off a few paces to supervise the loading of the car, but he kept a cautious eye on the two soldiers.

"Be careful, Harry," Mark said. "This guy could just as easy shoot you as not. What's the sense of making him mad?"

"Listen," Harry said in a low voice, "I got an idea."

"Two bits it's the kind of an idea that'll never get you back to your brother-in-law's business."

"You got to help," Harry said.

"Nuts on that," Mark said, "I'm staying right here till they go away."

"Okay, I'll pull it off by myself. No Heinie is gonna walk all over me."

"All right, all right, what's your plan? I'll tell you if it's any good."

The German came back. "Turn your backs," he said.

"Whatcha want to do? Shoot us in the back?" Harry asked, but the presence of the plan in his mind made him more co-operative now and he turned. The German searched them to make sure they had no weapons.

"We don't have any," Harry said, "our outfit is short. Why don't you guys send us a few of your used tommy guns?"

"You can face around again," said the German, stepping back. "We'll be finished in a few minutes."

"Don't hurry yourselves," Harry said, "we got plenty of time. Say, maybe when your boys get through, they'll change our tire for us."

"Don't try some monkeyshines," the German said. His eyes, barely visible over the top of the handkerchief, narrowed and he looked straight at Harry. "I can be tough—so watch your step." He walked to the back of the truck and spoke to his men.

"Listen," Harry said, talking out of a corner of his mouth, "they got a trailer on the back of the auto—did you notice?"

"Yeah, I noticed. So what?"

Harry said, "They've just about filled the back seat of the car and they'll be working on the trailer pretty soon. There—they're loading it now." The Germans were, in fact, carrying the boxes to a large G.I. trailer which was hooked to the automobile. "Here's my idea. Give them a minute or two and when they're all busy stuffing boxes in that trailer we'll make a break for the front seat of the auto. The motor's running. Hell, we can get away before they know what hit 'em."

"Forget it," Mark said.

"What d'ya mean, forget it? It's these guys that are taking pot shots at Shorty Millar and maybe at us. Why forget it? We got a chance to outfox 'em. Why forget it?"

"They got a gun and we haven't. That reason enough?"

"Not for me. I ain't being pushed around by no lousy Heinie, gun or no gun. What d'ya say?"

"I pass. If you want to try to beat that guy to the trigger, go ahead."

"Okay. But step aside as I drive away." Harry made a quick inspection of the activity at the rear of the automobile. "They'll never know what hit 'em. I'll bring you back a new jack."

Mark grabbed Harry by the arm. "Don't do it, Harry! You're nuts! I don't like this any more than you do, but you're just asking for trouble."

"Just watch my smoke," Harry said. He crouched down, waited a few seconds, then sprinted toward the front door of the auto, keeping close to the front fender. He grabbed the handle of the door, turned it, flung the door open. *Rhump . . . Rhump . . .* two orange flashes from the rear of the auto. Harry fell to his knees, his left hand still holding the door handle. He bowed his head to his chest and he braced himself against the ground with his other hand. Mark ran over to him. The German who had spoken to them before came over but the other men continued to load the trailer.

"I told you no monkeyshines," the German said. "It's your own fault." He stood looking down at Harry who stayed in the same position, not moving, not speaking.

Mark kneeled down beside him. "Where you hit, kid?" Mark asked.

Harry did not answer. Mark took Harry's hand from the door handle and gently lowered him to the concrete.

Mark asked, "Where you hit?" He opened Harry's coat and loosened his belt. "Where you hit?" he asked again. Then he saw the circle of red forming on Harry's shirt along his right side. Mark made a pillow out of his jacket and placed it under Harry's head. Mark stood up and faced the German.

"This man's hurt bad," he said. "We got to get help for him."

"There's nothing I can do about it," the German said. "I warned him. Perhaps someone will come along."

"No one will come along this hour of the morning and you know it," Mark said. "Give me a lift into the nearest town and drop me off. I give you my word I won't tip off anyone about you."

"I can't run the risk," the German said.

THE men had finished their loading; they were pulling a tarpaulin over the top of the trailer. Mark knelt down beside Harry and whispered in his ear, "Don't worry. I'll drive the truck, flat or no flat."

The men lashed down the tarpaulin and quickly got into the automobile. The German shouted some instructions to his men and two of them ran over to the truck. They were carrying small axes. They lifted the hood of the engine and, standing on opposite sides, began to hack away at it.

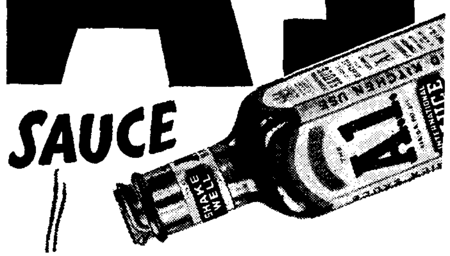
"That's a lousy trick," Mark said to the German. "This man's going to die if I don't get him help. That's the only way I could have done it."

"Can't take any chances," the German said and he called to the men to run back to the automobile. Almost before they had stepped inside, the automobile started up and was soon out of sight.

The night was suddenly terribly still. Mark felt frantic and helpless. He spoke to Harry, tried to reassure him, but he knew that he wasn't convincing. Finally Harry said, "Help me." He said it three times, then he opened his eyes and looked at Mark but he didn't say anything more.

"Sure, sure," Mark said, "I'll get help. You just hang on. I'll get help. Will

A•1



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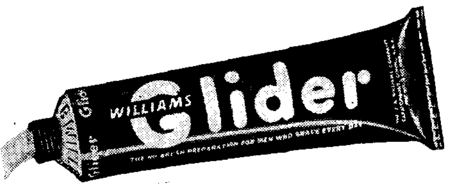

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PRESIDENT

you be all right if I leave you alone a little while?" Harry's answer was to close his eyes and open them again. Mark lighted a cigarette and offered it to him but he didn't want it. Mark stood up. "Hang on, Harry," he said. He ran over to the truck but one look at the mangled engine told him that it was beyond use. He was overcome with the futility of his position but he started running back along the *Autobahn* in the direction from which the truck had come. He ran until his breathing hurt, then he walked quickly; when his breath was restored, he ran again. Haven't done this since I was a Boy Scout, he thought. Fifty paces walking, fifty paces running. He knew that the nearest town was about ten miles away; farther away, probably, than Harry could hold out. The rain had stopped but the sky was still swollen with gray clouds and the air was cold.

The lights seemed to come at Mark from out of the sky. He stopped abruptly and watched in amazement as the twin beams bore down on him, just as two headlights had approached him a short while before. Whatever it was, whoever was in it, he had to make sure they stopped. He stood in the center of the highway and waved his arms over his head and shouted. The car stopped. It was a jeep—a military police jeep.

Mark ran up and said to the sergeant sitting next to the driver, "Farther down the road. Hurry." Then he vaulted over the side into the rear seat.

THE jeep pulled up in back of the truck and Mark and the MPs ran over to where Harry lay. "Any of you know first aid?" Mark asked. One of the MPs was carrying a first-aid box and he knelt on the ground beside Harry.

"He's in bad shape," he said. He gave Harry an injection of morphine to lessen the pain and counteract shock. "He needs blood. We don't have any plasma with us. I think we better get him back to the base hospital as soon as we can."

"Swing the jeep around," the sergeant MP said, "and we'll lay him across the back seat."

Harry opened his eyes. "No dice," he said, "I feel all right. Get after those Heinies."

"But we've got to get you back," the sergeant said. "You've lost a lot of blood."

"I'm staying right here," Harry said. "Stop wasting time."

"I guess we could have the plasma brought out here," the sergeant said uncertainly. "I guess that would be just as fast."

"That would do okay," the medical MP said.

The sergeant walked over to the jeep and spoke into the two-way radio; a moment later he returned and said, "It should be here in a few minutes."

"Mark, make them get going," Harry said. "They're wasting time. Those Heinies were really traveling."

"What's the story?" the sergeant asked Mark.

Mark said, "Some Germans highjacked our stuff and did this in the process. They went off in that direction just a few minutes before I met you on the highway."

"Tell 'em about it on the way," Harry said. "You guys'll never catch up with 'em."

"Don't worry," the sergeant said, "they won't get far."

Mark asked the sergeant, "How come you were out on patrol at this time in the morning?"

"We're not really on patrol," the sergeant said. "We've been having trouble along this stretch so we set up check points—you know, spotters along the way. When an American truck passes a spotter he notifies the next spotter of the time so that each spotter along the way knows just about what time to expect the truck. If it gets overdue, they notify us. The key to the whole system is the radio. Let's see how far those Jerries have got." The sergeant picked up the mike on the two-way radio. "C for Charley 71 calling Spotter 501."

A voice said, "Spotter 501. Go ahead."

The sergeant said, "Anything pass your way in the last ten minutes?"

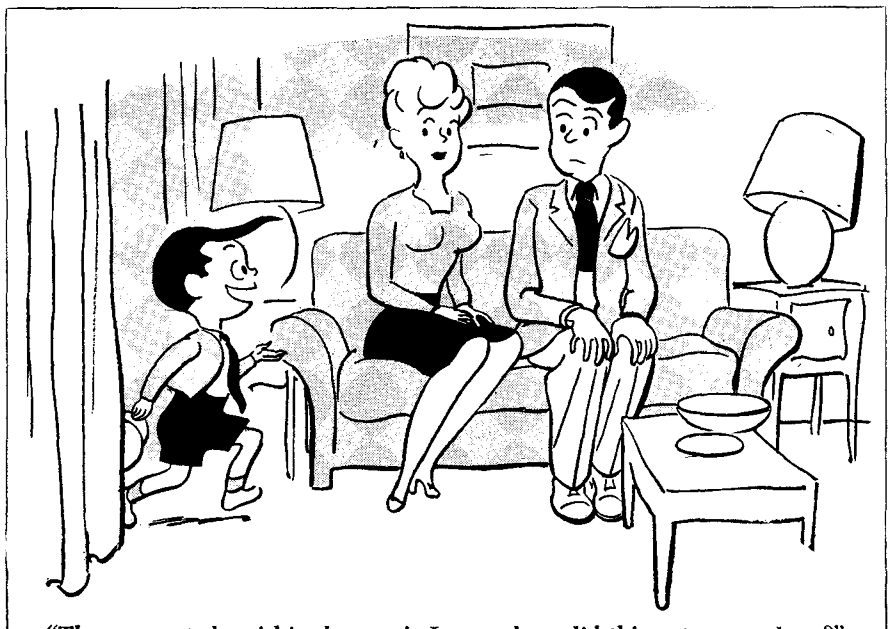
"Not a thing," the spotter said.

"Keep your eyes peeled and let me know as soon as you spot it." The sergeant turned his mouth away from the mike. "What were they driving?" he asked Mark. Mark told him. "It'll be a four-door sedan with a trailer," the sergeant said into the mike, "got it?"

"Gotcha," the spotter said.

"I think we can nab 'em," the sergeant said to Mark. "You see, there's another MP jeep closing in from the opposite direction. We got those Jerries completely bottled up. The spotter is in a farmhouse alongside the *Autobahn* at a point about halfway between where we are now and where the other jeep is. This spotter will be able to tip us off on the movement of the German's car. All three of us can communicate on our radio sets. The Jerries and the other jeep are now moving toward each other, that's why we can just sit tight till we see what happens. Let's see how the other jeep is doing." The sergeant spoke into the mike attachment on the radio. "C for Charley 71 calling D for Dog 88."

"Okay C for Charley," a voice said. "Looks like this baby is somewhere



"The man got the girl in the movie I saw—how did things turn out here?"

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between us," the sergeant said. "He should be passing the spotter any second now. How far are you from the spotting point?"

"About six, seven minutes," D for Dog said.

"Here's the plan: As soon as the spotter reports them, pull up and throw a barricade across the highway. Make sure you pick a spot they can't swing around."

"They've got several tommies," Mark said.

"Don't take any chances," the sergeant said into the mike, "they've got tommy guns. Keep on the sides. If they try to break through let them have it. If they spot the barricade and turn around, let them go. We'll pick them up on our side. Got it?"

"How many are there?" D for Dog asked.

"Four," Mark said.

"Four," the sergeant repeated.

"Spotter 501 breaking in," the spotter's voice said over the two-way. "Four-door sedan with trailer just passed. Really traveling. Must be making around eighty per."

"Okay, D for Dog," the sergeant said, "block her up in a hurry and get set. Keep me posted."

There was a long silence. "We're all set," D for Dog said finally.

"You see their lights yet?" the sergeant said.

"They didn't have lights on," the spotter interrupted to say.

"Did you hear that, D for Dog?" the sergeant asked.

"They'll probably plow right into it," D for Dog said.

"Let me know as soon as you see them," the sergeant said, and he told his own MPs to get their guns out and check them.

"Okay, Sarge, just spotted two lights headed this way," D for Dog said. "They must have turned them back on. They should be up to us in about a minute."

ANOTHER pause. Then: "They're stopping, Sarge," D for Dog said. "They must have seen us. They're swinging around. Want us to fire a burst into them? We can reach them from here, I think."

"No, but follow them. Make the best speed you can," the sergeant said. He turned to his own MPs. "Okay, men, it's up to us to stop 'em so let's work fast." The jeep was backed in front of the truck and a towline hooked onto the truck's tow loop. The jeep then pulled the truck around so that it blocked one side of the *Autobahn;* the jeep itself was also parked across the highway, immediately in back of the truck, with the result that the two of them formed a continuous, substantial barricade.

The sergeant handed two grenades to Mark.

"Here's the idea," the sergeant said. "The highway is completely blocked now except for this opening on the near side. The way I dope it, the German will spot the barricade, see this opening around this side and try to get through it. When he does, we've got to hit him with everything we've got. Try to plant a grenade so it pops *under* the auto—I'd like to turn it over. I figure they'll have less chance to use their guns if we keep 'em standing on their heads. The only thing that worries me is that they may not decide to take the opening. They may stop and try to shoot it out with us, and we don't have any too much ammunition."

The spotter's voice came over the radio: "Checking point 501 to C for Charley."

"Okay, go ahead," the sergeant said.

"That same sedan has turned around and just passed going in your direction. The lights were not on," the spotter said.

"Okay," the sergeant said. He ordered two men to carry Harry to a safer place, farther off on the side, and then he ran along the barricade, giving it a quick inspection. He directed the men to lie on the slope of a ditch which ran along the highway. "Get set and wait for me to give you the signal. With their lights off they may not see the jeep. They certainly won't be expecting a road block at both ends. Anyway, hold your fire until I signal."

The men lay on their stomachs with their guns resting on the top of the ditch. Mark held the pin of the grenade, ready to yank it out. All eyes strained in the direction of the approaching automobile.

"I'd like to see old Pig-Face," Harry said, "when he gets a load of this reception. Yessir, you shoot a guy in the guts, chop up a truck engine, and what happens? The U.S. Army is sitting there waiting for you ten minutes later."

"See anything?" the sergeant asked.

NO ONE answered. The rain felt heavy as it beat down on them and the men tried to keep their guns as dry as they could.

"Yessir, monkeyshines," Harry said, "always monkeyshines when you least expect 'em." He was getting drowsy from the effect of the morphine. "A man in my condition oughta be hustled back to the States, don't you think, Mark? Wait'll my brother-in-law hears about this. He'll throw a fit."

"Maybe they turned off," the sergeant said. "They might have cut across one of the fields."

"I hear something," one of the MPs said.

Everyone strained forward a little.

"Here they come," Mark said.

"No lights," the sergeant said.

"I don't think they see it," Mark said.

"Keep those lights off," the sergeant said, his voice vibrating with excitement.

"They don't see it," Mark said.

"Keep those lights off, keep those lights off."

"They won't know what hit 'em," Mark said.

"Get set," the sergeant said to his men.

Mark pulled the pin of his grenade and started to count.

There was a terrific shriek of brakes as the driver of the automobile spotted the barricade and the car started to skid sideways into the jeep.

"Open up!" the sergeant said.

The guns poured a vicious burst of fire into the skidding automobile, and Mark cocked his arm but purposely hurled the grenade into the weeds on the opposite side of the *Autobahn.*

The automobile rammed into the jeep with a tremendous impact that caused it practically to hurdle the jeep and there was an explosion followed by a quick, orange sheet of flame as the auto and trailer landed on their sides about fifty feet beyond the jeep. The flames shot out from the sedan's rear window. Mark jumped on top of the car's side and pulled out the German and dragged him away from the wreckage.

"Why'd you do that?" the sergeant asked. "You could have gotten a good burn."

"I wanted to bring this one in," Mark explained. "He's the one that shot my friend."

"Oh," the sergeant said.

The D for Dog jeep drove up and MPs began using fire extinguishers on the blaze.

The German, lying on the wet concrete, groaned. "No monkeyshines," Mark said. He reached down and pulled off the handkerchief which was still tightly bound around the German's face. He studied him for a second.

"Hey, Harry," he called. "Harry!"

"Yeah?" Harry answered.

"I just took a look at the German's face," he said. "You were just about right."

THE END

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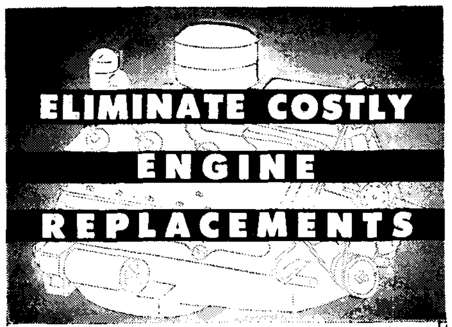

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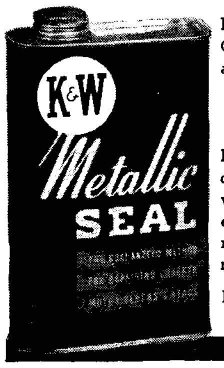

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LADY KILLERS

Continued from page 23

team captaincy. Today she is known for her ability to take as well as dish it out. Left for dead, Miss B. writhes for an instant, then leaps to her feet and is at it again.

Miss Brashun has found time in her fighting fate to marry and take a few months off to have a baby boy skater of her own. Her husband is one Bill Golba, ex-Derby racer himself, now retired to the less homicidal duties of Derby referee. "My fighting days are over," explains Mr. Golba. "Except when I have to break a stranglehold my wife has gotten!"

Not that Miss Toughie hasn't a more feminine side. She yearns to be an average housewife. Recently she saw herself in a newsreel, being her stubby, murderous self. "Am I like that?" she shuddered. That night she spent only ten minutes of her usual twelve in the penalty box. Over twelve minutes of penalties sends a player to the showers.

Able to match the battering Brazooni stride for stride and blow for blow, the comely Geraldine Fay Murray hails from Des Moines, Iowa, is twenty-five, five feet seven inches and fights at 136. Known as Gerry, Miss Murray is also the mother of an angel boy, and learned her fisticuffs from a brother who died with the Marines at Guadalcanal. Leaving sponsored softball for the less puerile Derby in 1938, it took three races—about sixty days—to graduate Miss Murray from rookiedom to the upper brackets. When her team captain suffered a broken wrist, Miss Murray was appointed promptly to succeed her. Her smooth skating, deadly blocking, and utter disregard for her own or enemy's limbs have proved her a leader of considerable spirit.

136 Pounds of Dynamite

The scientific type of killer, when deposited on her own back porch, Miss Murray bounds up coolly and hastens to the counterblow. She holds several decisions of the Joe Louis variety over her lady friends. Up at Providence, Rhode Island, I watched her smack one Annabelle Kealey a blow in the midriff that would have dropped a small horse. She hit her just outside the referee's line of vision.

When the supply of men runs out in the male division of the Derby, Miss Murray is often sent in as a substitute. Once she and a male blocker carried a gent named Bill Reynolds around the track on their interlocked shoulders. Bill had tried to leap up and crash through. At a signal, they separated and dumped Reynolds solidly on the track floor. Bill thereupon bumped Gerry, so she bumped him back and sent him crashing through the guard rail.

The ladies of the ensemble are worthy of their captains. Because of her slashing, hard type of play a gentle blue-eyed lassie from Jeannette, Pennsylvania, named Annabelle Kealey, has earned the sobriquet of "Slugger."

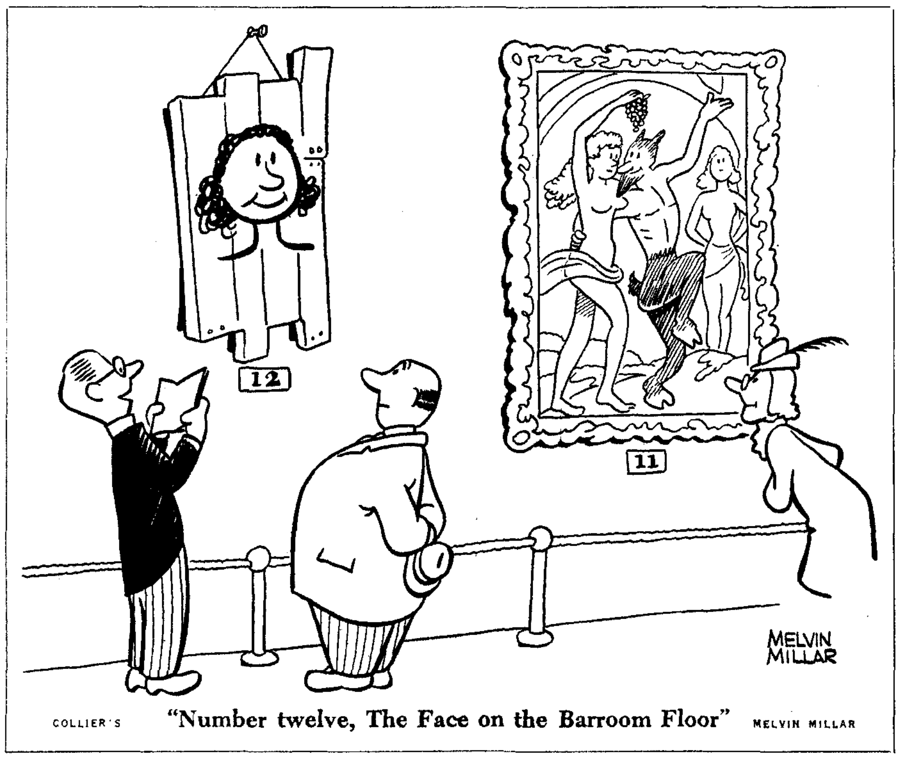
Villain of the Rink

Gifted with an incandescent Irish temper, Miss Kealey is adept at the well-concealed tactic. She is said to have a way of getting a protruding elbow accidentally, directly in the way of the teeth of an onrushing opponent; or of contacting an onrushing kneecap with one of her skates. Her methods have earned her the title of villain among the spectators. Where her chums get fan mail and gifts of candy, Miss Kealey is more likely to receive hisses and beautifully beribboned boxes containing dead mice!

Miss Mary Youpelle is from Windsor, Canada, and being Indian has enabled her to supplement her rugged tactics with an occasional bit of scalping. Slow to anger, Miss Youpelle only uses her secret weapon when seriously provoked. "Looking back," says Miss Youpelle, "it seems silly sitting there with a handful of your best friend's hair. But at the time it feels awfully good!"

And there are others: Bobbie Johnstone, the Blond Bombshell; Bette Cloonan, the pride of Pittsburgh, called the Bounding Ball because of her bouncing skating form; Dirty Gertie Scholl; and Evalyn Karran, one of the few girls who holds a decision over the referee, whom she felt necessary to sock during a rhubarb—costing her twenty-five dollars!

Few sports present the normal hazards of Roller Derbying. Long ago the management adopted the crash helmet and padded tights as the official costume of the sport. The girls refuse to wear shoulder, elbow or knee pads, claiming they add stuffing to the wrong places. After a lap or two, they toss away their helmets for vanity's sake. The result has been a constant epidemic of broken ribs,



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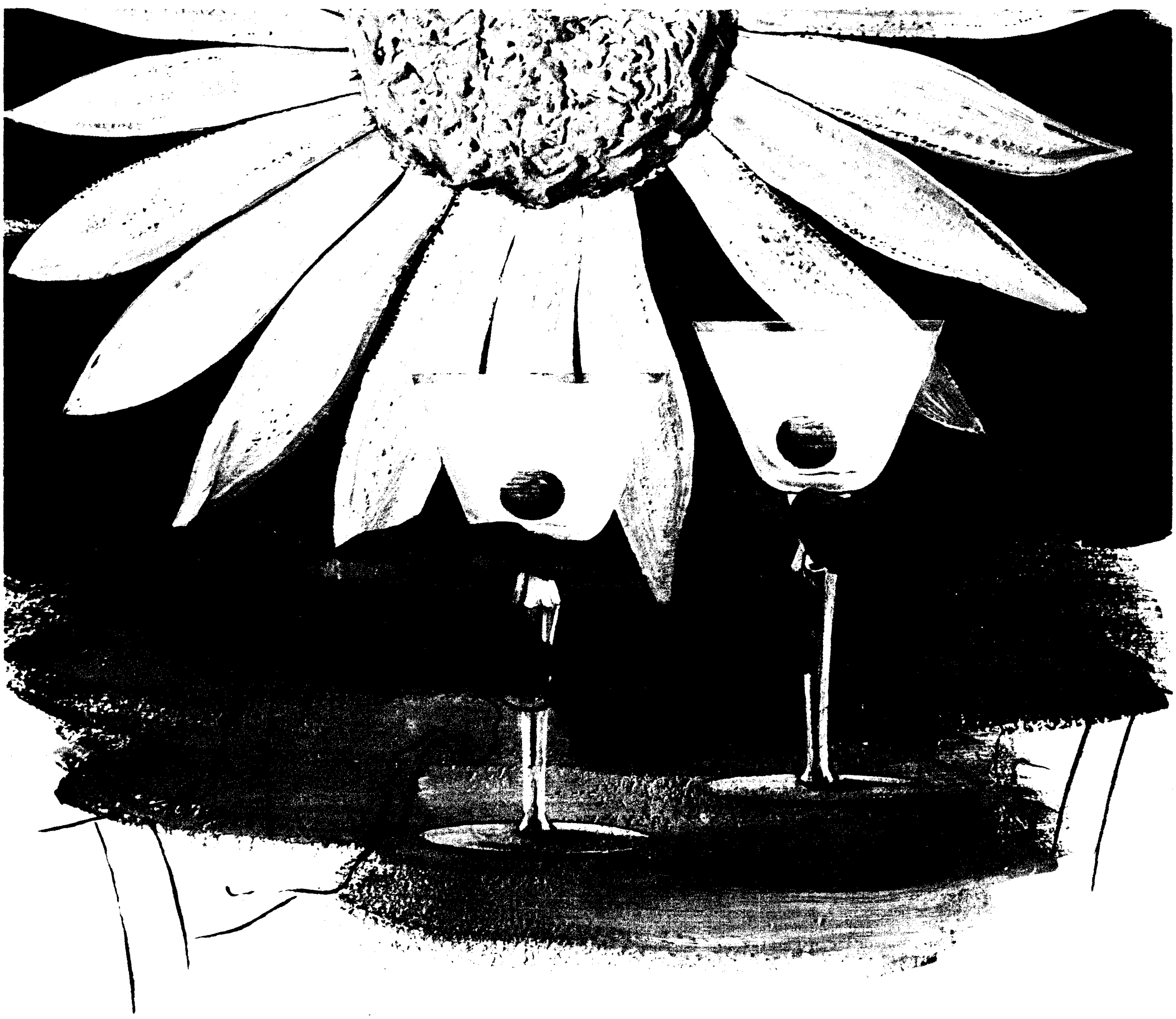
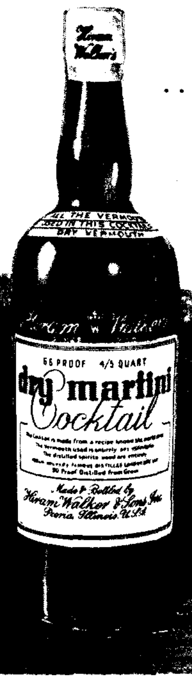


Bottled—all the *daisy-freshness* of a just-mixed Martini!

Maybe that's hard to believe. But isn't it worth a find-out test? The *daisy-fresh tang* of Hiram Walker's bottled Martinis has won over some of the best Martini makers in the book. Men who really *know* their Martinis. Made from one of the world's finest gins and a grand vermouth *and* by experts—Hiram Walker's are *this* good: *the best mixers are their greatest admirers.*

Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

Hiram Walker's
dry martini


Hiram Walker's
66 PROOF 4/5 QUART
dry martini Cocktail
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. . the ready-to-serve Martini that tastes *daisy-fresh.* Just stir with ice

66 proof

collarbones and the occasional concussion. (The latter is a male specialty, resulting from pitching headfirst through the track rail to the concrete below. Steve Irwin, a crack skater, died this way.)

Recently in Chattanooga, Miss Brashun tangled her skate in the side of the track and broke her foot in three places. Miss Kealey has had one busted kneecap, two broken fingers, and three front teeth knocked out, then knocked out again. For a long time the girls, when knocked off their feet, had a way of breaking their tail bones. This required an operation to patch, and a Miss Georgeanna Kemp now has the distinction of skating without a coccyx. While this has not impaired her ability to become a mother, the management has seen fit to sit down hard on the tail bone. Girls must wear foam-rubber-lined panties, or quit racing!

Such Gluttons for Punishment

Mr. Sid Cohen, who gets a headache when he sees a girl flying through the rail without a headguard, informs me that his women stand pain better than his men. Where his gents rush for the iodine bottle at the merest scratch, a Miss Evalyn Karran skated with a broken ankle till her foot swelled so it wouldn't get into the skate boot. I watched Miss Jean Christner throw blocks with a trick shoulder socket. No one is more disdainful of hurts than Miss Murray. "She hardly costs a bottle of iodine a year," marvels Mr. Sid Cohen. Miraculously, Miss Murray has escaped serious injury.

Eager to avenge an injustice, the roller audience often adds to the bloodshed. I saw a woman throw her purse in the path of the whizzing Slugger Kealey. Other excited ladies have tried to pull the hair of the contestants on their way to the dressing rooms. This is very foolish, especially if the attacker is out of training. Last year out at San Francisco, some indignant sailors climbed into the infield and joined a female rhubarb in progress. This brought on the Marines. The girls retired to the side lines and took notes till the arrival of the Shore Patrol!

But there are rewards for this gentle life. A master skater averages $125 a week or so, with all found. Food is good, and the management tries to make your stay at the hospital pleasant with flowers and candy, besides expenses. A gal can pick up some side money carrying an ad for a local emporium stitched to her uniform. (Recently one gal was pitched over the rail into the fender of the very ambulance she was advertising. It cranked up and took her to the hospital.) She also can make a few dollars put up by the audience calling for a point-getting contest between two enemies.

Rewards may go even higher. The Messrs. Seltzer and Cohen are seriously thinking of forming the National Roller Derby League, with such hotbeds of the sport as Columbus, Ohio, Minneapolis, Chicago, San Francisco, Chattanooga, Fort Worth, Buffalo, Cleveland and possibly New York represented. There would be three-day meets on new portable all-metal $10,000 tracks, and a minor league to develop new players. Salaries should keep pace with mounting box-office receipts.

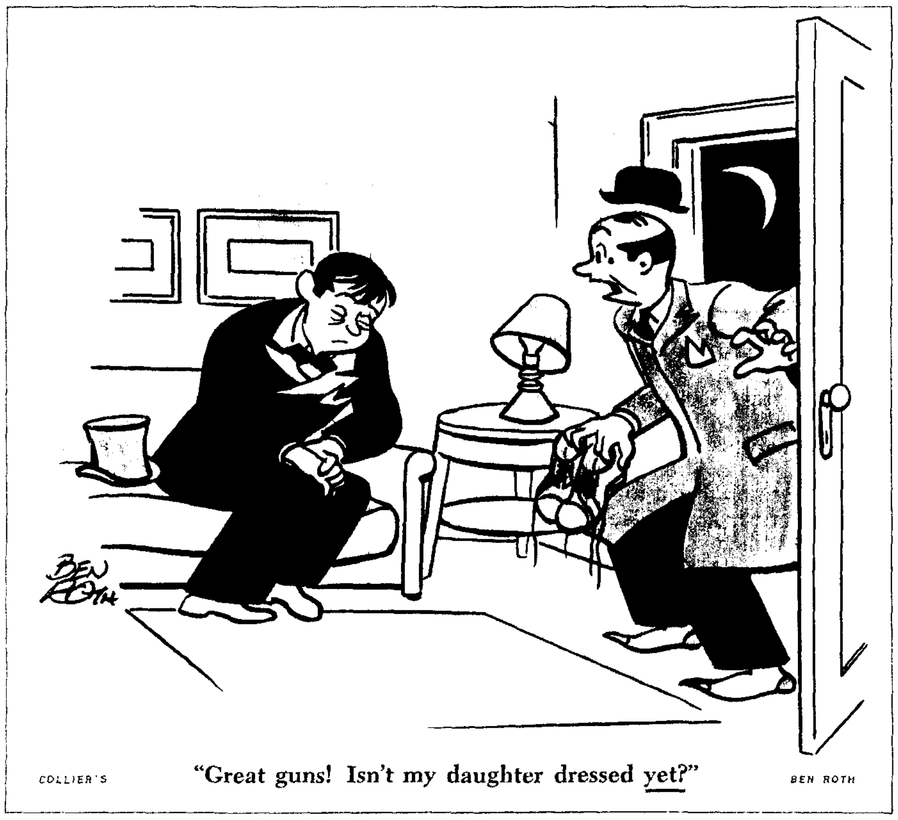
Not that Seltzer and Cohen expect to have too easy a time collecting the dozen women skaters needed to man a team. Right now only one of twenty applicants for Derby tryouts finds the going to her liking. They find the grind a little more arduous than that other violent body contact sport: Advanced Post Office. Recently Mr. Cohen hired an ex-lady wrestler. After a couple of contacts with Miss Brashun, the lady retired from sport forever. Fights in wrestling have a way of being collusive. Not so in the Roller Derby.

But Seltzer and Cohen think the girls will flock in when they realize there's a future in it, for even the grandmother. They point out their most venerable skater: Ma Bogash, of Cleveland, Ohio. Gray-haired and a grandmother, Ma Bogash joined the Derby when it started back in '35. She was forty-four and her doctors had prescribed some violent form of exercise to cure her sugar diabetes.

Now fifty-five, weighing 175, and built like that brick wall, Ma Bogash has slowed up somewhat afoot—but is wide enough to block for two. "She knocked me over in Columbus," mourns Bazooni, "then fell on me. I yelled hard but she couldn't hear me, she had me so completely covered. It took me days to get my shape back."

"What about the men?" did someone say. Yes, they can outblock and outskate the gals and Captain Tommy Atkinson has suffered eleven concussions in his Derby career. The trouble with them is they don't pull hair. The sissies!

THE END



COLLIER'S "Great guns! Isn't my daughter dressed *yet*?" BEN ROTH

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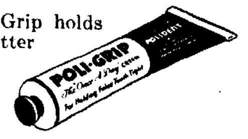

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HEELS AMONG THE HEROES

Continued from page 17

Out of the junk piles of German cities, the U.S. Army has contrived miraculously to find lovely homes, construct shopping centers, sports clubs, service stations and soda fountains for the newly arrived American families of the occupation forces. It is trying to give these charges a living standard as nearly equivalent to prewar U.S.A. as possible. The almost unanimous chorus from dependents that "we ain't never had it so good," measures the Army's success.

But the contrast of that hearty American brightness alongside the gray, squalid existence of urban Germans is enough to send you spinning. You come out of the quartermaster's super commissary in the Onkel Tom subway station in Berlin-Zehlendorf, staggering under a load of fresh Danish whole milk, Kansas steaks, white bread, fresh lemons and butter. You try to cover up this golden swag but a bottle top sticks out brazenly and a lemon spills from the sack and rolls toward the scrawny kids and the hollow-cheeked old woman loitering in the street. You heave the lot into your car, speed home and pour yourself a tall drink, to ponder whether this was an object lesson to prove democracy's triumph over Fascism or a new hate card in the hands of the have-nots.

If you had asked the old woman, she probably wouldn't remember—if she had ever known—that the United States was budgeting $200,000,000 a year to support the American zone of Germany, and that most of her supper, miserably small as it was going to be, came from the U.S.A. "It's not that the Americans shouldn't have these things here," one German housewife said. "After all we lost the war. What hurts most is to have the children ask, 'Mother, why can't *we* have buttered bread with ham?' "

Most experts agree that the coming of American wives and American kids in numbers (the Army expects about 16,000 families in the European theater, principally Germany and Austria, by 1947) will have a sobering effect on the soldier, bolster his morale and perhaps make him more selective in his use of certain participles and transitive verbs in public places. But the impact on the Germans is another matter.

Courses Fail of Their Purpose

The Army has whipped up some orientation courses (compulsory) for dependents. Some of the material is excellent, but so far the emphasis has been on living problems, where you can and cannot go, etc., and the effect, according to responsible sources, is no more understanding of the depth or subtleties of European problems than soldiers have been getting in their own orientation training. Some of the crudities in our contact with Germans have been hair-raising.

Not long ago in the city of Fulda, a captain's wife, just off a Stateside transport, spied a cute hat in a milliner's shop. The salesgirl said she was sorry but she could not sell it without German clothing coupons. The American girl, who naturally had no coupons, seized the hat in a fit of rage and tore it to bits. "Damn' Nazi!" she cried, and stalked out.

When Munich Army authorities picked the Harlachingen district for their military community, they requisitioned 1,000 houses and strung barbed wire clear around the area. Among those who had to move were not only Nazis and "just Germans," but even Bavarian government officials and individuals who had been persecuted under Hitler and were, by Army directives, entitled to special privileges.

It was finally decided the latter could take their furniture with them. (The barricade was to prevent people from stripping the houses of belongings beyond the essentials authorized and hauling them away at night.) Then, with little or no assistance, the "good" or "white" Germans, along with the rest, had to find somewhere else to live. To make matters worse, the shipment of dependents was delayed and smaller than first estimates, and many of the vacated houses remained empty.

Recently, Military Government in Würzburg received an unsigned post card. "I asked 10 German youths why they hated the Americans," it said. "One replied it was because you brought the Poles, who steal and rape and murder. Two more said you let us starve. The other seven said it was because of 'those damned American women.' "

The last point touched a new sore spot. In the ruins of Würzburg, according to official count, sometimes as many as seven people already lived in a single room. Arrival of Yank wives and children necessitated requisitioning of even more of the few homes still intact.

"But all in all," the Würzburg MG officer will tell you, "our requisitioning in Bavaria is just a fleabite. The Germans will run you ragged with complaints if you give them a chance." Which any experienced authority admits is true.

It is the utter hopelessness and desolation of so many Germans which strike thoughtful observers as so deadening and so impossible as a base for reconstruction. Tragically enough, this despair has afflicted more often than not the people who have wanted to be our friends. They are bewildered the more by America's gigantic capacity for humanitarianism in bulk when contrasted with the personal little cruelties of kid soldiers—like scaring an old man on a bicycle, just to see him spill.

One thing which, surprisingly, has failed to develop among the American wives is a mass reaction against German women. "We expected open warfare on the Fräulein question," Colonel Frank Howley, a Philadelphian who is now deputy military governor of the American sector of Berlin, said recently. "You know, letters to the commanding general raising hell, and all that sort of stuff. It didn't come. Seeing so many women, Nazis and otherwise, doing manual labor may explain it. Your wife asks the labor office for somebody to saw up the logs in the back yard and four girls arrive, two of them good-looking enough to make her think, 'There but for the grace of God go I.' Maybe it dulls that competitive instinct a little."

One German reporter was shocked at the boredom of American women she interviewed and their seeming lack of serious interest in Germany or Europe. The experts, however, are divided on whether the Yankee communities will shake down to perpetual bridge and gossip clubs, or whether the ladies will elect welfare work, or what they will do with their spare time, of which they will have plenty, with more servants than most of them ever bossed in their lives before.

Except for the way steamer space is assigned for the trip over, these wives complain little about the "caste system." Brigadiers and buck privates buy their groceries in the same stores. Special leave tours are open to all. (See Switzerland for $36.00," one poster says.) In Frankfurt the Army is building a super de luxe $280,000 shopping center. The taxpayer needn't worry; cost of German material and labor will go down against the food bill Germany is running up with us.

Almost every family figures they're

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PRODUCT OF THE ARGENTINE

saving far more money here than they could in the States now. You sort of take for granted that generals get big houses and special planes. When a private first class, like Joe Lowe, for instance, can land a six-room house with two baths, a garden and a couple of servants, rent free, in Berlin for his wife and three baby daughters who had been paying dearly for a stuffy Chicago flat, then you know the Army's got it good. "I used to have to wash all the diapers myself," Mrs. Lowe beams. "Now I don't have to wash anything." The rent's at least temporarily free because privates never took their families on overseas duty before and there is no provision for collecting it below the first three grades of noncommissioned officers.

The majority of American personnel in Europe are respectable, industrious, thoughtful and well behaved. Colonel Paul J. Maddox, a strapping California Baptist who is theater chaplain, refuses to despair about the misbehaviors of the minority, although he admits it is the impressions they create which people remember.

Growing Interest In Religion

"Our young people over here are taking a great interest in religious matters," he is eager to tell you. "I went to some services in Frankfurt the other day and I couldn't find a seat. There were 600 people there. My chaplains in Berlin, where sin is made so easy, are after me for space for three more chapels. They haven't got enough room for their men."

Morale and discipline, once as flabby as an old inner tube, are improving. Months ago, General Joseph T. McNarney, U.S. commander in chief in Europe, ordered his field commanders to get on the ball. He laid down the spit-and-polish laws: reveille, drill, retreat, curfew and all the rest.

Brigadier General Walter J. Muller, Military Government chief in Bavaria, is one of those veterans the Army still hasn't enough of, who knows how to apply such regulations for maximum results and minimum beefing. His enlisted men, most of whom he calls "son," eat and sleep in quarters that are the envy of the average officer. But there's no monkey business. The boys are soldiering. Result: troop incidents negligible; VD down to a trace.

In the hurly-burly of the crackdown, however, the Army has managed to produce its usual quota of Rube Goldberg directives. Last spring when the sap began to run in Nuremberg, two G.I.s in a jeep could swoop down on an unsuspecting Fräulein from the rear, reach out, pat her roundly just below the small of the back and roar off with impunity. Now a man can be busted for holding hands in public, even with his wife.

After a female War Department employee plunged to her death from an upper-story window of an officer's apartment in Frankfurt, an order came out forbidding personnel to entertain members of the opposite sex above the ground floor of Army billets.

But many authorities think we are pampering ourselves on this matter of living abroad. Colonel T. F. Wessels, former theater provost marshal, snorts when you mention it. "Morale," he says, "used to mean *esprit de corps*. Now it means snack bars."

Too often, though, the G.I.'s own case is overlooked. "These Army clubs," a seasoned sergeant of the Nuremberg courthouse guard was saying. "Fixed up damned expensive and nice. But a dogface goes there and what does he see? More dogfaces. (German civilian spots are out of bounds to soldiers.)

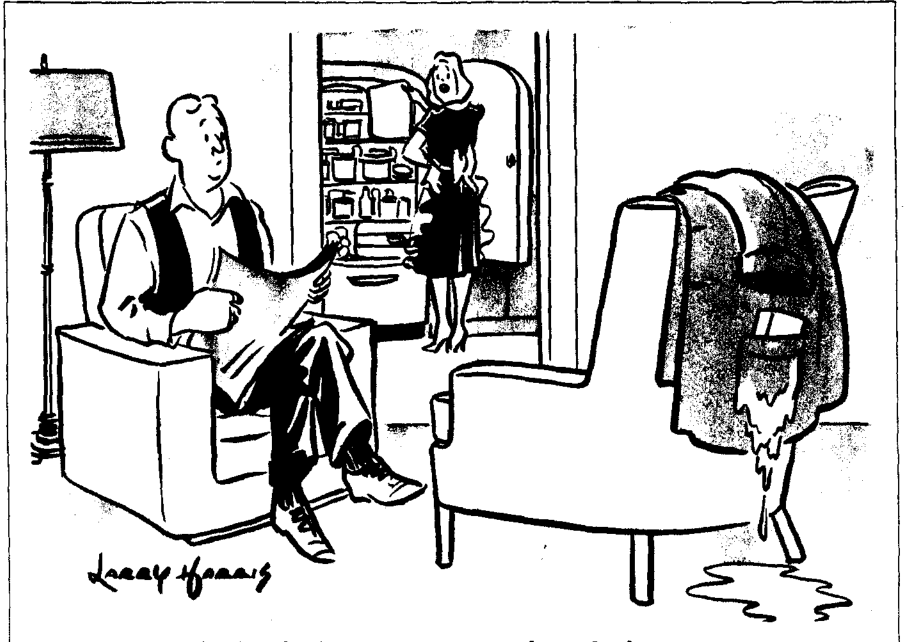
"Okay, so life over here isn't so rough; where else could you bank all your pay? But don't forget we're still a civilian Army and Americans don't like to be pushed around. The men resent having to be tucked in bed at 11 o'clock while the Germans they came over to watch are still on the streets.

"Incidentally, officer replacements are sometimes greener than their men. My C.O. isn't old enough to vote yet and I'm 30. But if you want the real answer to the morale and behavior mess, look at the court-martial system."

The sergeant recalled the case of a friend of his, a truck driver, who had been given three years in prison and a dishonorable discharge for killing a pedestrian. Whether or not the sentence was sound—the boy pleaded accidental death—the disposition of a different case in Berlin looked queer alongside it:

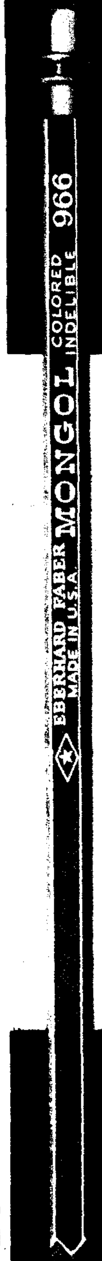
In a surprise security raid last March 1st near Tempelhof airdrome on criminals, fugitive Nazis, black marketeers and the like, a search team of four American soldiers and nine German policemen discovered a cache of small gold bars, diamonds and jewelry worth nearly $115,000. They appropriated the loot themselves. Then somebody squealed. The police were fired. But the N.C.O. commanding the party was merely busted and sent to another outfit. Although two other soldiers were sentenced to five years each, their terms later were reduced to one. The fourth may never stand trial. On August 16th, five and a half months later, his court-martial was indefinitely postponed because the key witness in the case, a German, had disappeared.

According to the provost marshal's



COLLIER'S "Where's that ice cream you brought home?" LARRY HARRIS

LEAD STRENGTHS for ALL HANDS by EBERHARD FABER



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office, in the first half of May more than half (53 per cent) of all disciplinary cases reported in the theater were dismissed for lack of evidence. By August 6th, things had tightened up and this figure was down to 34 per cent, but that still looked like a large quantity of defaults. For the same 15 days ending August 6th, court-martial sentences actually imposed amounted to only about 30 per cent of the total disciplinary cases reported, but that figure, too, was an improvement over May, when the proportion was just *three* per cent.

There is an argument that the large number of colored troops in the theater (about 37,000 in August, according to official figures, or roughly 12 per cent of the total) has made the Army's misbehavior record look worse. It is true that public safety officers have more trouble, proportionately, with Negro soldiers than white. And in June the theater-wide VD rate for colored troops had reached 771 per 1,000 men. The rebuttal usually furnished for this argument is that it simply clouds the bigger issue of our failure to face up to the Negro question at home.

Racial Hates Still Smolder

"Don't think our capacities for race prejudice are not being whetted over here, either," one political Intelligence officer told me. "Now and then somebody wants to throw a Negro out of an Army club, or there's a row over a girl. Or take a G.I. with his own Fräulein. Maybe without his realizing it, the Goebbels stuff she learned begins to rub off on him and first thing you know he's calling all the Jews in the DP camps in his area a bunch of lazy bums."

Top military and civilian authorities agree that one of the roots of the whole problem of the American occupation is a matter of American education.

"I think our educational leadership in the last generation has been very unfortunate," Major General Frank A. Keating, American military commandant in Berlin, is likely to say frequently. "It is absolutely true, too, that discipline in the American home is loose. It makes the Army's job vastly more difficult."

Indiscipline, race prejudice, irresponsibility, little cruelties and corruptions. . . .

"We have given American idealism an awful licking around over here in the eyes of the Germans," a friend of mine remarked in an old-fashioned bull fest in Berlin the other day. "We have traded on the misery of these people, and the fact it was misery they manufactured themselves hasn't made it any more right. We shipped them some flour, told them to move on about their business and then were terribly surprised to discover they hadn't begun to fix themselves up a democracy."

"Yes," somebody else countered, "but the marks are by no means all black. The material accomplishments Americans have registered in Germany have been great. They could be made lasting, if we concentrated the next 12 months on human relationships—not fawning for the friendship of the enemy but commanding his respect and giving him a little hope. Then the mistakes, bad as they are, could be chalked up to experience and the hubbub of adjustment in the first year of occupation.

"Perhaps we had to learn all these things the hard way; perhaps that's how innocents grow up when they're abroad."

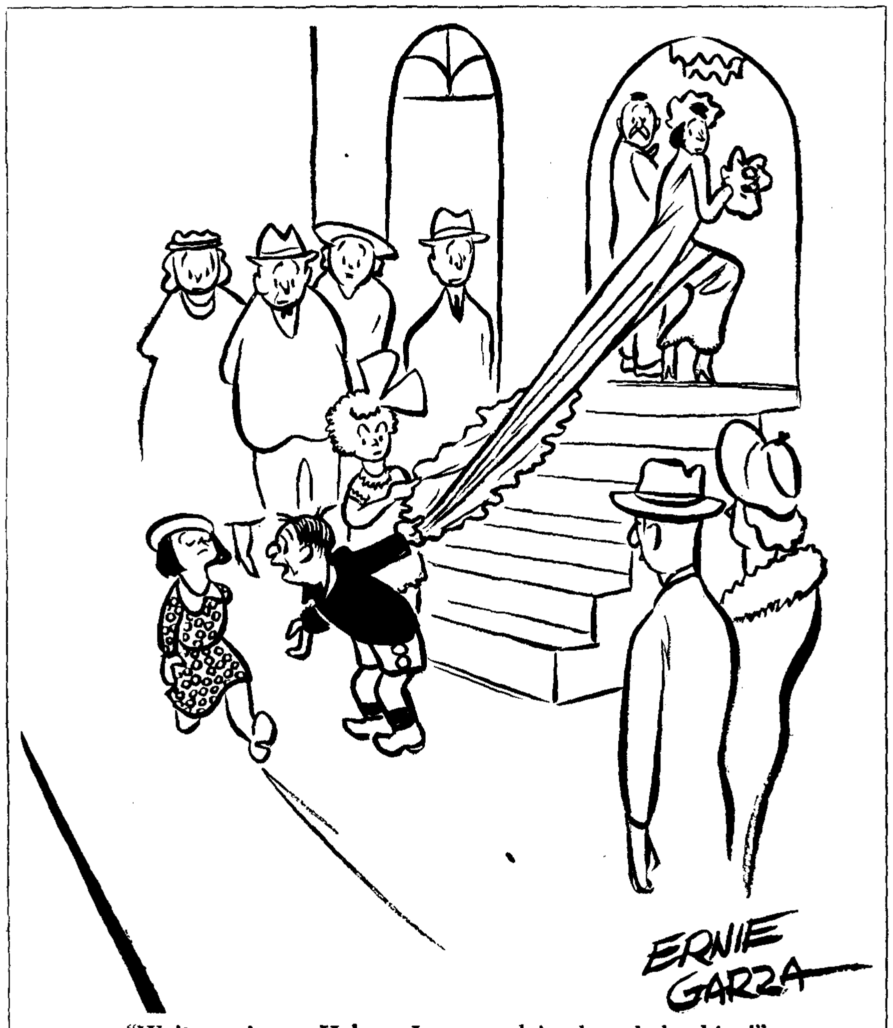
A copy of Stars and Stripes lay open on the floor and a short note in the B Bag column caught my eye. It was signed "Just Another Joe."

"I'm going home," the letter ran. "I'm leaving this confused continent of Europe behind me. I have seen and done many things over here. I've been one of the boys.

"I've done things I wouldn't want my parents or sweetheart to see me do, but that's all behind me now. I'll return to those who love me as if nothing had happened. I'll take up my life where I left off, and forget all I did over here.

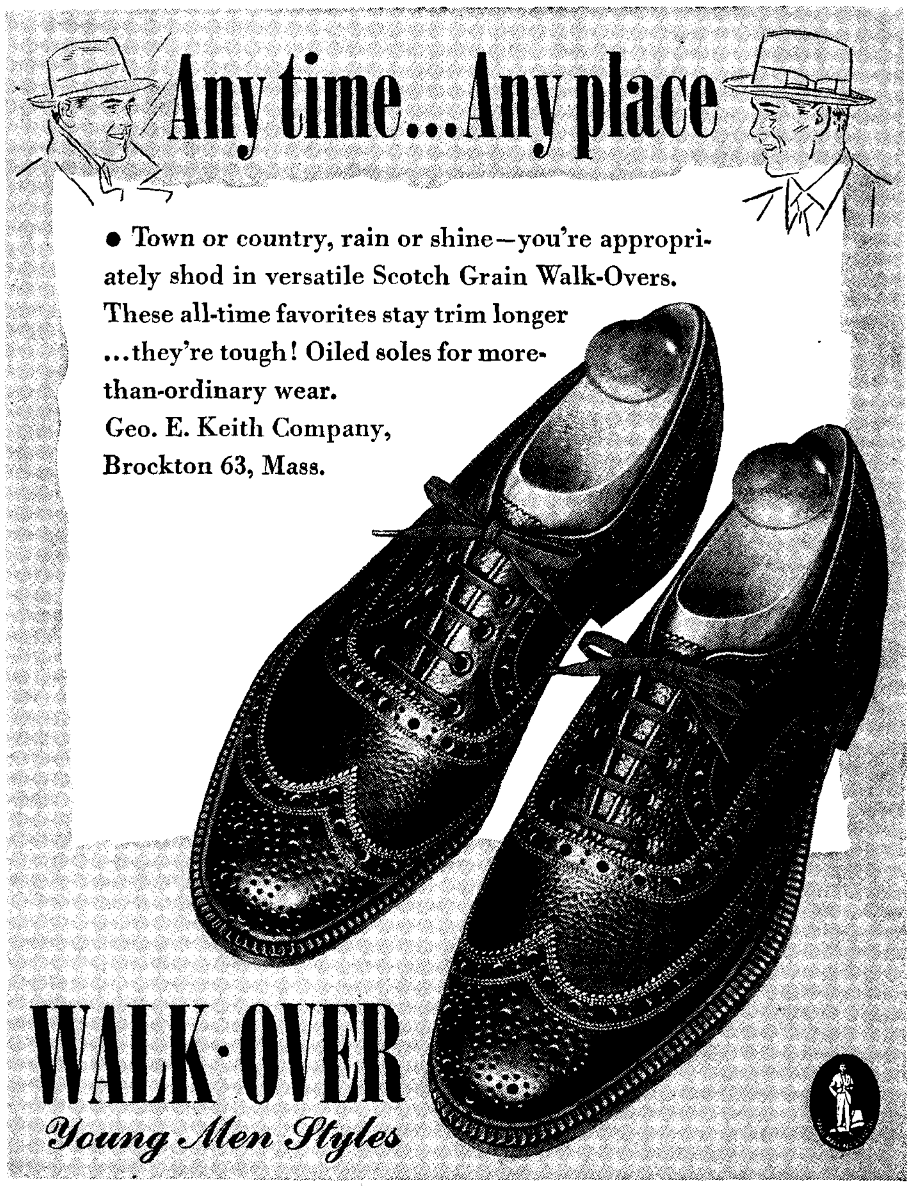
"But can I?"

THE END



"Wait a minute, Helen—I can explain the whole thing!"

COLLIER'S ERNIE GARZA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CASE FOR THE RESERVES

Naval Reservists off for week-end flying in Grumman Avengers. Program for 6,100 pilots is 100 hours flight training yearly in 1,670 planes

WING TALK

EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

OF THE hundreds of thousands of American pilots trained during World War II, the Army and Navy plan to salvage—exclusive of the two services' career airmen—a total of 31,600 stick-and-throttle artists through reserve and National Guard setups already beginning to function. These part-time fliers, frequently characterized as "America's minutemen of the air," are expected to maintain their war-acquired skill in a peacetime training program adjusted to their leisure periods.

Together with a proportionate number of other air and ground-crew reservists and National Guardsmen, they will constitute a sort of animated life-insurance policy for the country against what our statesmen call a possible future "national emergency." For, if World War II settled anything, it was that such a group, supporting their full-time professional brothers of the air, will be the nation's undisputed first line of defense should the present uneasy peace give birth to another war.

The Navy-Marine Corps air reservist program calls for a minimum of 100 hours flight training a year with 1,670 airplanes for 6,100 pilots at 22 air bases strategically spotted all over the country. They are being supplied with victorious combat types including Grumman Hellcat and Vought Corsair fighters; Curtiss Helldiver dive bombers and Grumman Avenger torpedo bombers.

With a traditional reputation for being able to take care of itself at all times—even with a threatened Army-Navy merger hanging over its head—the Navy beat the Army to the gun by launching its well-rounded program into full-scale operation on July 1st. In addition, since December 15, 1945—while Army reservists all over the nation were asking impatiently, "When are *we* going to start flying?"—the Navy had managed, somehow, to give thousands of its ex-war pilots six hours a month "refresher" flying time in quiet preparation for the activation of its reserve training bases.

On July 2d, the Army Air Forces announced that its larger and consequently more unwieldy reserve training program had been initiated on a 'limited" basis at Memphis, Tenn., with similar activities to be started in short order at other cities throughout the land. This prediction has been fulfilled in a manner gratifying to the Army's flight-hungry reserve airmen; by late August, aircraft for their use had been delivered to 32 different bases and eight others were scheduled for activation early this month.

These 40 bases constitute the initial phase of Lieutenant General George E. Stratemeyer's Air Defense Command program for a nation-wide net of 130 reserve training centers where 17,500 duty pilots and 5,000 staff pilots will be given a minimum of 80 hours annual flight training. Accompanying flight and ground instruction will be ready for 27,500 nonpilot reserve officers and 120,000 enlisted reservists. The plan calls for accomplishment of this mission with North American P-51 Mustang fighters, North American AT-6 single-engined Advanced Trainers and AT-7 and AT-11 twin-engined Beechcrafts. Total: 3,000

In addition to its reservist training program, the Air Defense Command, with national headquarters at Mitchel Field, L. I., has supervisory responsibility for the National Guard's air training. This also is beginning to get under way and contemplates the eventual operation of 84 fighter and light bombardment squadrons from 79 air bases in every state of the Union, Hawaii, Puerto Rico and the District of Columbia.

It calls for the training of 3,000 pilots, 4,900 nonpilot officers and 50,000 enlisted men with 2,664 aircraft, mostly tactical types such as P-51 and Republic P-47 Thunderbolt fighters and Douglas A-26 Invader bombers. By the end of August, all the AAF's Air National Guard unit allocations had been accepted by the states and possessions concerned, and the AAF said that activation of National Guard squadrons was "well under way" in 26 states, the District of Columbia and Hawaii.

Anyone with even a slightly analytical eye, to say nothing of the 20/20 by which the military services set such store in pilots, will see by a glance at the aircraft allocations in the Army-Navy-National Guard part-time pilot training programs,

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that the Army's air reservists still have their traditional stepchild role in the nation's air defense setup. It requires neither slide rule nor computer to figure out discrimination in the percentages when the Navy sets aside 1,670 aircraft for the training of 6,100 pilots, the National Guard gets 2,664 planes for its 3,000 fliers and the Army allots only 3,000 airplanes to 22,500 reservists.

Stated in terms of aircraft utilization, it means that the Navy, to give its reserve pilots 100 hours flying a year, must get an average of only 365 hours annually from its 1,670-plane fleet; that the National Guard need fly its airplanes fewer than 100 hours a year to give its 3,000 pilots the 80-hour minimum flying time contemplated for Army air reservists, while the latter's 3,000 planes must average 600 hours a year.

Such inequalities may be discouraging to newcomers in the Army's air reserve but there are more serious ones which the AAF's part-time pilots must face. Both National Guard airmen and the Navy's flying reservists receive pay for the "drill periods" during which they do their weekly proficiency flights. The Army's reserve airmen, however, must travel on their own time and at their own expense to the Army air base nearest their homes if they wish to keep their hands in at flying military aircraft. Only when they are ordered out for annual 15-day active-duty tours (usually at the sacrifice of their civilian vacations) do they receive military pay and allowances.

It should be said to the credit of General Stratemeyer and other high-ranking officers of the AAF that they are trying to correct this state of affairs—which is an ancient heritage of their stepchild reservists. The War Department, at their instance, now has under study a plan to give Army reserve airmen the same remuneration for inactive duty flying as Naval reservists and Guardsmen enjoy.

The same thing is being pressed for by the Air Reserve Association. In the last session of Congress, Representative Sparkman, of Alabama, introduced a bill to provide AAF reservists 24 pay periods a year for aerial "drills" in addition to their paid annual 15-day active-duty tours, thus giving them 50 per cent of the financial benefits received by Guard airmen for round-the-calendar flying. In accordance with procedure, the bill was referred to the War Department for comment but was not received back in time for action by Congress before it adjourned. However, the Air Reserve Association says it will fight for this legislation in the new Congress.

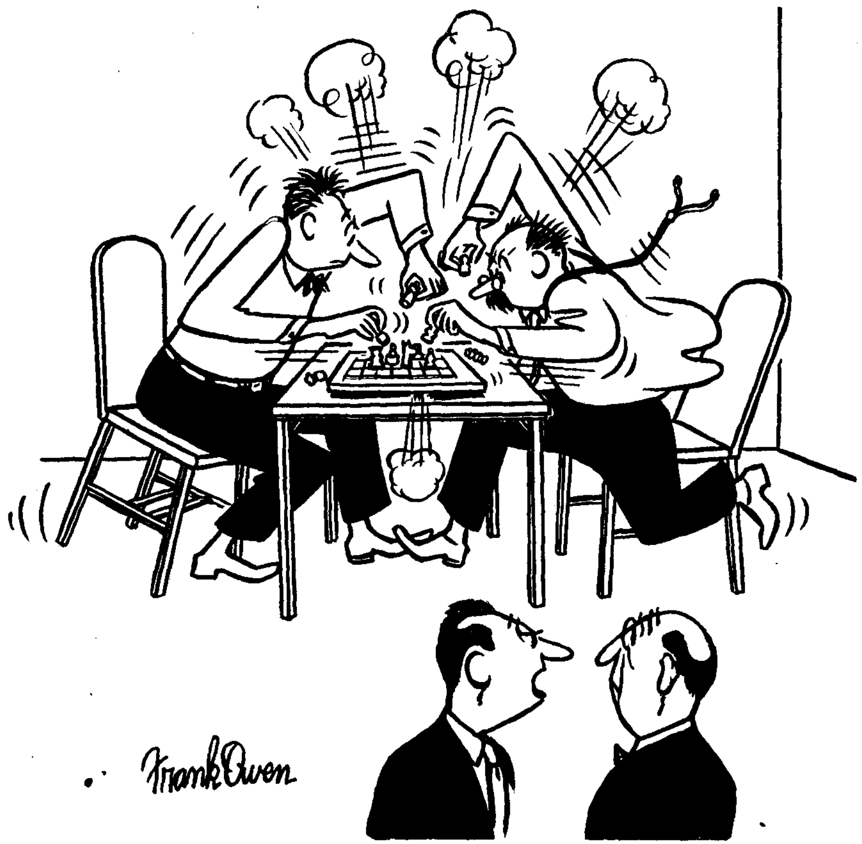
The A.R.A., incidentally, before suspending its legislative activity at the beginning of the war, had succeeded in getting bills through Congress which provided airplanes exclusively for reservists' use, established government compensation covering reservists killed or injured during training flights and substantially increased the authorized number of air reserve commissions.

All in all, the outlook for Army reserve airmen is considerably brighter than it was in the lean and unorganized days between World Wars I and II. It is doubtful if there will be a repetition of the sorry situation that existed in the late 1920s, when it seemed to veteran air reservists that the regular Army did everything possible to discourage them from maintaining their flying proficiency.

If the 22,500 Army reserve pilots scheduled to receive peacetime flight training seem a disappointing percentage of the total number trained by the AAF during World War II, and if the 31-year-age and/or 7-year-reserve-flying limitations placed on them appears unduly restrictive, it would be well to remember a few facts about the prewar reserve. In 1939, this consisted of a mere 2,703 pilots eligible for active duty with the AAF and only 1,559 of these were Class 1 fliers qualified on service-type aircraft. Furthermore, 719 of the latter group already were in the Army on extended active-duty tours, leaving 840 Class 1 reserve pilots available for assignment. And only 341 of these had been able to get as much as 48 hours flying time a year in Army aircraft.

Compared to this picture, the present outlook for Army air reservists, despite admitted shortcomings (which there is at least hope of overcoming), seems bright indeed. Unless, of course, the recent cuts forecast by General Carl Spaatz, Chief of the Army Air Forces, as a result of President Truman's government-wide economy order, seriously curtail the nation's entire air defense program, and the AAF reserve, as of yore, winds up bearing the brunt of the "economies."

C. B. Allen



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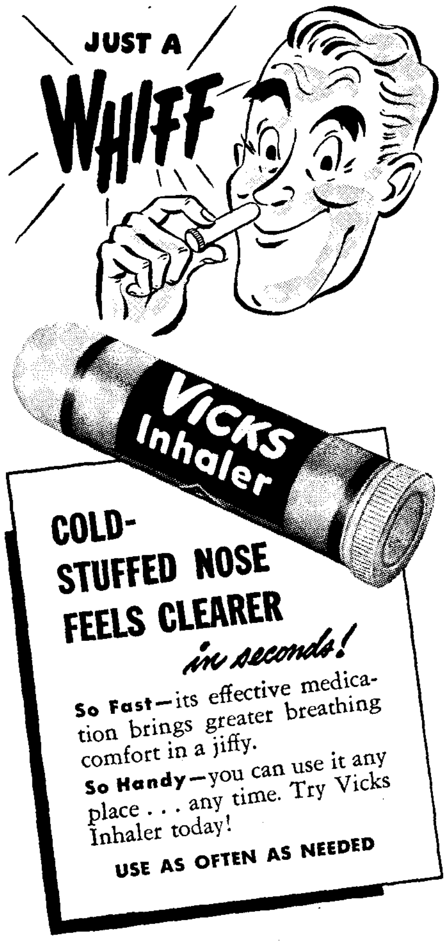

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WE UNDERSTAND RUSSIA NOW

THE earnest pleas that Americans try to understand Soviet Russia can now be heaved over the side, we think. We think so because we believe Americans now understand Russia. Josip Broz, alias Tito, Stalin's puppet princeling of Yugoslavia, has taught Americans this lesson.

Understanding of Russia began to break over most Americans in floods when Tito capped a long string of passes at our troops in the Trieste hinterland by having his air-going and land-crawling thugs down a couple of U.S. planes, unarmed and on peaceful flights, because they happened to slip across his northern border by mistake.

Of course, if Russian planes persisted in flying over *our* territory after being invited to stay away, we would take strong steps after a while. But we probably wouldn't object to peaceable flights by Russian planes in the first place, and we certainly wouldn't shoot down unarmed ones.

This episode, combined with 90 per cent of the other dealings we have had with Russia and its stooges since the war, has shown us that the present Russian government is acting like a gangster government, is proud of it, and intends to go on acting that way. It is run by religious fanatics, whose religion is Communism, and who are gunning for the British Empire and the United States, most likely in that order. We need no further proof of that fact, though we'll probably be getting further proofs for a long time to come.

But now that we can count on Russia to act like a gangster till it completely changes its foreign policy, we can adopt a sane policy toward Russia. That policy would be to remain stronger than Russia, as we now are, by sea and land and air; to refuse steadfastly to give in to any Russian demands that impinge on our vital interests anywhere in the world; and to crack down on the Russian fifth column in this country.

We still doubt strongly that a U.S.-Russian war is inevitable, and we still believe such a war would be the crowning disaster of the calamitous 20th century.

But we cannot avert such a war by kowtowing to Russia. Gangsters understand nothing but superior force. When and if Russia comes to understand us—to understand that Americans hate war while they are at peace, but fight with the enthusiasm and efficiency of wildcats when they get into a war—then Russia may decide not to fight us, ever.

However, we cannot afford to let our guard down, because to do so will be to invite this gangster nation to come and take us. Thanks to Tito for having made all these things clear.

CHAIN GANG FOR AUTHORS

A RECENT Hollywood plan envisions an American Authors' Authority, so called. It is the brain baby of Novelist James M. Cain, Morris Cohn, counsel for the Screen Writers' Guild, and Ring Lardner, Jr.

Says Cain:

> We shall copyright for assignment no works except from writers who have become members of the proper guild. This will take care of the outlaw contributor. This will compel every writer in the country hoping for picture or magazine sales to send his work to us.

Heading the A.A.A. would be "a full-time salaried tough mug," a sort of carbon copy of James Caesar Petrillo. The A.A.A. would assess movie producers and magazine publishers one per cent a year on their payments for stories and movie scripts, which would give the A.A.A.—or at any rate the tough mug—an annual kitty of about $250,000.

The list of backers seems to suggest that the A.A.A. would insist that all its authors generally peddle the Communist party line.

We hope that it kicks up considerable public interest before it kicks the bucket. Such fanfare would serve to expose to the general public quite a number of literary gents and ladies who would like to sell their own country into totalitarianism.

BRITAIN - PALESTINE - U.S.A.

OUR government consented a while ago to name some members of a joint Anglo-American Commission to inquire into the Palestine problem. The commission inquired and reported, its chief recommendation being that Britain reopen Palestine to large-scale Jewish immigration promptly.

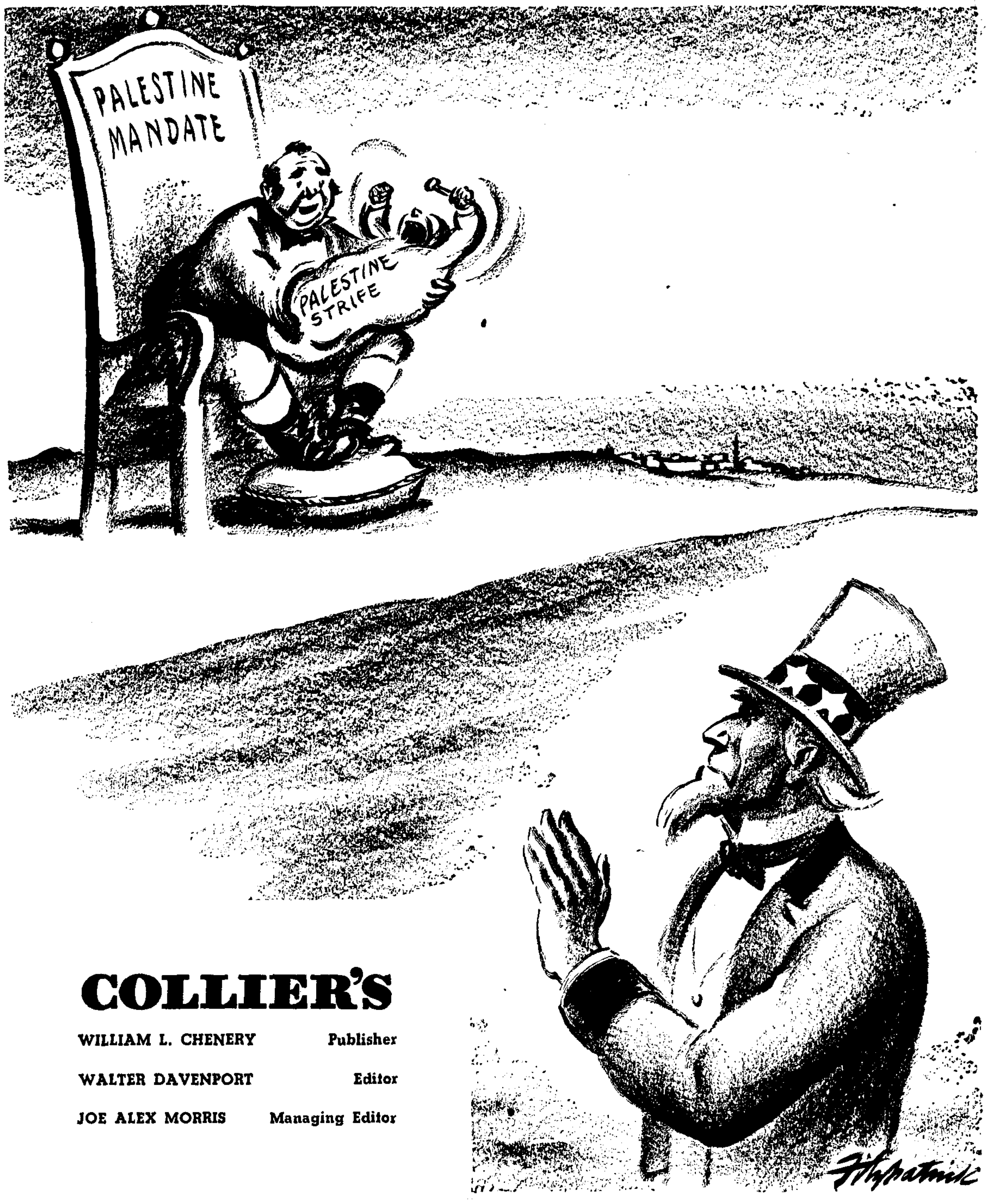
Since that time, the Attlee government in Britain has been acting as if we were somehow obligated to do something big about Palestine.

There was Prime Minister Attlee's hint that we ought to send soldiers, planes and warships to help the British keep the Arabs quiet while Jewish immigration and settlement went forward. There was the later hint that we set the Arabs up to a $300,000,000 fund for their economic, social and cultural improvement—meaning in effect that we appease Ibn-Saud, the Imam of Yemen, the Sultan of Oman, the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, and kindred worthies, in the hope that they would let as many Jews move into Palestine as wanted to go there.

We realize Britain's grave difficulties with regard to Palestine. The place nowadays is a hornets' nest and a focal point of international intrigue.

But Palestine has been a British mandate since shortly after World War I. It has never been our mandate, or other responsibility. We have innumerable problems of our own. We didn't get Britain into this trouble, and it is hard to see how we could possibly get Britain out of it. We can advise and sympathize, true; might even help finance some Jewish immigration to Palestine. But it looks from here as if that is as far as we can safely go.

After all, the British finally solved their Irish problem, which in many ways resembled the Palestine problem. It seems likely that they can and will solve this one, eventually, if convinced that they will have to do it without outside help.



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